Murdered by the State? . . . . NEW YORK'S MOST FAMOUS CRIME

JAN. 14,
1939

# Liberty

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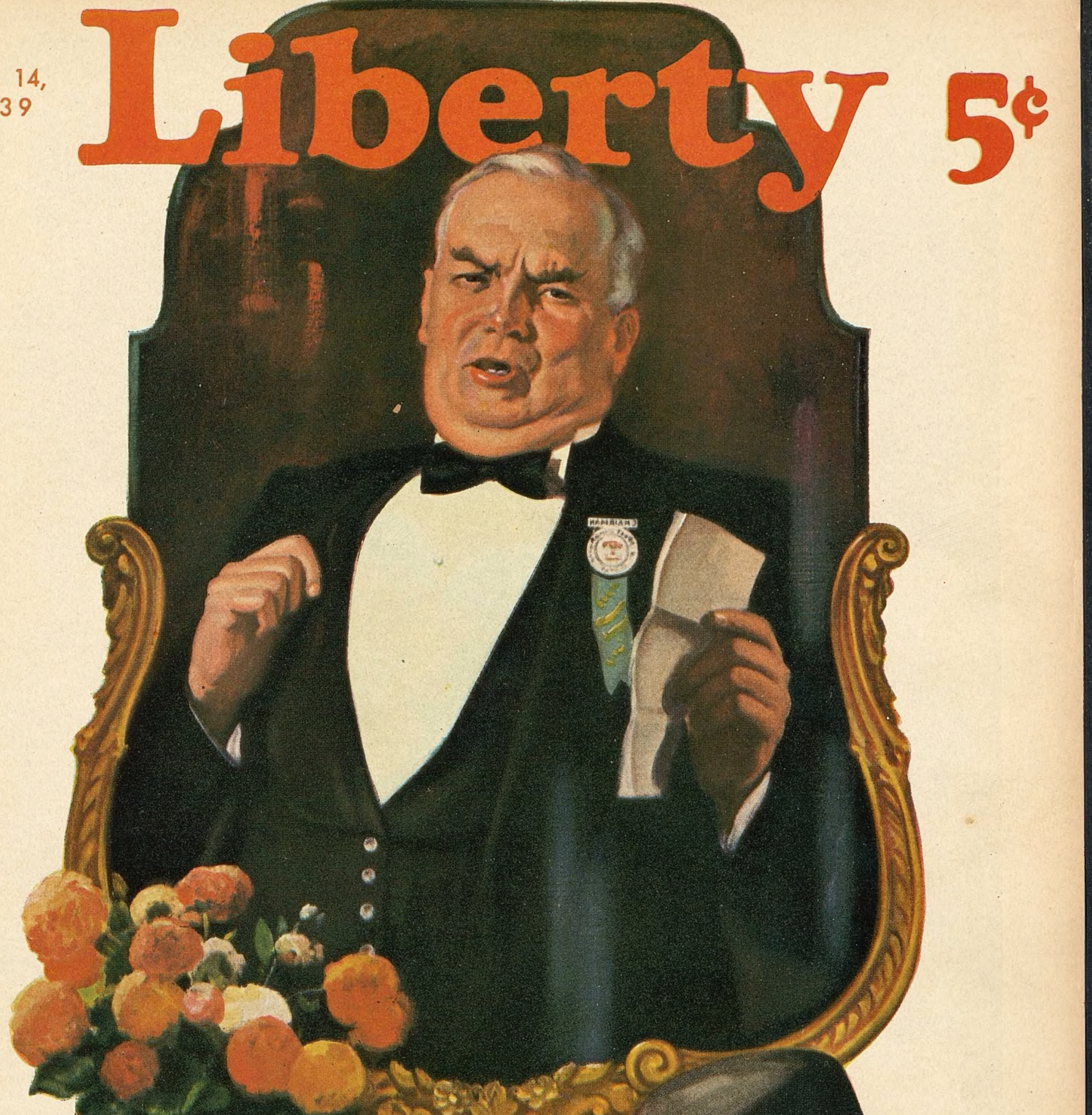
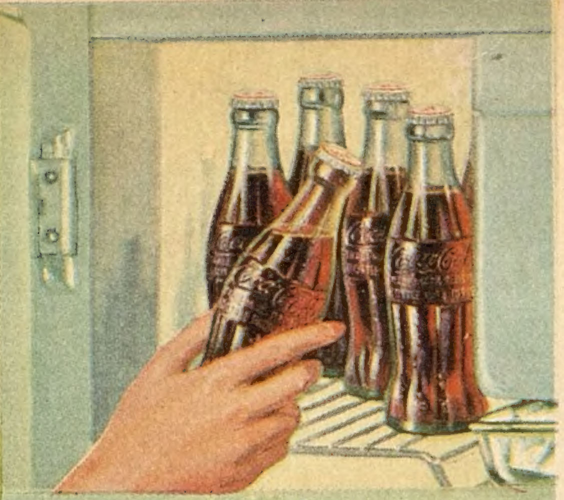


THE OUTLOOK FOR FREEDOM AN EXCLUSIVE ARTICLE BY ANTHONY EDEN

*THEY HAD BILL POWELL MARKED FOR DEATH: A Revelation*

# Invitation to pause...refresh



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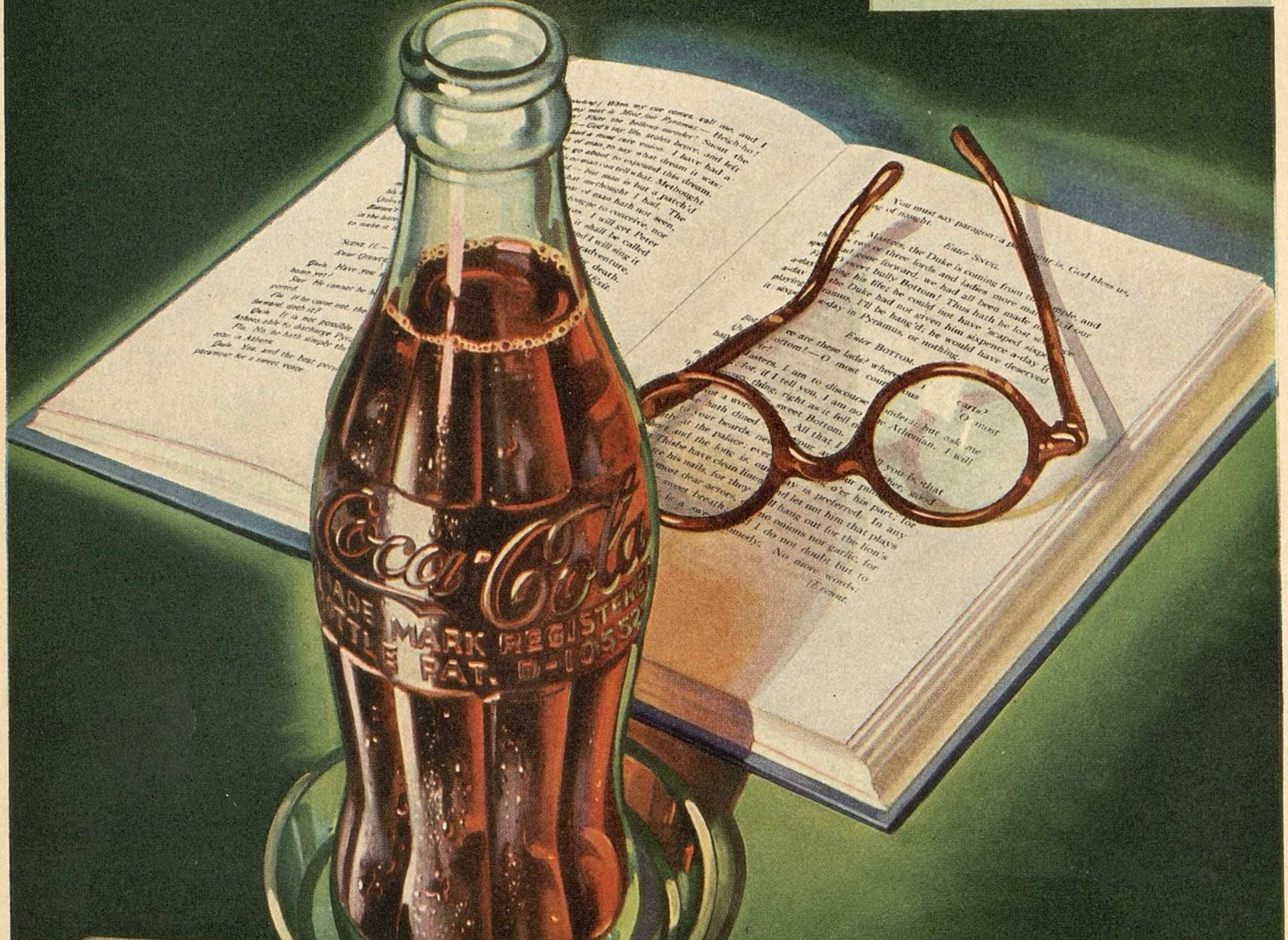
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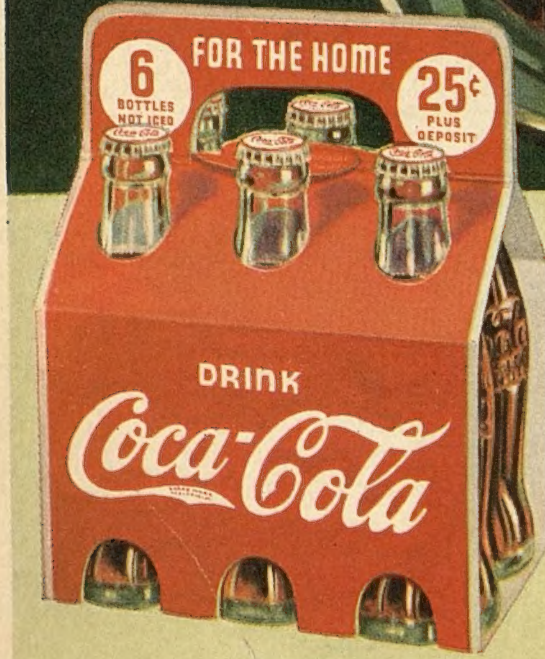
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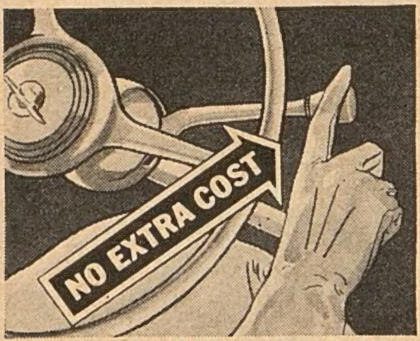

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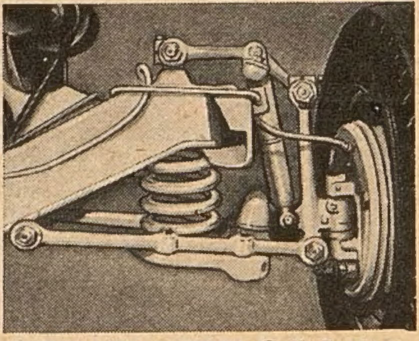

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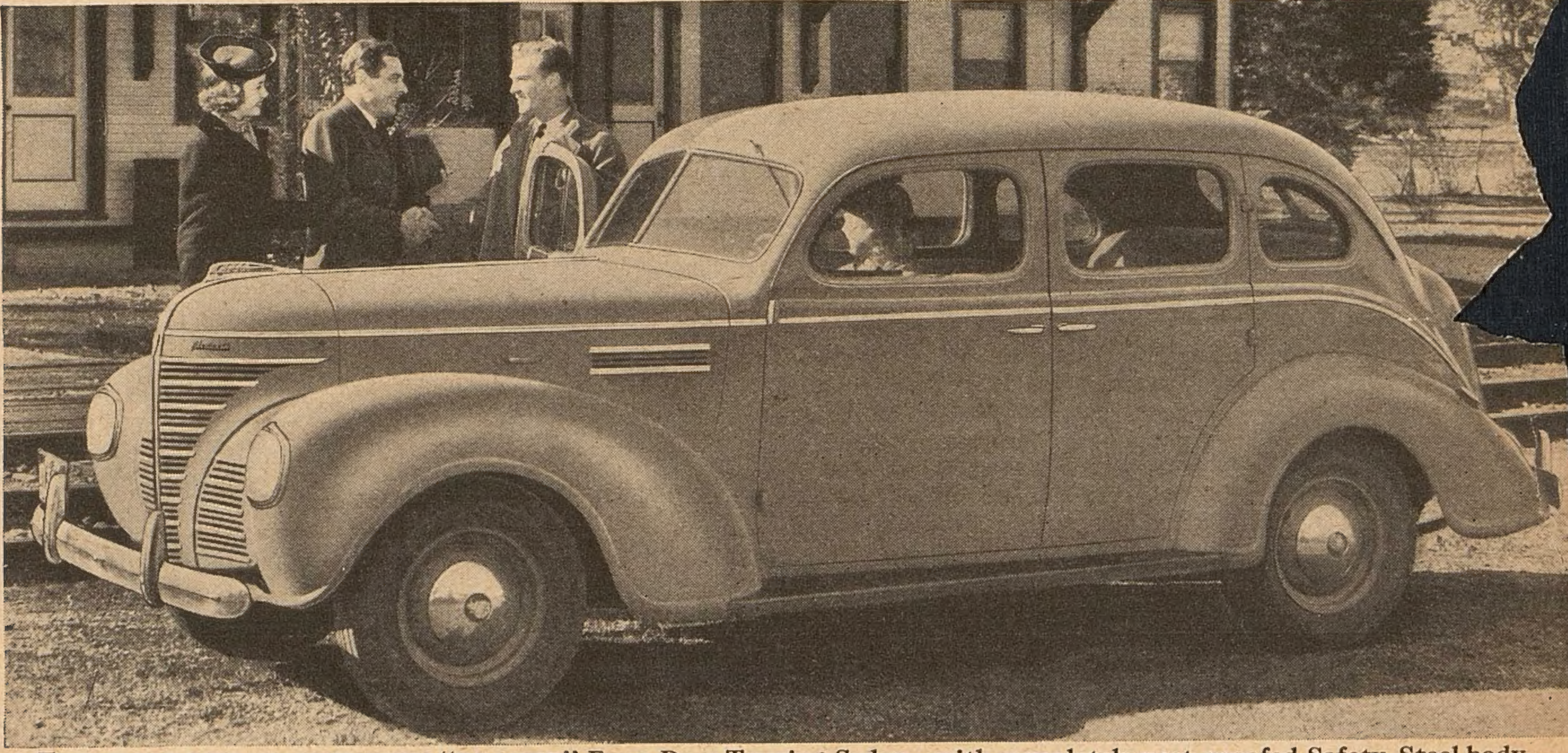

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THIS YEAR
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THE CAR

NUARY 14, 1939

Liberty

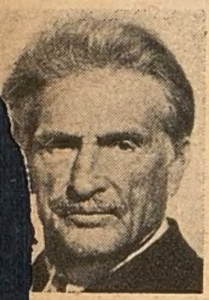
VOL. 16, NO. 2

RNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

# WE ARE WITH THE PRESIDENT IN HIS FIGHT AGAINST SPIES



BERNARR
ACFADDEN

It is indeed pleasing to note the President's activity against the traitors in this country.

How any patriotic citizen can read What the Dies Committee Overlooked, now being published in Liberty, and sleep soundly at night is beyond my comprehension.

Our individual liberties, our national life are threatened.

Lamar Hardy, United States Attorney for the Southern District of w York, who convicted the German spies, has gned. The job of convicting these persons was errific ordeal. He needs a long rest.

Previous to the present activity from Washing- there has been but little protection from ial quarters against this serious menace. The Committee uncovered damaging evidence in atic fashion, and doubtless the President's emnation of its exposures was premature and dvised. And it is indeed heartening to see him er the fight against this national danger.

e are so wealthy, so powerful, that our people lined to believe there is no possible chance ing robbed of our invaluable constitutional es.

But if we are not deaf, dumb, and blind, a read- g of What the Dies Committee Overlooked should waken us from the dumb inactivity that threatens r very existence.

There should be a distinct separation in this country between those who believe in foreign isms and those who believe in Americanism. The spy system of Germany and Russia is despicable, but at the same time they are fighting for their national life. And we are facing the same situation, although we are as blind as the proverbial bat in reference to our dangers.

Every hamlet, every town, every community should begin to count noses to find out definitely who want a continuance of the liberties we have been enjoying through the American system. Those who are silently and hypocritically working against us . . . enemies in disguise . . . should be labeled, and a definite decision should be made as to what should be done to them . . . deportation or a concentration camp is suggested, although Mussolini's castor-oil penalty might be desirable in some cases.

We should combine our efforts everywhere . . . we should be made keenly alive to the dangers that threaten us. You can acquire dependable knowledge by reading the series of articles to which I have referred. If you have not read them, we will send you a free copy.

Talk about this alarming situation to your friends, inform yourself in detail, and as you awaken to the dangers we are facing, help your friends to realize the necessity of making appropriate efforts for dependable protection.

Every patriotic organization should become active in this emergency and plans should be formed to compel the officials of this country to follow the lead of the President in protecting us against these dangers. And if these officials are still inactive, they should be classed among the traitors that are trying to undermine and destroy our governmental system.

We are far away from the European squabbles . . . so we think . . . but there are followers of the European isms . . . plenty of them . . . right among us who want to bring Europe's regimentation within our midst, and they will go to any extreme, regardless of its nature, to accomplish their objective.

We should make a definite separation between those who are for Americanism and those who are against it; those who want to destroy our system and those who are willing to protect it. And it may be necessary to do some fighting . . . lives may be sacrificed, but that has always been the price of liberty.

Some of our officials have grossly neglected their duty. Let us hope that hereafter they will follow the President's lead. But we should try to awaken them to the menace of the present situation.

And we cannot be rid of this danger like the ostrich which hides its head in the sand. It will then grow worse day by day. The emergency must be faced . . . the danger must be recognized and met with a constructive force that will bring dependable protection.

Bernarr Macfadden

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# THE OUTLOOK

## Can democracy survive? An outstanding statesman challengingly faces the future

## BY ANTHONY EDEN

**READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 6 SECONDS**

THE Great War was a period of intense human suffering, of material impoverishment and spiritual loss. Yet out of it was reborn an ideal: that henceforth the nations of the world, renouncing war as an instrument of national policy, should seek to settle their disputes by peaceful means; that the rule of law should be recognized and accepted by all governments and peoples. With the advent of peace, the nations determined to make a supreme effort to translate this ideal into a reality.

Their determination was based upon a sincere conviction that the alternative to some form of accepted international order was a race in armaments and another world war which must finally destroy such civilization as still survived.

Today we have to face the tragic fact that their attempt, if it has not completely failed, is in ever increasing jeopardy, while the doctrine of force is once again openly avowed, and wins fresh champions or apologists with every success it can proclaim. Truly a tragic outcome of twenty years' endeavor.

There have been, of course, mistakes in plenty, mistakes by which it is to be hoped others will some day profit. One or two of them can be set down now, even though we do not yet attempt their detailed discussion.

When the United States at the close of the Great War finally felt unable to join Great Britain in a guaranty to France, Great Britain should, nonetheless, have given that guaranty. By so doing, Britain would have relieved French policy at an earlier and more hopeful time from the greatest of the preoccupations that beset it in the immediate postwar years—that of being left to face a maybe vengeful Germany. A more constructive European policy would then have been possible.

Another mistake was the association of the League with the peace treaties. There were good reasons for this at the time. Yet there can be no doubt that the League ideal suffered in consequence from being associated in the minds of the nations vanquished in the Great War with peace settlements which they regarded as punitive and harsh. Geneva in consequence came to be looked upon by them as the obdurate guardian of certain definite clauses of the peace treaties, instead of as the means of applying methods of arbitration and negotiation for the peaceful settlement of international disputes.

But these were not, of course, the only errors, nor was the lack of universality, serious as this was, the only limitation imposed upon the League.

Yet no one should doubt that the British people believed sincerely in the ideal which found expression in the Covenant of the League and in the Briand-Kellogg Pact. Despite all disappointment and disillusion, the great majority of them are still convinced that until a rule of law is generally accepted there will be no lasting security for their children or their children's children.

Though the League has lost both authority and popularity, the alternative to international co-operation in some form is daily revealed in harsher light. All around us present world conditions emphasize this truth. What is the cause of the staggering figures of mounting national armaments which today threaten the standards of national life, of the revived dread of war, but that the rule of law has been gravely weakened and the use of force is again the deliberate policy of certain states?

Moreover, there is a growing consciousness that the modern methods of communication have reduced geographical distances and increased the interdependence of nations. These and other forces have further emphasized the need to establish and maintain a rule of law, for are not conditions of peace and respect for engagements entered into, a prerequisite of confidence in commerce no less than in politics?

These and many other reflections could be set down about the postwar period, but even they are not what matters most today. The essential is that democracy should face the realities of the situation that confronts it. In the autocratic states there is a vitality and an enthusiasm on behalf of the faith that has been fostered among them which it would be a grave mistake to belittle. We may dislike the methods, the suppression of criticism, the ruthless use of propaganda, and deplore the loss of individual freedom of thought and action, yet the results are there in mass enthusiasm and national fervor, and they are very formidable indeed.

From the earliest years a child, if living under a dictatorship, is trained to dedicate his or her life to an ideal of nationhood constantly placarded and paraded. No opportunity is left for doubts or questions. The propaganda machine and all the resources of a highly organized state are there to see to that. He or she is a cog in a machine, and in most cases is well content to be so.

Physically and mentally, young men and women in these countries are trained from their youth up with a thoroughness which can have no parallel in history. Whether in youth movements, in the labor camp, or in the army, the process of molding is never relaxed. Nor is any individual, caste, or even religion allowed to stand in the way. Generals or clergy, men of letters, poets or painters, each has to conform to the limitations imposed, to co-operate in achieving each successive objective that may be set before the state. Woe betide any who will not accept these conditions. And so gradually, by the elimination of criticism and by intensive training of the younger generation, a national unity is being created in totalitarian states which exceeds anything in prewar years.

If, in contrast, we turn to the democracies, we have to admit that at the present time nothing comparable exists there. The people of England and America maintain their pride in their traditions. They hold to their faith in their free institutions, but their national unity finds no such marked expression. They have not, for instance, that national unity to which, without doubt, they could attain in an instant at an outbreak of war. On the contrary, they seem to be moving ever farther from the attainment of such unity.

The result is that some, perhaps not very observant, persons have come to think that a free people working by voluntary methods cannot attain a measure of national unity such as that which exists in the autocratic states. We begin to hear the comment that a democracy, such as Britain or the United States, cannot realize, for example in the field of armaments, the stupendous effort of which the autocratic states have proved themselves capable.

If the argument is that we cannot, under democracy, obtain the results that dictatorships obtain, then I profoundly disagree. In the Great War it was those nations which had been trained in the democratic tradition which best withstood the strain. The whole meaning of our confidence is that we can do better thus.

Today we require national unity in policy and practice, the inspiration of a common ideal. Idealism is out of

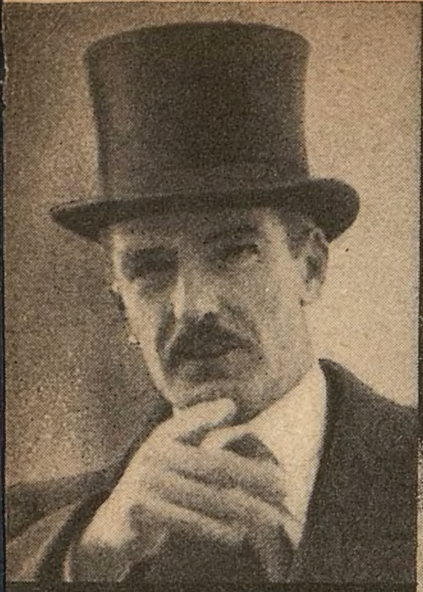
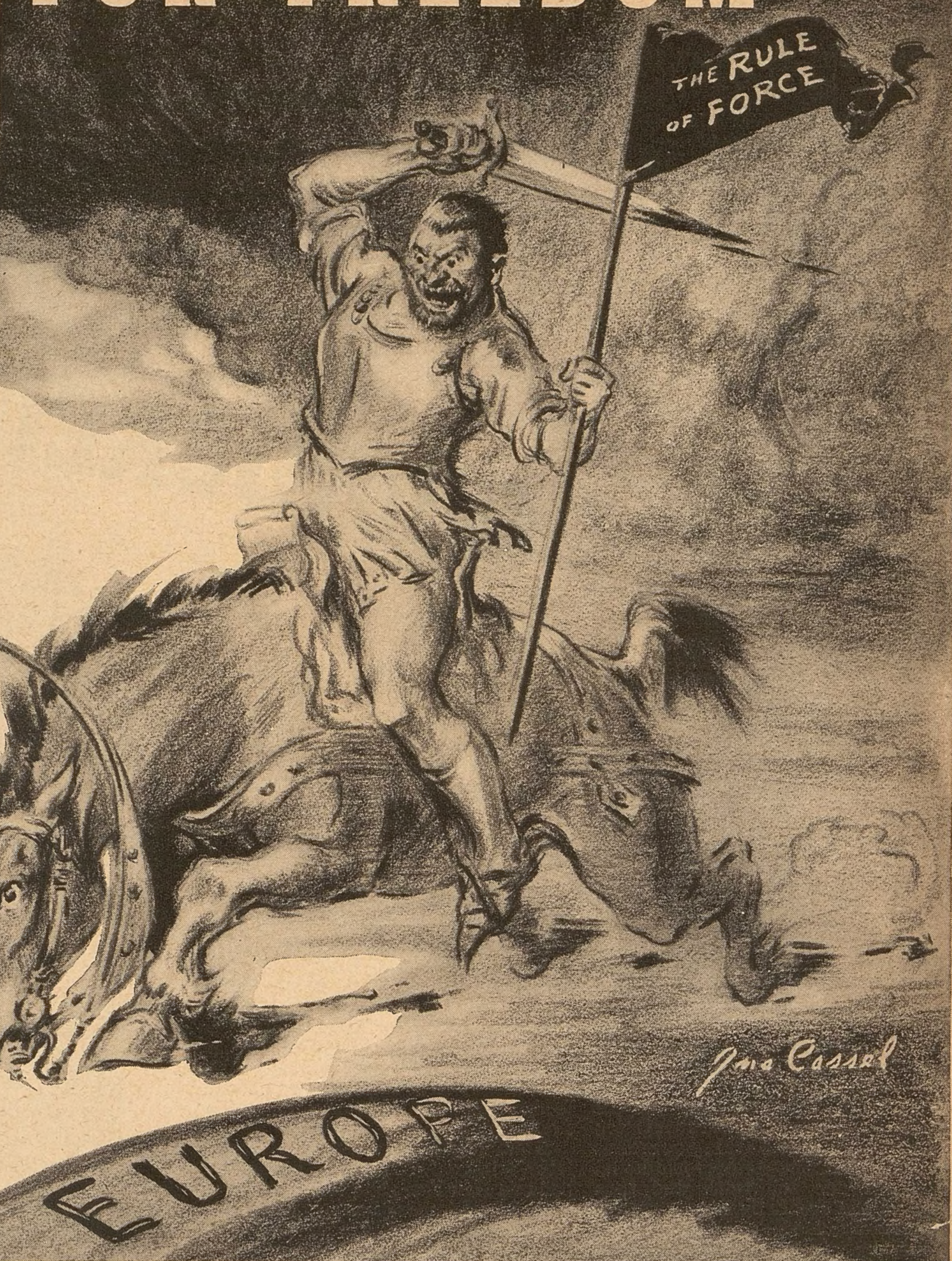


Photo from European

The author — Great Britain's brilliant, youthful former Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

# FOR FREEDOM

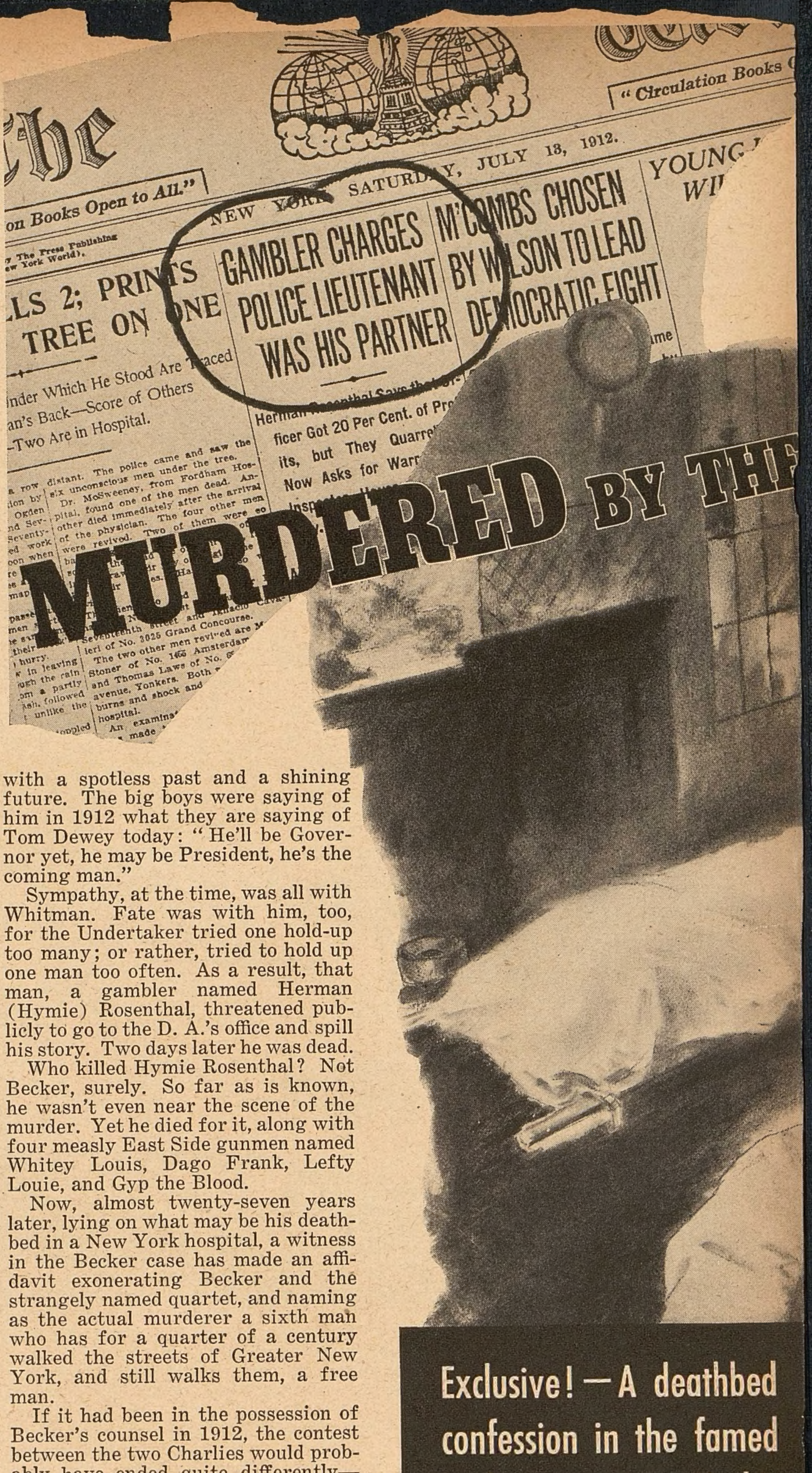


fashion in some quarters in these days, yet it remains true that the dictatorships make no small use of an idealism of their own. Unless the democracies of western Europe can revive their own faith, they cannot hope either to achieve a national unity within, or to uphold their point of view with such courage and steadfastness as to ensure that it shall prevail.

There is in Europe today probably less personal freedom than there has been at any time in the last thousand years. That is a depressing reflection, but it should be a stimulant also. Nor is there time to spare. A growth of national unity brings with it increasing national confidence. These are the elements of a stronger policy pursued not to impose our will or our methods upon others but to ensure that those ideals of freedom, toleration, and peace which are the inspiration of true democracy, are not swept away by the more ruthless doctrines now so stridently proclaimed. On this stronger basis a more enduring international order can be built.

The broad facts of the world situation remain sufficiently clear. Without the establishment of some rule of law, nations will not attain to the measure of prosperity which would otherwise be within their reach. If present tendencies persist, the nations will continue to move with ever increasing momentum toward another world conflict. Some day an international order will be established. Will it form part of our present civilization, or will some later generations have to build it afresh upon the ruins of the modern world?

THE END



"Circulation Books O
"on Books Open to All."
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1912.
LS 2; PRINTS TREE ON ONE
GAMBLER CHARGES POLICE LIEUTENANT WAS HIS PARTNER
M'COMBS CHOSEN BY WILSON TO LEAD DEMOCRATIC FIGHT
YOUNG WI
Under Which He Stood Are Traced
an's Back—Score of Others
-Two Are in Hospital.
ficer Got 20 Per Cent. of Pro
its, but They Quarre
Now Asks for Warr

# MURDERED BY THE

Exclusive! — A deathbed confession in the famed Becker case, New York's most sensational crime

## BY ALAN HYND

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

### PART ONE—DEATH AT THE METROPOLE

East Side, West Side,
All around the town—

IN the days when young Al Smith, up in Albany as Democratic leader of the New York State Assembly, still sometimes playfully danced the light fantastic on the sidewalks of New York, there was on the island of Manhattan a cop.

A great cop. His name was Charlie Becker.

A great cop, I mean, according to the traditions and customs of his day. Charlie closed 'em up or held 'em up; or rather, he held 'em up if he could, and if he couldn't, he closed 'em up.

Well, that was New York a quarter of a century ago, and it still was New York until Fiorello LaGuardia and Lewis Valentine and Thomas Dewey came to town. Which leads us, as if by fate, into the office of the District Attorney of the County of New York.

In that office, in 1912, sat another Charlie. A young man. Not as young as Tom Dewey, but just as ambitious. Son of a Hanover, Connecticut, minister, he envisioned himself President of the United States. Charles Seymour Whitman was the name he was born to; Becker's Nemesis was the name he earned.

Drunk with the wine of ambition, heady with the memories of his great predecessor, William Travers Jerome, the youthful prosecutor had determined to close the gambling houses of New York. He would, as the quaint saying was, "clean up the town." But he couldn't make much headway cleaning up when his head clean-up man, Lieutenant Charles Becker of the Strong-Arm Squad, was busy cleaning up for himself.

Now, Charlie Becker wasn't a very nice man. Big of body and severe of mien, he had earned by his dark garments and ruthless ways the unlovely sobriquet of "Undertaker." In the criminal world he had the reputation of shooting first and asking questions afterward. In the police world he let other men do the work and then grabbed the credit by horning in at the camera finish.

Once he won a medal for bravery when he jumped into the river to rescue an apparently drowning man. He wore the medal, too, until the rescued man confessed that he was an excellent swimmer and that Becker had paid him fifteen bucks to help make him a hero.

On July 16, 1912, the date of the Metropole murder, he was probably the best known and the worst liked man in the New York Police Department.

Charlie Whitman, on the other hand, was clean-cut and handsome, well educated and well connected, with a spotless past and a shining future. The big boys were saying of him in 1912 what they are saying of Tom Dewey today: "He'll be Governor yet, he may be President, he's the coming man."

Sympathy, at the time, was all with Whitman. Fate was with him, too, for the Undertaker tried one hold-up too many; or rather, tried to hold up one man too often. As a result, that man, a gambler named Herman (Hymie) Rosenthal, threatened publicly to go to the D. A.'s office and spill his story. Two days later he was dead.

Who killed Hymie Rosenthal? Not Becker, surely. So far as is known, he wasn't even near the scene of the murder. Yet he died for it, along with four measly East Side gunmen named Whitey Louis, Dago Frank, Lefty Louie, and Gyp the Blood.

Now, almost twenty-seven years later, lying on what may be his deathbed in a New York hospital, a witness in the Becker case has made an affidavit exonerating Becker and the strangely named quartet, and naming as the actual murderer a sixth man who has for a quarter of a century walked the streets of Greater New York, and still walks them, a free man.

If it had been in the possession of Becker's counsel in 1912, the contest between the two Charlies would probably have ended quite differently—and quite as suddenly as it had begun, that torrid July night when the starting gun was fired by a murderer's hand close by the corner of Forty-third Street and Broadway, outside the Hotel Metropole.

You recall—or do you?—Georgie Cohan's

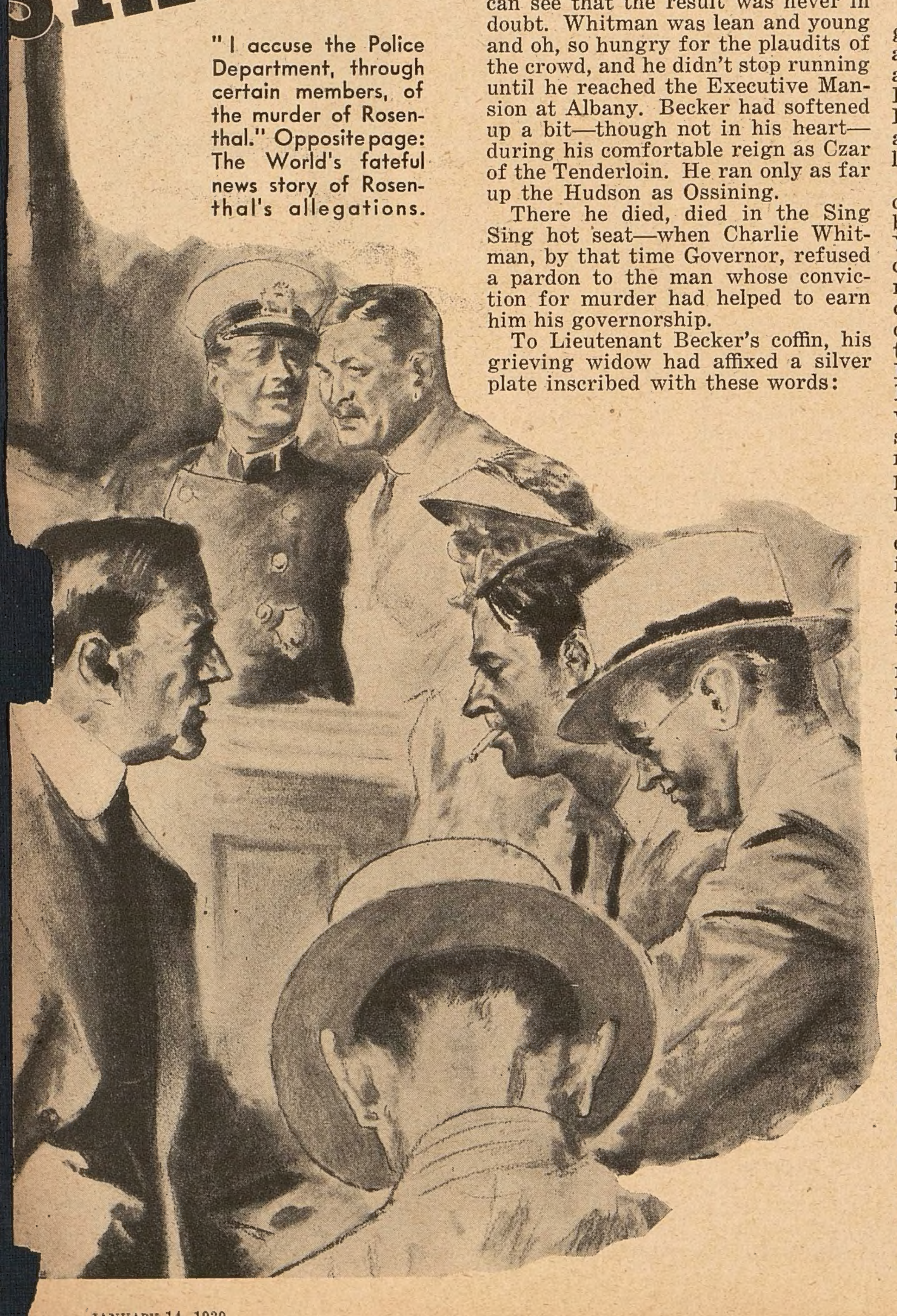
Give my regards to Broadway,
  Remember me to Herald Square.
Tell all the boys around the Metropole
  That I will soon be there.

And who were the boys around the Metropole?

Well, they were a strange crew. There were many famous hot spots in the New York of that day. Jack's on Sixth Avenue was one. There, in Jim Moran's big "white room," Broadway playboys told tall tales and drank tall drafts and lost tall sums to a young fellow with white face and soft speech who was adept at playing poker; the young fellow's name was Arnold Rothstein. Another meetinghouse of lasting fame was the bar of the old Waldorf-Astoria, where John W. Gates bet his millions, where a portly salesman of railroad supplies called Diamond Jim Brady sold his goods.

# STATE?

"I accuse the Police Department, through certain members, of the murder of Rosenthal." Opposite page: The World's fateful news story of Rosenthal's allegations.



But for that motley mixture of the theatrical, the sporting, and the criminal worlds which was Longacre Square, George Considine's Metropole was tops. It was a fitting starting post for the great race between Charlie Whitman and Charlie Becker.

It *was* a great race while it lasted, although, looking back on it now, we can see that the result was never in doubt. Whitman was lean and young and oh, so hungry for the plaudits of the crowd, and he didn't stop running until he reached the Executive Mansion at Albany. Becker had softened up a bit—though not in his heart—during his comfortable reign as Czar of the Tenderloin. He ran only as far up the Hudson as Ossining.

There he died, died in the Sing Sing hot seat—when Charlie Whitman, by that time Governor, refused a pardon to the man whose conviction for murder had helped to earn him his governorship.

To Lieutenant Becker's coffin, his grieving widow had affixed a silver plate inscribed with these words:

CHARLES BECKER
Murdered July 30, 1915
By Governor Whitman

But, by order of the New York Police Department, the plate was taken off before he was buried.

Lieutenant Becker's widow, a fine and noble woman, has lived all these years within a few miles of the scene of the murder for which her husband paid with his life. Never once in all the long journey alone has she doubted that "Your lover, Charlie," as he signed himself in a farewell letter to her just before they came to take him in to the chair, was innocent and would one day be cleared in name. And now it appears that at long last the faith of this woman—she who vainly pleaded for her husband's life—has been rewarded.

If those who hold that Becker was guilty of murder can demolish the affidavit in Liberty's possession, then, at least, the controversial Becker-Rosenthal case will be laid at rest. Liberty does not, however, believe the affidavit can be successfully challenged.

Whether the man mentioned in the confession as the killer will be brought to trial by the State of New York, and, if so, whether he could be convicted at this advanced day, remains to be seen. In the light of the disclosures to come, what new significance, if any, the New York Legislature might attach to the beliefs of Becker's widow is also problematical. It would seem that the blind goddess would demand that official action of some kind be taken. It is justice, nothing more, nothing less, that prompts the editor of Liberty to publish this story.

Let us meanwhile become acquainted with the actors who played in the drama that will not die, and meet, among others, the man who signed the confession and the man he implicates.

New York was startled out of its midsummer apathy on the steaming morning of Saturday, July 13, 1912, when the following headline appeared on page one, column five, of the crusading World:

GAMBLER CHARGES
POLICE LIEUTENANT
WAS HIS PARTNER

The news story below the headline was based on information supplied exclusively to the World by soreheaded Herman Rosenthal, whose roulette and bird-cage resort at 104 West Forty-fifth Street had been closed by the police three months previously.

Rosenthal charged that a certain unnamed lieutenant of police had been his partner in the gambling enterprise, dipping into the till for one fifth of the take, and that, following a disagreement, this same police officer had closed up the joint.

The unidentified lieutenant, Rosenthal went on to say, was merely one of more than a score of New York's Finest who circulated in the Tenderloin with itching palms. You had to see one of these coppers—and see him at regular intervals—if you wanted to open up a place and keep it open.

Despite the fact that Rosenthal was out for revenge, there was an undeniable ring of truth in his allegations. For mid-towners had long been seeing ample evidence that gambling houses, brothels, and other undesirable spots were going full tilt right in the heart of the metropolis. Honest John Kelly and other gamblers were characters whose names were known even to school kids. One place known to every cabby was the House with the Bronze Door, a few paces from the old Waldorf-Astoria. Infamous women, known merely as Flabby Annie, Sheeny Sarah, Black Mary, Boston Nell, etc., gave unattached males the eye in the vicinity of Broadway and Forty-second Street and seemed singularly free of official molestation.

Yes, it seemed crystal-clear that the Police Department's Strong-Arm Squad, a hard-faced little group upon whom devolved the duty of keeping the Broadway sector clean of vice, had been extraordinarily lax. And now this laxity was held up for all to behold in the withering light of Gambler Rosenthal's allegations.

Among those placed in a most embarrassing position was Lieutenant Becker. He was the head of the Strong-Arm Squad. And, while he was not named by Rosenthal, he might as well have been, for the whole town knew that he had personally led the raid that had clamped the lid on Rosenthal's place.

That quirk in human nature that causes us to have less regard for a squealer than for the person exposed immediately made Herman Rosenthal the most unpopular man in New York. Naturally, Lieutenant Becker wouldn't have been expected to burst into tears if, for example, Rosenthal had met with a fatal accident. Other gamblers forthwith began to despise Rosenthal's intestines, for his exposé would cause the official heat to be turned on and their incomes would be jeopardized.

When the initial shock of the Rosenthal disclosures had been absorbed, attention focused on District Attorney Charles S. Whitman. It was an open secret that Whitman had been bitten hard by the gubernatorial bee and that he had been toying with the idea that a clean-up of Gotham's vice cesspool would be just the ticket that would take him to the State House.

Breaths were held in many quarters as the D. A. cut short a holiday in Newport, Rhode Island, and returned to his offices on Centre Street. On the Monday morning following the newsprint bomb, he received the press and released this ominous statement:

"I have no sympathy for Rosenthal the gambler. As such, he is beyond the pale. But I have real use for Rosenthal who, abused by the police, purposes to aid decency and lawfulness by revealing conditions that are startling. . . . The boldness of the operations is astounding. The trail leads to high places, and I am going to follow it there, no matter whose toes are stepped on."

The grimly enthusiastic public servant was asked when he planned to talk with Rosenthal in order to obtain names, dates, and other incriminating data that the World had not dared to publish.

"Tomorrow morning at ten o'clock," came the answer, "in my apartment at the Madison Square Hotel."

Among Rosenthal's other squawks was that the police of the West Forty-seventh Street Station were, at the behest of his erstwhile lieutenant-partner, keeping policemen posted in the vestibule of the closed gambling house which, incidentally, was also Rosenthal's home. "Sorehead Rosey" and his wife, it seemed, had been put to no end of inconvenience for three months going to the door at eight in the morning, four in the afternoon, and midnight, when the bluecoats changed shifts. Not only that, but a cop sitting in a rocker virtually at your elbow twenty-four hours a day was a serious menace to privacy.

New York was literally gasping for breath in the still and humid night of Monday, July 15. A vague fear tugged at Mrs. Rosenthal as she sat with her husband in the parlor of their home after dinner. The gambler—he was a stocky, pallid-faced man, about middle age—was staring at the carpet. Tomorrow morning he would have his revenge when he spilled everything to the D. A.

He looked up sharply, irritation written all over him, when his thoughts were interrupted by the creaking rocker of the cop in the vestibule. "I'd like to go punch that flatfoot in the snoot," he remarked to his wife. "Why should I have to stand for this?"

"Now, Herman," said Mrs. Rosenthal, "please calm yourself. Things will be different after tomorrow."

Prophetic words!

Rosenthal got up. "Where are you going, Herman?" she asked him.

"To pick up the morning papers and see what they say. I'll probably drop into the Metropole and see what's doing."

The woman pleaded with her husband not to go out of the house. He only smiled a smug smile.

"Don't worry about me, honey," he said. "Why, they wouldn't dare lay a hand on me. If they did, they'd be hangin' themselves."

He stopped in the vestibule for a moment to insult the cop. "I'm going out for a while, teacher," he said. "If you don't like it, you know what you can do."

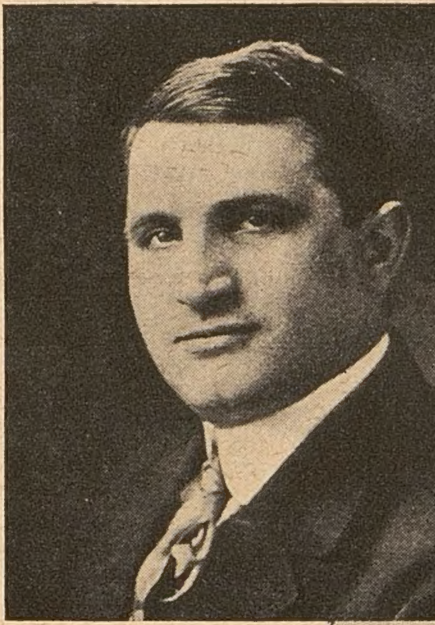
With that, Herman Rosenthal slammed the front door behind him and walked into the last five hours of his life. Even as he did so, a subsequent check-up of the time element disclosed, an assistant city editor of the World picked up a jangling telephone high in the gold-domed Pulitzer Building, downtown, miles away.

"Hello!" came a voice that was to remain unidentified. "Has Herman Rosenthal been murdered yet?"

"We have no such word," answered the assistant city editor. "Who is this calling?"

"Never mind that. But keep your ears open. There's a murder coming off."

Between the time he left his home and midnight, Public Squealer Number One was observed walking alone at various points in the general vicinity of Broadway and Forty-second Street. He didn't seem to be in any particular hurry, and several times he displayed an inclination to stop and chat with acquaintances But the smart boys either hurried by with a hasty "Hello, Rosey," or crossed the street when they saw him approaching. A leper wouldn't have been given a wider berth than Herman Rosenthal was the night of his death.



Rosenthal, the murdered gambler-squealer.

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When, almost precisely at midnight, the gambler sauntered into the Metropole Hotel, on West Forty-third Street, between Broadway and Sixth Avenue, a strange thing happened. Forty-third Street became suddenly quiet and silent in the block where the Metropole stood. This fact was noted by Lee Harrison, an actor who had trod the Broadway boards in many a dramatic show, and who lived in the Metropole, first floor front, right above the entrance.

The actor happened to be of an inquiring turn of mind. In addition, he had a bowing acquaintance with most of the famous and the notorious on the street called the Great White Way. When he returned to his hotel that night, he saw Rosenthal in a corner of the dining room, sipping Tom Collinses with three men he had never seen before. He nodded to Rosenthal, then went directly to his room. It was while he was undressing that he suddenly recollected that West Forty-third Street had seemed strangely deserted after he had swung in from Broadway.

now he looked out of his window and began to ponder. He stood at the window for quite a while. Then he made an odd discovery. He noticed that several taxicabs that ordinarily waited for fares in front of the Metropole were not there. This was indeed out of the ordinary, for the space allotted to parked cabs at the spot in question was choice, as the Metropole was the rendezvous of the big spenders, and many a taxi driver had got a five-dollar tip for rolling a wealthy drunk home.

Within the next fifteen minutes the actor got the answer to the mystery of the cabs. As soon as one would swing into Forty-third Street and slow up near the Metropole, somebody would appear out of the shadows and engage it. Harrison wondered vaguely what all this had to do with Rosenthal's presence down in the dining room, then finally gave the whole thing up and tried to sleep.

Hotel attachés on the main floor noticed that Rosenthal's presence was bad for trade. The hotel, with its crystal-and-plush background, was the haunt of Diamond Jim Brady, David Belasco, Jim Corbett, and other Broadway luminaries. The manager, George Considine, had once been Corbett's manager. But no luminary or satellite tarried long in the Metropole after Rosenthal entered, that sticky July night. Some late diners and drinkers got up and left when the squealer came in; others stopped at the dining-room entrance when they caught sight of him, and retraced their steps. It seemed afterward as if everybody in mid-town Manhattan except Herman Rosenthal and the trio who drank with him, must have known that a fateful hour was at hand.

Will these Mysterious Crimes ever be Solved?

No. 4—THE GHOST OF CHARLIE BECKER

By FRED ALLHOFF

Left: Lieutenant Charles Becker, "the Undertaker," who went to the chair; and, above, Liberty's foreshadowing, in its issue of June 19, 1937, of the present revelations.

Rosenthal sat at the table, drinking and talking. At one forty-five he left his companions temporarily to go up to Broadway and buy the latest editions of the morning newspapers.

He glanced hastily at the front pages, smiled like the cat that ate the canary as he saw his name in big type, folded the papers under his arm, and sauntered back to the Metropole.

There was a gray touring car parked across the street from the hotel, and apparently Rosenthal didn't notice it. But four men in the car were certainly noticing him. As he approached the hotel entrance, Destiny gave him a reprieve in the form of two taxicabs which swung in to the curb and cut him off from the view of the quartet in the gray car.

Only a minute or so after he rejoined his table companions, a nondescript man dressed in black, whom nobody seemed to know, walked into the dining room of the Metropole, hailed him familiarly, and said to him, urgently:

"There's a fellow outside wants to see you. It's important."

The man hastily departed, and Rosenthal followed.

Exactly what happened in the next thirty seconds remained, until Liberty obtained the confession, a subject of considerable conjecture. A gun barked on West Forty-third Street. The first shot was followed by many others. Either three or all four of the men from the gray touring car were standing in the middle of the street, blazing away at the man whose mouth had been too big. Then suddenly they were not there any more but back in the gray touring car, which roared off to Sixth Avenue and turned north.

Those first on the scene saw two things. One was the corpse of Herman Rosenthal on the sidewalk. The other was an anxious-faced man standing at the curb with a revolver in his hand. He was looking vainly for a taxi, and making no effort whatsoever to conceal the weapon. A cop came along, lunged at the man, and took the revolver away from him. Half a dozen cars had meanwhile drawn up, and he pleaded in vain with the cop to let him get into one of them. Not until several valuable minutes later did the distraught fellow succeed in identifying himself to the zealous bluecoat. He was Detective William J. File of the New York Police Department, and whatever chance there had been of catching up with the gray car before guiltily shielding hands took charge of it had gone a-glimmering.

The now famous Alexander Woollcott was, at the time of the murder, a news hawk on the New York Times. As luck would have it, he was right in the vicinity when Rosenthal was paid back with interest.

Woollcott had made it his business to cultivate news sources in every stratum of society, and when he arrived in front of the Metropole he spotted a certain notorious underworld character standing near the gambler's warm body.

"Who do you suppose did it?" whispered Woollcott.

The man from the halfway world swept the crowd with a fishy stare, then muttered out of the corner of his mouth:

"Search me, but from where I'm standing I can see six murderers."

Rosenthal's corpse was to remain on the sidewalk for more than an hour, pending arrival of the coroner. Meanwhile, an acquaintance of mine who, before his death a few years ago, disclosed to me many of the facts to be revealed for the first time in this story, walked into the West Forty-seventh Street Station to take charge of the investigation.

That man was George S. Dougherty, a hard-fisted, hard-headed cop, then Second Deputy Police Commissioner in charge of all detectives.

Inspector Thomas Hughes informed Dougherty that the sum total of police information assembled immediately after the murder was this: Four men in a gray Packard touring car had obviously done the job, but their identities, or even an inkling of such, were not known. Nor was the license number of the car—in its entirety. From several persons who had observed the fleeing car, however, the police had satisfied themselves rather quickly that three of the five numerals in the license number had been correctly noted. The first two numerals, several eyewitnesses agreed, had been four and one; and the last, more than one said, had been a three.

"That's pretty good information," Dougherty said to the inspector. "We got three of the figures; now all we got to do is fill in the third and fourth. Those two figures could be anything from naught naught to nine nine, which reduces it to only a hundred possible combinations."

"And," said Inspector Hughes, "we know the car was a gray Packard touring model. All we've got to do is check a hundred license numbers and find out which of them have been issued for such models."

"You got it exactly," said Dougherty. "And don't bother in the meantime with any car not from New York. I think this is strictly a local job. Chances are, if you hit one gray Packard touring car from town here in those hundred numbers, you have got your car. Better put a lot of men on the checking job at once. I want to get my hands on that car while the motor's still hot, if I can."

While several men sat at telephones with pencils and pads, on the license-number job, Rosenthal's body was brought into the station house on a stretcher and laid on the floor directly in front of the desk of Captain William Day, one of the officers whom Rosenthal had charged with oppression. Within another five minutes—it was now shortly after three o'clock—there were two more important arrivals. One was District Attorney Whitman. The other was Lieutenant Becker, "the Undertaker," as the boys in the station house still called him behind his back.

Deputy Commissioner Dougherty and the D. A. nodded to Becker and studied the Undertaker intently as he leaned down, lifted the covering from the slain man's face, and peered at the features he unquestionably hated.

Then he replaced the covering without trace of emotion, stood erect, and addressed Whitman and Dougherty.

"Any idea who did it?"

Both men shook their heads.

Mrs. Rosenthal, the widow, was brought in. Dougherty and Whitman took her into a side room and learned from her, then and there, these arresting facts:

Rosenthal had informed her at the time of the disclosures in the World that the two bitterest enemies he had in the world were Lieutenant Becker and a notorious gambler and underworld hanger-on known as "Bald Jack" Rose, or "Billiard-Ball" Rose, because his cranium was utterly devoid of any semblance of hair. He didn't have any eyebrows either, and he was indeed a weird-looking customer.

Dougherty interrupt the widow's recital at this point to explain to the D. A. that if Rosenthal had incurred the enmity of either the Undertaker or Bald Jack, it would be but natural that he would have incurred that of both, because Dougherty knew, through the underworld grapevine, that Rose had for some time been a stool pigeon for the lieutenant. Up until now, of course, the connection had been without particular significance to the deputy commissioner. But what Mrs. Rosenthal said changed all that.

"Yesterday afternoon," said the widow, "my husband received a phone call that made him very angry. It was from this Bald Jack man. He asked Herman if he was going to see you, Mr. Whitman, this morning, as the papers stated, and Herman said he certainly was. And then Bald Jack said, 'Like hell you are,' and my husband said, 'What do you mean?' and Bald Jack said, 'You'll find out.'"

Whitman raised his eyebrows and looked knowingly at Dougherty. He left the room, staring hard at Becker as he passed him on his way to the front of the station house, where he said to assembled newspaper reporters:

"Gentlemen, you may quote me as saying that I accuse the Police Department of the City of New York, through certain members of it, of the murder of Herman Rosenthal. That is all, gentlemen. There will perhaps be something later in the day."

Becker was standing only a few feet from the district attorney when Whitman spoke the words so freighted with insinuation. Presently the Undertaker sought out his superior officer, Dougherty.

"George," he said, "man to man, it looks pretty bad for me, doesn't it?"

"Charlie," answered the deputy commissioner, "I'm afraid it does. . . ."

---

*Did it actually "look bad for" Becker as soon after the killing of Rosenthal as that? What definite grounds had the ambitious Whitman for suspecting him at once—and how did the hardheaded Dougherty set about digging up facts? How was the gray car traced? Next week this series will supply new answers to these questions—answers that may prepare you for its coming revelations!*

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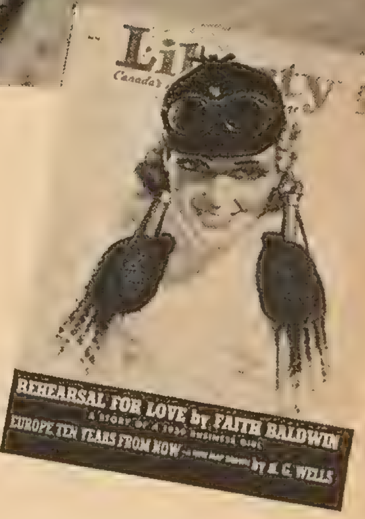
Liberty
(Canada)
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★ ★ ★

# NEXT WEEK IN **Liberty**

# A *Young* MAN'S GAME

## Danger and romance ride the sky!—A vivid tale of the heart of a girl and a perilous test of a pilot's courage

## BY ROGER GARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MAC RAE GILLIES

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

JEAN, in the hostess uniform of Corbally Air Lines, stood at the far end of the passengers' waiting room. She was watching the door of the field manager's office. Steve had been in there almost half an hour. The worried expression on Jean's face grew.

Outside, fog blanketed the airport, a dripping, cloying fog, dulling the light of the late afternoon. Close to the embarkation passageway sat the huge twenty-passenger plane that Steve was to pilot to Chicago.

Abruptly the door Jean had been watching was flung open and Steve strode out. He halted in front of her.

"Don't bother asking me," he said tautly.

"Crawford thinks you should go through?"

"Thinks? He's so certain of it that—" Steve paused and laughed sardonically. His hand thrust forward in imitation of Crawford's gesture. He made his voice curtly officious. "'Farrell, aviation is a young man's game. You're getting old. You're losing your nerve. This is a new era in aviation—we've got instruments now that can beat weather. We've got radio beacons and landing beams and traffic-control towers and things that you old-timers never thought of in the early days—and you, Farrell, are afraid to trust them! You still think it's better to fly by the seat of your pants than by science! I don't like to say this, but if you persist in canceling every time a little fog blows in, we'll have to let you go. I'm sorry—'" Breaking off, Steve hammered a fist into the palm of his hand. "I should have socked him! Why didn't I sock him, Jean?"

Sudden tenderness overwhelmed Jean. Old—Steve old! He was so tall and straight, his strong features dark-skinned from sun and wind. His eyes were clear, steady. The only indication that he was beyond youth was a suggestion of gray below the peaked pilot's cap.

Jean touched his arm almost timidly. "Steve—you know I'm in love with you, don't you?"

"Sure, Jean. . . . If we're going to be married, I guess you . . ."

She smiled. "Now will you listen to me a minute?" She was urging him, her hand on his sleeve, toward the rear exit. He thought she should be playing around with youths who could take her to dances instead of working as hostess on an air line. She was young and pretty and sweet. Twenty-five, and he was forty. . . .

She did not speak until they had stepped into the open, into the fog. Then, "Darling, I wonder if you are really right—I mean, to cancel a trip, when a little later another ship goes out and gets through without difficulty? Of course I know you've been flying longer than any one else in this outfit—probably longer than most pilots today —and your instinct *does* tell you when it's dangerous. But—"

"But what?" He drew apart from her ever so little. "Just because other pilots take chances, does that mean I should? Radio beams!" He jerked the words out. "What do you suppose would happen if the beam went off and I was between Twin Peaks? I'd take a crack at setting any ship down on the treetops. But, by golly, no one's got a right to risk the lives of passengers!"

They had stopped and were facing each other. The mist was beaded on Jean's eyelashes and on the tiny curls of brown hair that escaped beneath her hostess cap. She said, with a note of desperation: "If Crawford fires you, can you get another job? At your age? Can you, Steve?"

There was an instant when she thought she saw a quick arrow of fear dart into Steve's eyes. Then he laughed. "Honey, I could walk into nearly any job I wanted today—right this minute."

"Did Lincoln Airways answer your last letter, Steve?"

"Not yet. But that doesn't mean I—"

"Doesn't it, Steve? *Doesn't it?*"

His shoulders drooped. He said dully: "You're right, Jean. They all know me, these other lines. They know I won't fly in bad weather, in spite of all the instruments and radio beams in the world. It's something inside me —something I can't explain—like a telegraph instrument in my brain ticking out a message, telling me to cancel—" He gripped her wrist suddenly. "Jean, do you think I really am losing my nerve?"

"Steve, don't be ridiculous!" Her laugh was clear, free. "It's one of those things that couldn't happen, darling."

He relaxed his grip, letting out his breath in a sigh. "Know what I think?" he told her. "Crawford's aiming at a job in the main office at Chi. That's why he's so hipped on keeping to schedule. He wants to make a record here at Billings. Why, if Corbally knew that, Crawford would be out on his ear in a minute! It's safety that counts, not maintaining schedules. Corbally, all the company heads, realize that—it's fools like Crawford who are responsible for—"

"Yes, darling, yes! Now will you ease up and come in for a landing? Or aren't you taking me to supper?"

He grinned and linked his arm in hers. They walked toward a car at the back of the hangar, seen dimly through the fog. "It's a wonder Crawford didn't accuse me of canceling so we could have an evening together. If you weren't the hostess on my ship you'd probably be in the air now. Glad you're not, Jean."

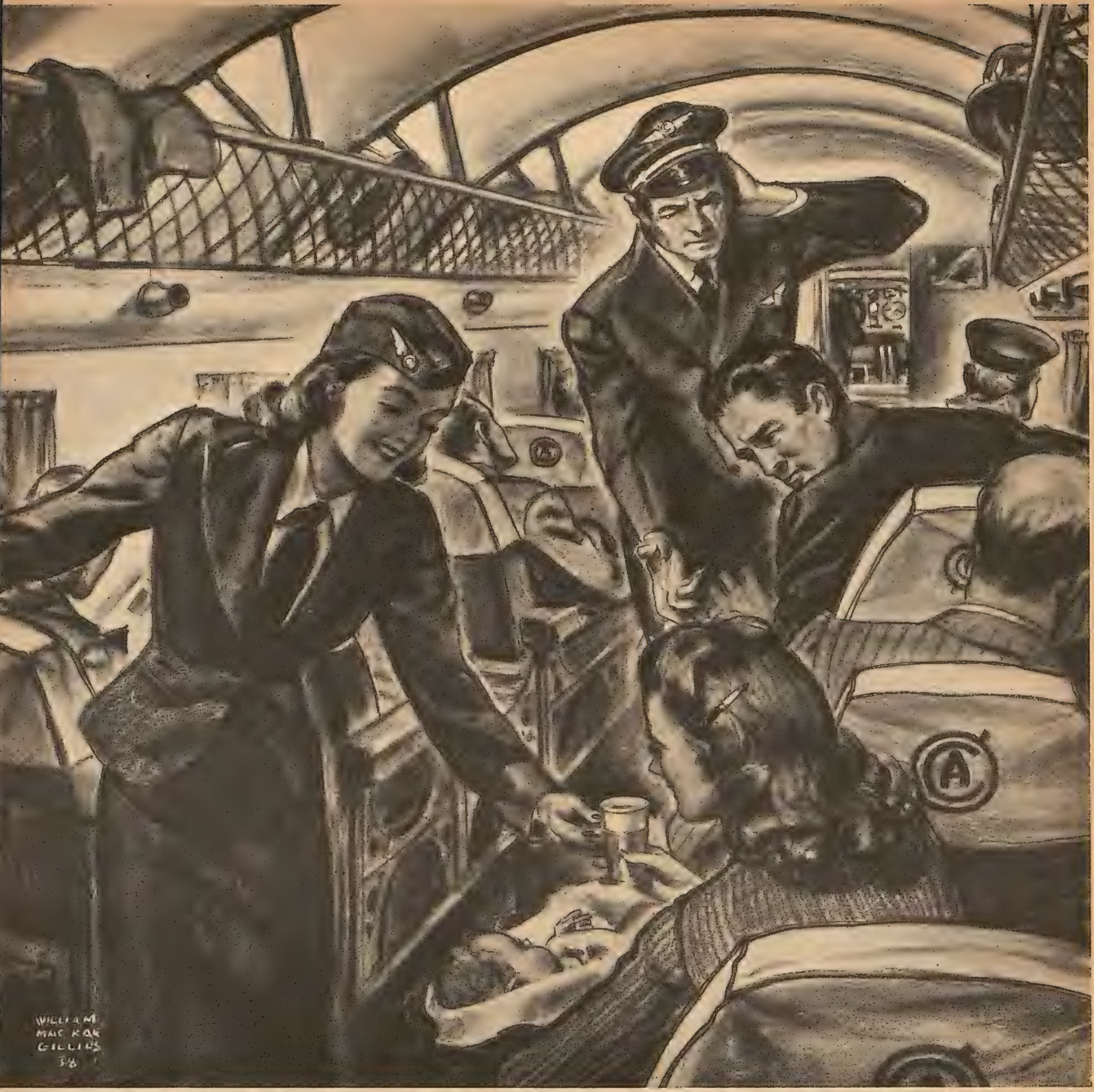
She just hugged his arm closer to hers.

FOR the next forty-eight hours all planes were grounded. Apperson, in the Weather Bureau, said it was freakish—this long stretch of fog and rain blanketing the earth for hundreds of miles. Crawford stayed in his office getting hourly reports from stations all along the line.

On the third day Steve was due to take the 8 P. M. ship out, with Herb as copilot. He arrived at the airport shortly before seven o'clock. The lights about the field were barely discernible through the enveloping heavy fog. Steve studied the scene. Over him stole a familiar sense of foreboding. Moving his shoulders uneasily, he strode toward the Bureau office.

Apperson was bending over a chart. Steve asked, "How is it?"

"A little better," Apperson replied. He was a thin man, nervous and quick-moving. "Seems to be lifting. Four hundred feet at Fargo, five hundred at Minneapolis. Very little ground wind. Dew point seventy-four. Temperature seventy-six."



Herb opened the door of the pilots' compartment. He bent over Steve. "Come forward a minute, will you?"

Steve examined the weather chart. Poor visibility all through the mountains; but if the airports were fairly clear a man could ride the beam and expect to come through all right. There was one stretch of a hundred miles that lay between a row of towering, jagged mountains, two spiked walls of rock twenty miles apart. The entrance to this valley was guarded by what were known as Twin Peaks, over two miles high.

Steve pointed to these on the map. "Did you ever stop to think," he said slowly, "what would happen if the beam went off just when you were between those peaks?"

Apperson laughed. "That'd happen once in a thousand years. And you'd still have your compass."

"What good is a compass in an emergency without a fixed position? By the time you solved that problem you'd find the top of one of those mountains in your cockpit. Thanks for the information, Apperson."

There were six passengers in the waiting room. Steve, on his way toward Crawford's office, glanced at them. One was a woman—hardly more than a girl, really—with a baby in her arms.

Crawford, at his desk, looked up as Steve entered. Steve said: "I'm canceling Trip 14. Fog all along the route."

Crawford did not speak immediately. He nodded slowly. Then, "I thought you would, Farrell. In fact, I was sure of it." He fingered a paper on his desk. Steve waited, jaw set. "This came over the teletype for you."

The words danced strangely before Steve's eyes:

INFORM FARRELL HE IS RELEASED IMMEDIATELY THOUSAND DOLLAR BONUS FOR SERVICE WITH OUR LINE
CORBALLY

"So that's it," Steve said.

"That's it. Sorry, Farrell. I hate to do this—"

"Sure; you hate it." The paper crumpled in Steve's hand. "A thousand bucks. Makes a nice present, doesn't it? O. K. You win, Crawford. Or maybe I do. I cancel and I get a thousand dollars. Not bad!" He flung the paper to the floor savagely. "Shall I announce it to the others when I tell 'em that Trip 14 is canceled?"

"Trip 14 isn't canceled," Crawford said evenly. "I'm taking it. Newton is copilot; Miss Lawrence is hostess. There's only one change—you."

Steve leaned forward, his hands flat on the desk.

"Listen, Crawford. You and I don't like each other. You think I'm too old, that I've lost my nerve. I think you— Never mind that. But, for heaven's sake, don't take that ship out tonight!"

"Will you please get out of here?" Crawford's face was red. "I haven't time to listen to nonsense!"

Steve said carefully: "There's no way I can stop you. You're a licensed pilot. You've been over the route."

He swung about. In the waiting room he saw Jean. He went toward her swiftly.

"I'm fired. Let out. . . . Look, Jean. Crawford says he's going to take Trip 14. Fly it himself. I don't want you to go out with the plane. If anything happened to you—" He was not looking at her.

"Steve, you know I can't stay off the ship if it goes out! There isn't any one to take my place. I've got to stick to my job. Darling, you understand that."

He gazed at her. Then he said: "Yes. Yes, I understand, Jean. You've got to stick. Wait here."

Crawford was talking to Herb Newton as Steve reentered the office. Steve said: "Crawford, I'll take Trip 14. I've changed my mind."

Crawford shook his head. "Too late, Farrell. You're not employed here any more. I'm piloting the plane. Anyhow, I wouldn't trust the ship to you—the way you feel. Your confidence is gone. If any emergency arose, you couldn't meet it."

"All right, Crawford," Steve said leadenly. "If that's the way it's going to be . . ."

He went out to Jean.

"Crawford won't let me fly. If the ship's got to go out—if you're going with it—I wanted to be up there, at the controls. But I'll be there. I'll be in the ship. As a passenger—a paying passenger. They can't keep me from doing that—they can't keep me from being with you, Jean!"

PAST the wing lights fog ripped as if the ship were tearing through a sea of gauze. Within the lighted enclosure of the cabin the travelers read, talked, dozed. Steve sat stiffly in his seat. A magazine was in his lap but he was not reading it. Continuously he glanced out of the window at the gray mist. Jean was bending over a woman passenger. Steve saw her look back toward him. Her eyes met his for a brief instant.

Crawford in the pilots' compartment where Steve should have been. His hands on the control column that Steve should have held. He offering his own life and the lives of his passengers to the god of instrument infallibility—the god that Steve had denied.

Steve could visualize Crawford listening to the voice of this god coming through the earphones. Steve knew Crawford would be wearing the phones, and not Herb, who was copilot—listening to the high-pitched frequency tone that told him he was directly on the beam. If it ceased . . .

Herb appeared at Steve's side. "Hi, feller. Thought I'd wander back and see how things were here."

"O. K. How is it going in front?"

"Smooth. Little static—not much. Reception is pretty good. Beam's coming strong. We're right on it." Grudging admiration crept into his tone. "That guy's steady as a rock. Flying the ship himself, of course—isn't using the Sperry. He compensates faster than the automatic pilot."

Herb seemed ill at ease, as though he wanted to say something and didn't quite know how. "Steve, that was a lousy trick Crawford pulled on you. I should have quit myself, but—I've got people dependent on me, and . . ."

Steve reached out, gripped his arm briefly. "Thanks, Herb," he said quietly. "I'm glad you didn't."

Herb said: "I'll be seeing you. We'll be between Twin Peaks in about fourteen minutes. But, heck, me telling you that!"

Steve smiled. He watched Herb return to the pilots' compartment. Jean was talking to the woman with the baby. The woman was smiling. Steve thought suddenly: It was just a crazy idea I had. Pilot's jitters. Jean is so calm—how could anything happen to the plane—to her?

A few minutes later Herb opened the door of the pilots' compartment. He took off his cap and ran his fingers nervously through the shock of red hair. He bent over Steve.

"Come forward a minute, will you?"

Steve arose and followed, with a quick glance toward Jean. She smiled at him but did not speak.

Herb put his mouth close to Steve's ear. He said swiftly: "The beam's out. We're not getting it. We tried the reserve, and tried to pick up a cross beam with the variable. We're getting the weather all right. The beam's stopped. Steve—something must have happened at the station. Good God, in this fog—" His voice rose. Steve grabbed his arm.

"Steady, will you? Tell me—did Crawford send you back here?"

"No. I told him I was going to see that the passengers were O. K. He's trying to fly a compass route—says the beam will come back on any minute. I told him to pull up, to go over the peaks; but he said he knew how to fly, and to mind my own business—"

A PECULIAR tightness came over Steve. "Instruments. Crawford and his instruments." With a sudden gesture, he reached forward and opened the door of the pilots' compartment. He said loudly: "Crawford!"

The pilot turned. He pushed the earphones aside. His face was taut. Steve said: "Herb tells me the beam went off. Did it come back on?"

"No. Listen. Go back to your seat! Passengers aren't allowed up here!"

Steve leaned forward, examining the instrument panel. They were still at two thousand feet. The climb indicator showed level flight. Steve yelled above the noise of the motors: "Why don't you take it up? You'll be between those peaks soon—and without the beam you'll have a tough time of it!"

Crawford's coolness, his calm superiority seemed to desert him. He shouted angrily:

"Farrell, I'm warning you, get back! You've got no right here. You're through—you washed yourself out when you tried to cancel this trip! The line doesn't want men whose nerve has gone, who are too old to fly in bad weather—and I don't want you up here bothering me! Get back!"

"I'm sticking," Steve said. He climbed into the copilot's seat and yelled back to Herb: "Talk to that woman with the baby—she looked frightened." He faced Crawford and said sharply: "Let's have those earphones. You fly your ship."

Crawford's mouth opened. Steve could see the flushed face, the narrowed eyes. His hands on the control wheel were white from the intensity of his grip. Then slowly he took the earphones off and handed them to Steve.

Glancing down, Steve saw that they were on fixed frequency. There was no sound. The beam, if they were in its center, would have made a distinctive hum in the earphones.

Steve tried the variable receiver. No beam tone. The reserve. He was getting weather on that—fog, with low ceiling all along—when suddenly the voice said:

"Flight 10, Billings-Chicago—Flight 10, Billings-Chicago. There is trouble in the transmitting station. Cannot send beam. Report immediately. I'll try to give you a position. Hurry—there's a fire here—"

Steve was aware of a queer sensation, as though he had foreseen all this. He shouted to Crawford: "The beam won't be on. Fire in the station. They want a report, so they can chart us."

"Give it to them."

Steve spoke into the transmitter. Waited. No reply.

"It's all out!" he exclaimed. "Crawford, are you going to try to get between those peaks at this altitude? You're almost there—"

Crawford snapped: "What do you think I'm going to do—go around them? We've got to go through! I couldn't gain enough altitude now to clear them."

Fighting the tornado of sound from the engines, Steve shouted: "You can turn—if you turn now—"

"I'd smack right into one of the peaks! All I can do is to keep straight on!"

"Crawford!" Steve's voice was strong, tense. "Let me take the ship past those peaks—through the pass."

"You keep your hands off the controls, Farrell! Think I'm a student pilot? I'll take it through all right."

"But you don't—"

With an effort Steve held back the savage words that strained for utterance. Crawford was keeping the ship in level flight, and the air-speed indicator read 170 miles an hour. Without the radio, or a sight of the ground, there was nothing to tell them exactly where they were —except that sixth sense that airmen develop, a sense not recognized—in fact denied—by many modern flyers.

There wasn't much time now. Steve tried again: "Crawford, I can bring the ship through better than you. There's a stiff drift to the left—"

"How can you tell? Are you a magician?"

"I feel it! You've got to give her more right rudder!"

Crawford laughed. "You old guys are all nuts on that stuff. Flying by the seat of your pants, hey, Farrell? Sure, you can feel a side drift. Since that beam went off I've been flying a course that will bring us straight between the peaks. And I'm not doing it with my pants —I'm doing it with the instruments on the panel!"

"You're not bringing us between the peaks." Steve's face was close to the window. He seemed to be communing with the air and the fog and the night. Behind these two men, closed in a dim-lit compartment, were passengers whose destinies were in their hands. Jean was there. . . .

Suddenly Steve yelled: "Give it right rudder! You're too far over!"

Crawford's head was thrust forward truculently. He appeared to be fighting the ship. "Shut up, Farrell!"

Steve's hands were clenched with the strain of keeping them off the dual controls. "I tell you, there's a strong drift—you'll pile us up on that left peak! I can't tell you how I know—"

Then Crawford's control snapped. He screamed: "Get out of that seat! Get away from me!"

Then, "We're on it!" Steve yelled. "Pull over! Right rudder, Crawford! *Right rudder!*"

Their course was unchanged. Steve's hands shot out, grasped the dual-control wheel. His feet were on the rudder pedals. Crawford shouted: "Damn you! I'll—" Crawford had a firm grip on the wheel. He was a strong man. Yet Steve's savage wrench yanked the controls from Crawford's hands, swung the wheel so that the ship went into a sharp bank, almost vertical. At the same time he thrust fiercely on the right rudder pedal.

They cleared that huge needle of rock—almost. When the plane struck, it was turned so that the wings avoided impact. The terrific jolt was concentrated on the bottom of the fuselage. There was a ripping of metal on a jagged point of stone. They were still flying. Crazily, wildly.

No time for Steve to do more than check the spin. Crawford's hands had fallen from the controls. Steve could see him trembling.

Steve shouted at him: "The stabilizer, Crawford! Work the stabilizer! We're nose-heavy!"

He was fighting hard for command. The ailerons answered well, but something seemed dragging on the flippers. The ship was diving.

"Crawford, you yellow coward!" Steve yelled. "*Work that stabilizer!*"

This got through. Crawford reached out, turned the stabilizer handle. Slowly the ship steadied. Now the throttles could be retarded. They were no longer diving.

"Take the ship awhile. I'm done in—shot." Crawford could hardly speak.

Wonder flashed into Steve. There was no way he could have known the peak was ahead, no way he could have been conscious of the drift toward it except by the well of awareness driven deep within him by many flights and many dangers.

Crawford said suddenly, as though it were driven out of him: "Your job. You've got that back. When Corbally hears about this—"

The door behind them flew open. It was Herb. "How is it? Are we going to crash? We hit that mountain one terrible crack—"

"Is any one hurt?" Steve shouted. "Jean Lawrence—"

"No one's hurt. You tore a hole in the bottom near the tail. It's not getting larger—it'll stay the way it is. The passengers are going nuts. Me—I'm going nuts too. What happened up here?"

"Not much," Steve answered grimly. "It just almost happened. Case of pants against instruments. Tell Jean—"

"Nice going, Steve." Steve's head jerked around. Jean's eyes gazed into his. "Will we be out of the fog soon?"

"It's breaking up now," Steve said. "We'll make it, all right." For a single instant more he looked at her. Then, "We've both got jobs, honey. Go back to the passengers, will you?"

THE END

"Look, Jean. I don't want you to go out with the plane. If anything happened to you—"

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

# WILL CONGRESS RAISE HELL?

BY WALTER KARIG

THAT kind of government which made the people of Italy, Poland, and Germany turn from parliaments to dictators, and which keeps France in perpetual political turmoil, confronts the United States in the Seventy-sixth Congress, just assembled in Washington.

It is a three-party Congress, very nearly divided between Republicans, Democrats, and New Dealers, each faction biting mad at the others.

All the newspaper talk you have heard about the conservative Democrats uniting with the enlarged Republican representation to smack down the New Dealers is only a half-truth. The Jeffersonian Democrats and the Republicans will work together to rope and tie the New Dealers, but they will be at each other's throats when (and if) that ambition is accomplished.

And what will the Roosevelt bloc do then? Why, it will throw its votes to either one of the other conservative groups to rob the other of success. The net result threatens to be a stalemate in a setting of more bitter recriminations than preceded the Civil War.

Leaders of the three factions seem to ignore the consequences of such a vindictive game of puss in the corner, which will bolster the arguments of Communists and Fascists that democracy does not work, and give convalescent business new fainting spells.

What is the fighting about?

About 1940, of course. This year of 1939 is the all-important prelude to the Presidential election, which each of the three factions is determined to win. The New Dealers are going to fight to keep their program intact and operating. The Jeffersonians are trying to purge their party of the ideas and personages intruded upon it since 1933. The Republicans want to get back into authority. As faction-ridden as the Democrats, they are united on that ambition at least.

The battleground will be on these issues:

Relief, including "pump-priming" spending.

Agricultural aid.

Rearmament, with new neutrality legislation.

Social Security, including new pension schemes.

Labor laws.

Laws affecting business operations.

It all adds up, you see, as a fight over New Deal accomplishments. For President Roosevelt and his supporters it will be a defensive warfare, in the main. They will take the aggressive chiefly in demanding the appointment of New Dealers to the courts and to key positions which require Senatorial confirmation.

Of all the issues upon which Congress is preparing to squabble, unemployment relief and its related spending program will provoke the most hell-raising.

Fuel is added to the flames of controversy by the belief that President Roosevelt wants to see WPA Administrator Harry Hopkins become a New Deal contender for the 1940 Presidential nomination. The fight over relief policies will also be a fight to ruin Hopkins politically. However, the artful Harry has up his sleeve bales of evidence that most of his Congressional enemies, Republicans included, tried hard to convert the WPA into political advantage for themselves. Since he let it leak out that he kept stenographic transcriptions of all telephone calls made by congressmen too cautious to write their demands upon him, the clamor for a sweeping investigation into WPA has toned down somewhat.

If only the New Deal's opposition were not as much inspired by envy as by the spirit of reform, the WPA investigation and the revision of the unemployment relief system would be a salutary undertaking. WPA has been in politics up to its ears; witness the way unemployment rolls rise with the approach of each election and slump immediately afterward. Whether it would be better to put the administration of relief expenditures into the hands of state officers, limiting the federal function merely to the appropriation of funds, is a grave question, which is best answered by another: Would there be more or less politics in relief if it were put exclusively into the hands of the local boss-ridden governments?

That is something upon which the public must keep an eye—including that portion of the public on relief.

It is upon the issue of relief that the conservative Democrats and the Republicans are most likely to unite against the New Dealers. McNary of Oregon, Republican leader in the Senate, says his party is intent upon turning relief administration back to the states. The conservative Democrats are lining up behind Senators Burke of Nebraska and Bailey of North Carolina, who are behind the bill to decentralize relief and place it in the hands of bipartisan state commissions. The New Dealers, seeing the handwriting on the wall, profess a desire to see relief put on a Civil Service basis and its administration incorporated in one of the established government departments as a permanent bureau. That sounds like a great concession—but the Civil Service is so constituted that the man who gets the job is usually the one who would have been appointed anyhow.

Do not look for any startling economies in relief. By taking two bites at the Treasury the smart boys in Congress may make it appear that less money is being spent; but nobody is going to alienate the voters on relief by cutting down the cash benefits—not with a Presidential and Congressional election coming up.

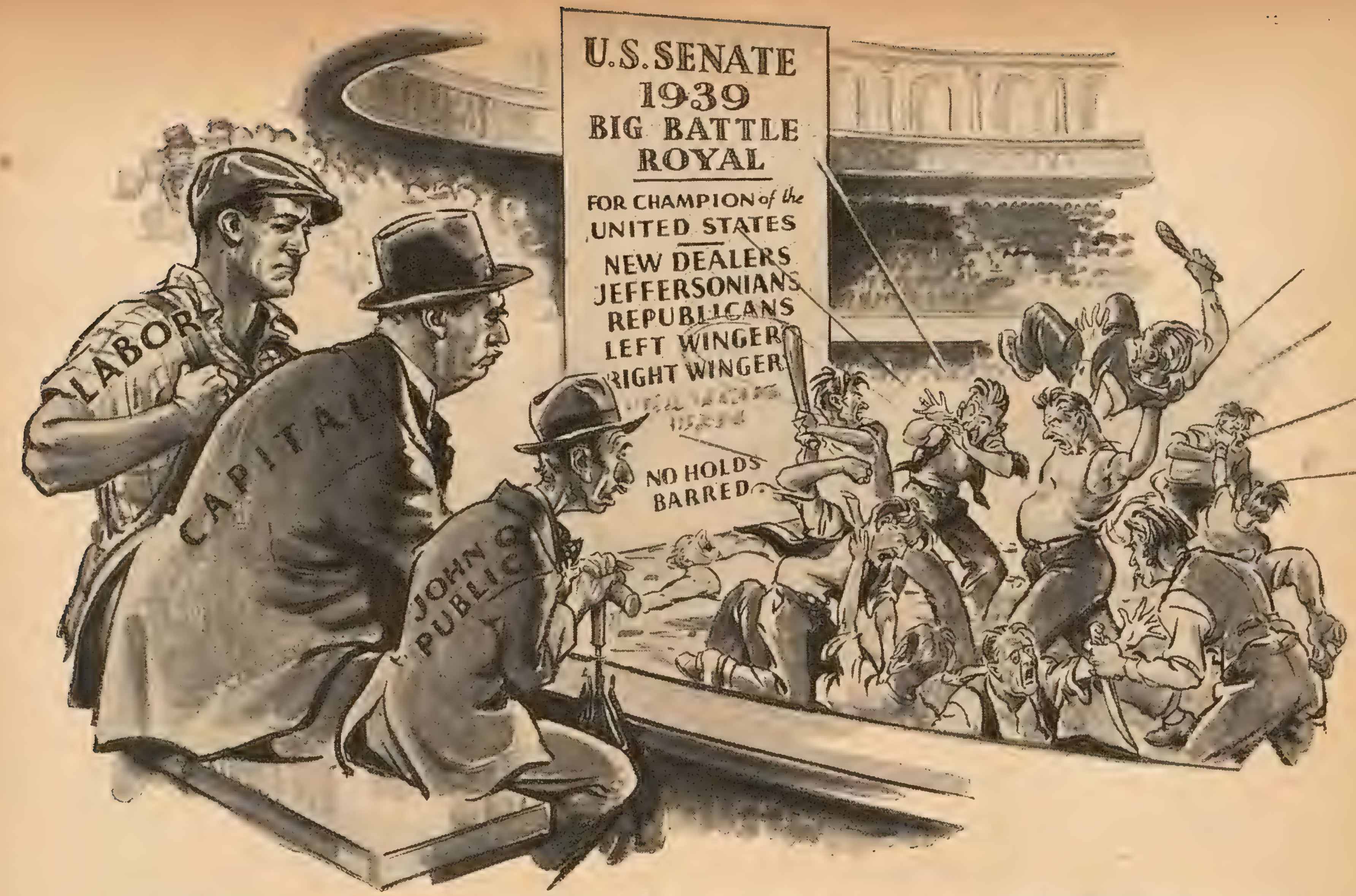
More important is aid to the farmers. This fight will not be so spectacular, because farm relief is an issue in only half the states, although it *should* interest everybody. Upon this issue, as the politicians view it, depend upward of 230 electoral votes in 1940.

Agricultural Secretary Wallace's program of paying farmers for not raising something has failed both economically and politically. The Republicans advocate paying the farmers for raising anything, and Wallace, with some evidence of panic, has exhibited signs of wanting to try that scheme. That idea ranges all the way from a straight out-and-out cash subsidy to the involved export-bounty theory. The latter is swell—for the farmer. The public has to pay twice—once when it buys its groceries at the artificially fixed price, and again in taxes to make up the federal subsidy.

All factions will probably let their agricultural members write the farm bills; but again it will behoove the public to keep close watch, so the consumer won't have to pay for the farm-belt votes.

President Roosevelt thought he had a sure-fire plan to keep Congress in line by gearing the national defense program to every controversial issue before the nation. We will spend about $1,500,000,000 for direct armaments in the next fiscal year, and a lot more on items contributing to the national defense. By making rearmament a part of the work-creating function of government, and utilizing the nation-wide abhorrence of Hitlerism, the New Deal high command hoped to smother the opposition under preparedness and patriotism.

The White House has been confident that this national defense program was not going to have any opposition.



## Storm over the Capitol . . . A startling forecast of fighting times in Washington, in a setting "more bitter than preceded the Civil War"

It is going to have plenty, under the leadership of the conservative Democrats' present choice for 1940, Senator Clark of Missouri.

On this issue there will be divisions in the Republican Party, with some support for the President.

The Middle West never sees a battleship and rarely sees the need for them. Clark, with the aid of Senators Borah and Nye, is going to fight any more increases in the navy. The conservative Republicans say industrial preparedness is just another Rooseveltian dodge to get the administration's hooks into private business. Organized labor is getting ready to fight the politically neutral program of training unemployed youth to become airplane mechanics, machinists, and toolmakers, because both C. I. O. and A. F. L. declare that their own unemployed will be faced with this added competition.

The administration, with the liberal extremists' pressure groups, would like to see the neutrality law junked and a new one passed to give the President absolute discretion in imposing embargoes upon aggressor nations. The "isolationists" are ready with counterlegislation to take from the Executive what discretionary powers he has. Linked with this are the 1939 version of the profits-out-of-war bill, the new Ludlow war referendum bill, and the universal conscription bill.

There will be more war and antiwar talk than in 1914 and 1915. If Congress works itself into hysterics on this highly emotional topic, watch for inflammatory legislation, commendable in purpose but dangerous in design. Incidentally, there is nervousness in all three Congressional factions over the introduction of legislation affecting refugees from Austro-Germany. Every Congressional leader I have spoken with fears the communication to this country of anti-Semitism abroad, and fears that any debate in Congress over the plight of the Jews in Europe will touch off the smoldering feeling that flared during the Ku Klux epidemic.

Three more items are Social Security, labor laws, business laws. The United States Chamber of Commerce interpreted the election of eighty-one new Republicans to the House as a trend "reassuring to business." Maybe so. There were no parades in the streets following the emasculation of the business tax laws by the last Congress, and Wall Street is still a more potent bugbear in the Missouri Valley than Hitler.

The gaudiest political display, with much tear-jerking hoop-la, will be produced by the Social Security law's review. The Republicans will try to keep their promise to the Townsendites of public hearings on the old-age pension schemes coming under that category. Congress will not, however, pass any $50-a-week or even $15-a-week old-age pension law. The existing pension provisions may be broadened; very likely the federal $15-a-month maximum will be increased to $20, which has to be matched by the states' treasuries.

Modification of the Wagner Labor Relations Act is acceptable to the New Dealers. The fight will be on the question of how much. Complete repeal of what remains of the twin excess profits taxes is anticipated by the New Dealers, but will be fought by them, even up to a veto by the President. The taxes produce very little revenue, constitute a vast nuisance to small businesses as well as large; but the New Dealers think they represent a sort of moral victory over avaricious big business and want to keep them on the books.

The dangers inherent in the debate over these laws are that an irritable Congress is apt to say a lot of things it doesn't mean which will stir up class hatreds, scare business, encourage strikes and suchlike, and do the whole country an awful lot of harm. All that the public can do in any event is to keep its head and refuse to be stampeded by oratory.

So, as citizens, let's discount half the hullabaloo as so much 1940 propaganda. As for the other half, let's make 'em prove it!

THE END

READING TIME
19 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

# BEGINNING Casa

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

## PART ONE—CUPID HITS A MARK

CASANOVA had come down to the border of the lake that afternoon to meditate. In the enchanted light of a perfect spring day the smooth water mirrored the stupendous Alps. Remembering how many spirits before him had found healing in the contemplation of this serene grandeur, he had progressed so far as to regret his thirty years squandered in unprofitable adventure, and he was on the point of dedicating himself to a better use of time.

Why, in heaven's name, did those two silly young things have to seat themselves just on the other side of the hedge?

Of all bad habits, eavesdropping appealed to him least. Would that lovers were dumb! From their broken twitterings you learn, panic-stricken, how you sounded when you too were insane:

"Dear Toni!"

"My heart!"

"Darling!"

"My life!"

"Ah!"

It might be awkward to get up and walk away. Perhaps he could slide backward across the grass.

"What would life be like, Toni, had we never met? Have you thought of that?"

"I don't dare, Jacomine—it's too horrible."

"Darling!"

"My heart!"

"My life!"

"Ah!"

It wouldn't have been so trying if he could have interpreted each final sigh as a prelude to a kiss, but the silences were too perfect. They probably were holding hands, gazing at the scenery.

"Jacomine!"

"What is it, dearest?"

"Jacomine! You aren't tiring of me, are you?"

"Toni darling, I wish you'd stir yourself. You asked me to marry you, I gave my word, and the happiness seems more than you can cope with. You do nothing but sit around and coo."

The boy was hurt; turned dignified. "I wouldn't say I coo. We can't marry just yet—I've explained it all—"

"Toni, I love you enough to marry without a sou. If you cared as much for me, you wouldn't just sit around."

"But we must have your Aunt Sara's consent," said the boy, stating as it were an unchallengeable law of nature; "and, as you well know, she doesn't approve."

"Then why don't you win her over?"

"How can I?"

They bristled in silence.

"Jacomine."

"Well?"

"What would you do if you were in my place?"

"I'd go to her like a man, tell her you wish me for your wife, tell her your prospects—"

"She won't think much of them!"

"Tell her we'll marry in spite of her!"

"But we can't!"

"Toni, she'd be on your side if you spoke up. Tell her you're sorry, but since she feels this way about it, we'll vanish quietly and live in sin—you must have me."

"Why, she'd order Louis to put me out of the house!"

"She might, of course."

"Jacomine, you know I wish to marry you; I love you! I honor you! I—"

"You bore me. Run along, Toni. Good-by."

"Nonsense!"

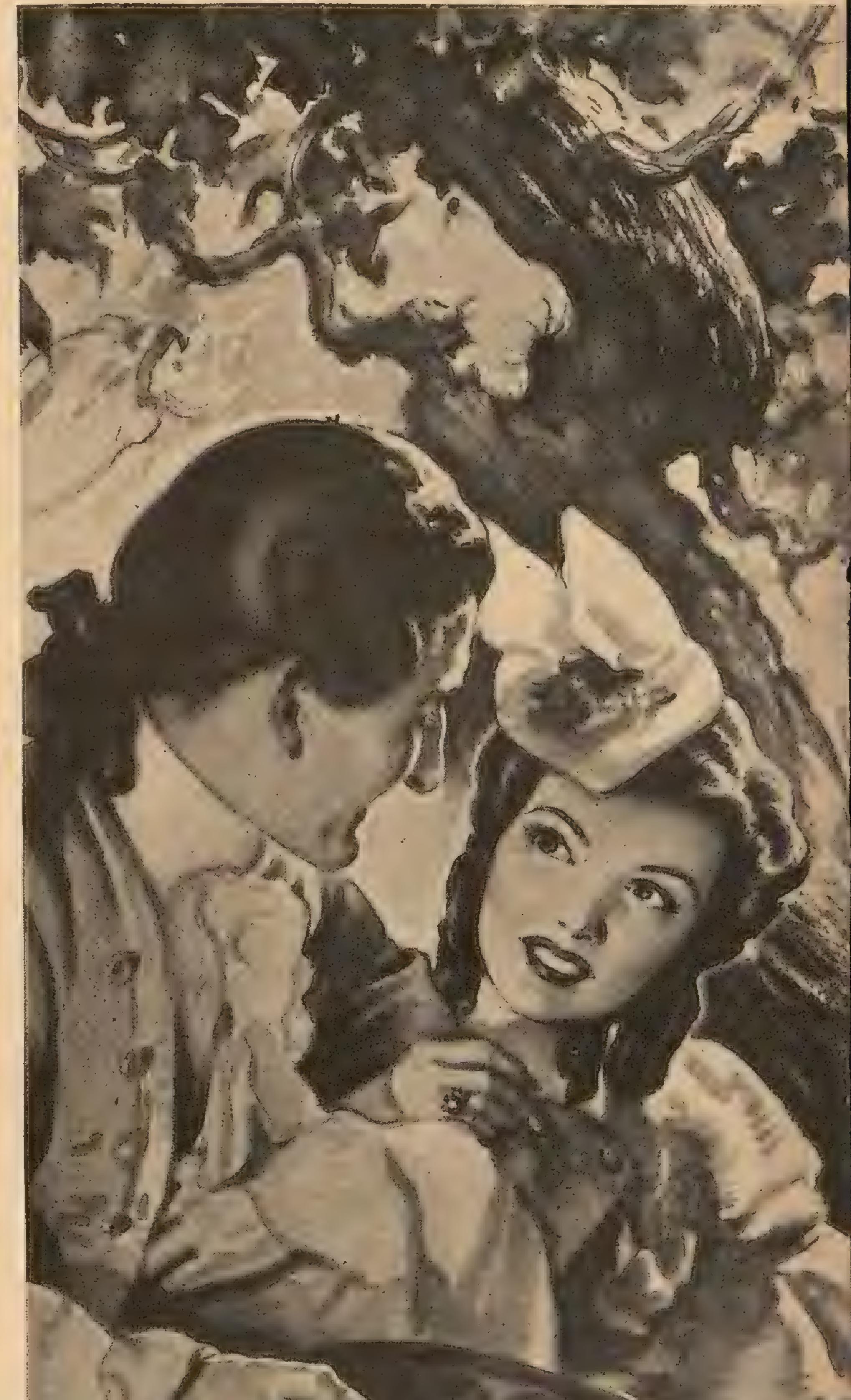
The girl got up from the grass. "You'll see whether it's nonsense! Aunt Sara need worry no more—I'm through with you!"

"Darling, come back here! Be reasonable!"

"Let go my arm! Stop pulling!"

Casanova rose slowly. He stepped around the hedge.

The girl, to his surprise, was beautiful. Anywhere, at any time, her loveliness would be astonishing. Under

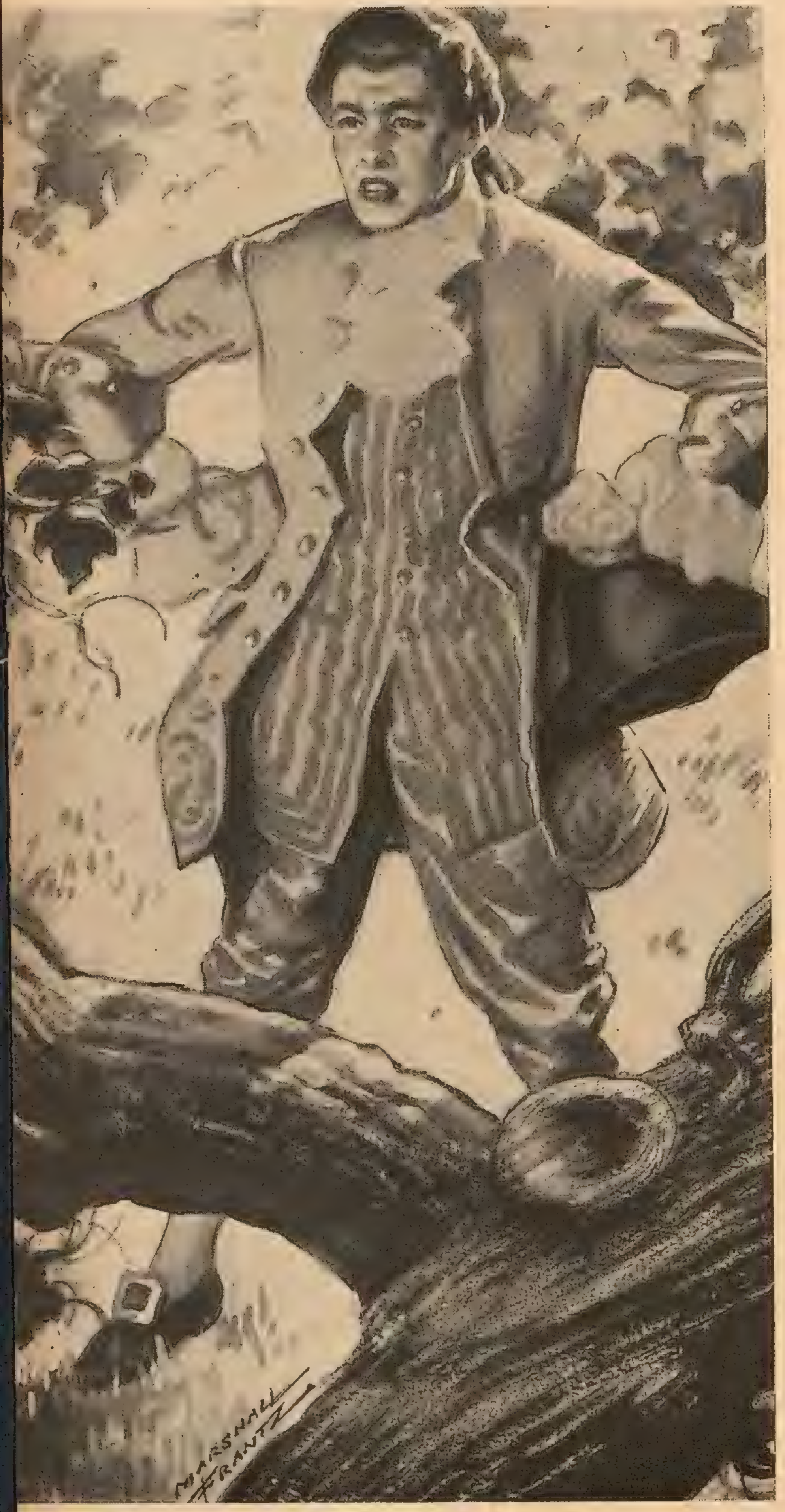


He gave her his arm, and Toni watched in agony.

# nova's STRANGEST LOVE

## BY JOHN ERSKINE

Sparkling, captivating—An adventure in reading you can't afford to miss!



Casanova's stare, Toni released the girl's hand. She examined the intruder keenly, unembarrassed.

The intruder surrendered to an impulse. " Mademoiselle, may I offer my protection? "

" Against what, monsieur? "

" Against immaturity."

Toni stood up, red to his hair roots. Jacomine smiled.

" Monsieur, I believe I am in no danger."

Casanova bowed. " Permit me to apologize. I now withdraw—unless I may have the privilege of escorting mademoiselle to her door? "

" You may not," said Toni. " I do all the escorting."

" My offer," said Casanova, with another bow, " was addressed to mademoiselle."

" And I answer for her! "

Jacomine raised her eyebrows. Casanova knew what she must say to keep Toni disciplined.

" Monsieur, I live in that house, the one with the tower, on the hill."

He gave her his arm, and Toni watched in agony from the hedge as the two graceful figures promenaded along the water edge till their path began to climb and a clump of trees hid them.

" Mademoiselle Jacomine," said Casanova, in the tone of deference, " it was against my will that I overheard your quarrel, but I shall not pretend to regret the occasion of my present good fortune."

" When Toni is excited," said she, " he always talks too loud. He's very annoying."

" Oh, be just to the boy, mademoiselle! It is not his fault that he is so young."

" He's two months older than I. He's supposed to be grown up."

Casanova laughed politely. " My dear child, don't you know women are born with more knowledge than the most studious man ever acquires? I might have been your father, yet here we are talking—I dare not say on equal terms."

" How old are you? " said she, avoiding philosophy and going after a fact.

He shook his head mournfully. " This very April I completed my third decade."

She laughed. " What a young father I should have had! Do you live in Lausanne? "

" Only a visitor. I arrived here a week ago."

She was out of breath with the steep climb, or she was sorry that the walk would end. They paused and looked down at the lake, and across its blueness to the mountain range on the French shore.

" I enjoy talking with you," she confessed simply.

" I hoped you would." Frankness to frankness. " Jacomine, if I may revert to what was not intended for my ears, what sort of person is your aunt? "

The girl looked at him. " She's a usual aunt. There's nothing wrong with her."

" But from what your fiancé said—"

" I'm not engaged to him! That's finished! "

" Permit me to recall, however, that he thought your aunt both old and difficult."

" Oh, she's not so old." The girl thought a moment. " Or perhaps she is. She thinks she knows everything about life."

" Shall we walk on? " said Casanova.

They were almost in sight of the large house before conversation was resumed.

" Monsieur, what is your name? "

" I admire the directness of the question," said he. " My name is Giacomo. By a happy coincidence, it sounds like yours."

" You are Italian," said Jacomine.

" Venice born."

" Haven't you also a second name? "

He smiled. " We know the essentials. Let us not spoil this rare hour by ticketing ourselves. When we meet again I will bring my family tree, my baptismal certificate, and what other credentials your aunt may require."

She caught his arm. "Stop here—just before this turn in the path! They might see us from the house."

He looked hard at her. "Tomorrow afternoon I shall call on Aunt Sara."

"Oh, please don't!"

"I will ask her permission to pay my court to her niece. If I seem abrupt, it is only because you exhibit signs of haste. I am inclined to believe, as well as any one can judge from a single meeting, that I love you. I shall tell her so. With her approval, I shall then ask you—"

"I really must go," she said. "I really must!"

He laughed softly. She discovered that Toni was not the last word in kisses.

She tore herself away, kept in the shadow of the poplar trees, and entered Aunt Sara's house by a side door.

When Casanova knocked at the front door early the next afternoon, an elderly man in livery greeted him. He reflected that this must be Louis, of whom Toni stood in dread. Louis was impressive rather than formidable. In so dignified a home he could have little practice in throwing visitors out.

"Monsieur?"

Casanova presented a card on which he had written his name and a judicious portion of his history.

Louis squinted at the card. "Does madame know monsieur?"

"I haven't the honor of her acquaintance, but she will perhaps recognize my name, and I hope she will pardon this informality."

Louis turned the card over.

"If madame asks the nature of your errand?"

"It has to do with her niece Jacomine."

Louis showed him into a small office where the furnishings were less valuable than in the salon. Unless Casanova's hearing was at fault, Louis also locked the front door before he carried the card upstairs.

On the office wall hung three stately portraits. In the center of the small room was a magnificent gaming table, round, covered with red leather. In the same red leather four high-armed chairs were upholstered. Against the wall, facing the single window, was a commodious desk. Jacomine had a solid background.

He would have observed the room in further detail, but Aunt Sara appeared at the door. She had a soft step, and she moved quickly but with a remarkable air of having all the time in the world. Casanova, having encountered women of every sort, started at the sight of a great lady.

She was not old. She never could be old. She was one of those miracles of intelligence and charity who can see through human beings without ceasing to be fond of them. You guessed as much from her eyes.

"Signor Casanova."

She did not call him "Monsieur." She reminded him that he was a foreigner.

"How can I thank you, madame, for bestowing on me a moment of your valuable time?"

"The thanks are not wanted. When I heard that Signor Casanova busied himself with the affairs of my niece, nothing could have kept me away."

THEY faced each other without blinking, and Casanova began to understand Toni. Aunt Sara stood with his card still in her hand. She evidently did not intend that he should stay long.

"Madame, I admire your niece. I ask your permission to offer her my hand."

Aunt Sara hid some of her astonishment but not all. The name on the card had made her fear blackmail, but this was worse.

"But you don't know her, do you?"

"Madame, we have talked."

She tossed her head. "Then why are you asking my permission now? So far, you've done well without it."

"Madame"—his voice was suddenly grave—"my acquaintance with your niece was accidental. Had I known of her existence, we should have met earlier. I love her."

Aunt Sara started to smile, but he held up his hand. "At least, I believe I do. In spite of previous disappointments, I believe this love will last."

There was no doubt of it—Aunt Sara was smiling.

"For her protection, however," he continued, "I should like to proceed more formally than has been my habit. If you favor me with your permission, I shall do myself the honor to call on Mademoiselle Jacomine here, in your house, under your eye, and I promise to see her nowhere else."

Aunt Sara was tapping the card on the edge of her game table.

"Where do you lodge, signore?"

"At the Two Angels, madame—near Ouchy."

"The Two Angels? You can't be comfortable there!"

"I am not."

She thought a moment. "You would do nothing that might be interpreted as harmful to my niece?"

"Nothing, madame."

"And you promise not to speak to her outside this house?"

"If I may speak to her inside it."

"But suppose I refuse that permission?"

He gave her his most charming smile. "Then, madame, you and I will proceed as before, each with what wisdom we have."

She smiled back. "Return to your Two Angels, Signor Casanova. I must assemble my thoughts. But you shall have your answer before the close of the day."

He would have kissed her hand if she hadn't turned to ring for Louis and if Louis hadn't appeared instantaneously. The man had been waiting, for caution, in the hall, just out of sight, and before the bell had stopped vibrating he had the front door open, and Casanova had bowed low to Aunt Sara and stepped out on the gravel.

HE liked Aunt Sara. She might be a tyrant but she had charm. He corrected himself. Did he say charm? That word was far too feeble. She had feminine softness and allure, seasoned with experience.

He would sit at the window of his room in the Two Angels and watch the twilight grow somber on the lake until the innkeeper knocked and held out a cursed sheet of paper over which Aunt Sara had driven a deft quill to intimate that he might resume his wanderings.

These thoughts, even before he reached the inn, had so lowered his spirits that he dropped into a chair in the corner of the tap and began sipping cognac. There were three or four other men in the room, but their talk was subdued. He wished he had met Jacomine when he was younger. He wished Aunt Sara had not impressed him so favorably. Ere long he would be compelled to hate her.

When Louis brought Aunt Sara's message and showed disapproval at finding him in the tap, Casanova gave the man a large coin in self-defense, and let the sealed paper lie awhile on the table unopened. Why be in haste to meet pain? He ordered another cognac.

Off with the seal!

He read, and rubbed his eyes. He read again, and swallowed his second cognac at a gulp. Aunt Sara's handwriting was, as he had expected, legible, but that woman had a gift for leaving you puzzled.

> At three and one half hours precisely, tomorrow afternoon, Signor Casanova may talk with Mademoiselle Jacomine. At three hours precisely her aunt will talk with Signor Casanova.

Why the devil did she say it in that sequence? He must talk with her for thirty minutes first. What about?

When he called at the house next day, on the stroke of three, Louis showed him into the salon, a noble room lined with more portraits, with a richly painted harpsichord in the corner, and deliciously thick carpets, and two rare vases on the mantel, and satin chairs with slender legs, and Aunt Sara waiting to receive him.

She was another woman. He saw the change at once. She permitted him to kiss her hand, and she seemed to like it. The humor he had detected in her eyes now shone from her entire face. How beautiful she could be, when she wished!

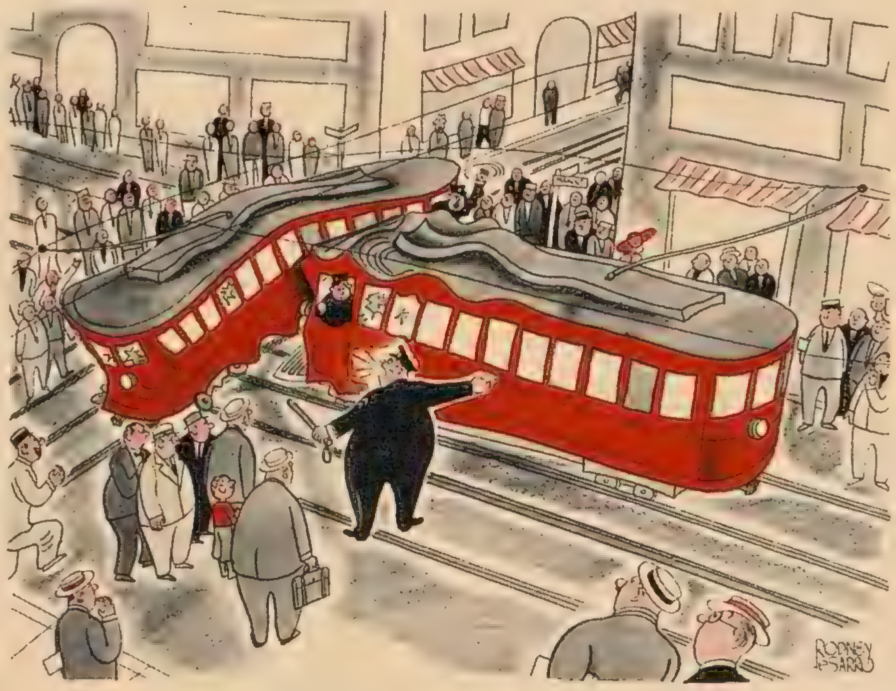
"Pray be seated, Signor Casanova."

Signor Casanova, still puzzled, was seated.

"Just why the young should enjoy all the excitement," said Aunt Sara, "I never could see. I told Jacomine I must have half an hour as commission."

"Madame," said Casanova, feeling his way, "the young will always enjoy more than their share of excitement, since they have a special talent for getting into trouble."

Aunt Sara rallied in defense of her generation. "Oh, I can't agree—not at all! Youth doesn't know how to get into trouble, not really. The virtues and the vices attributed to youth are both exaggerated, don't you think? Youth hasn't much courage, nor zest, nor imagination. How could it have? Those qualities belong to us who have caught up with life and wish to push on. Youth has its hands full getting used to the world. Most of the time youth is worried or scared. Excitement belongs to the well seasoned years; youth doesn't know what to do with it. As for getting into trouble"—she smiled at her thoughts—"I'd like to see the young person who could get into more trouble than I can! Really, I excel. I yield the palm only to you, Signor Casanova."



"Pull over to the curb!"

The woman certainly could talk. She sounded as though she had been shut up too long and seized the first comer to practice on.

"There's a certain truth in your observations," said he, "but on the whole—"

"Signore, why did you have to leave Paris?" She made it an eager, intimate question, as between friends. For the moment he didn't ask himself how it was she knew where he had last resided.

"I was gambling, my winnings were large, my methods were very severely criticized by the losers."

His reply delighted her. "There you are! You got into trouble. The excitement was so great that you left town. What youth ever enjoys so rich an experience? You and I are mature. I too, whenever I cheat, get caught."

He wished she would change the subject. "What you say, madame, is true—true at least of me, but I am not proud of it."

She nodded sympathetically. "How wise! Card play *is* secondary. Love comes first." I always say, when you are mature and lose your mind in love, you've got back the best part of youth, and at the same time you can appreciate what's happening to you."

He couldn't help thinking of Jacomine. "Madame, if I may say what I really believe, love is a tragic experience, unfortunately unavoidable. I doubt if there is ever an entirely happy love. Nature impels us to search for perfection—"

"Ah, yes," she agreed; "there should be a perfect woman somewhere."

"That was not my thought," he corrected. "The perfection which the lover seeks is in himself, and he is doomed to disappointment."

"Well," said Aunt Sara, "if he is prudent he'll avoid a reputation for making that search. Every time the poor man sees a pretty face, he'll think he must justify his fame. Tell me something about your most recent affair—before you met Jacomine."

He was sure she was teasing him, yet she spoke without the slightest trace of sarcasm.

"Madame," said he, "it's your turn to confess. What was your last affair?"

The question seemed to give her an opportunity she had been waiting for. "Oh, that was amusing, signore! I lost my heart to a man with a beard—not pointed, square." She lifted her hands to indicate dimensions. "It was droll!"

"You loved him for his beard!" reflected Casanova.

"Not really," said Aunt Sara. "I was fascinated at the time by two qualities seldom found together. He had a sense of humor and he was good."

"May I ask," said Casanova, "to what trouble this affair led you?"

She knitted her brows. "The man disturbed me. Those qualities of his, one of them at least, proved so inimitable—"

"But you have a sense of humor yourself!"

"To some degree. That's the quality I imitated."

"What became of him, madame?"

She laughed quite happily. "Signore, you ask the most penetrating questions! Don't you find it humiliating when the bloom of your infatuation wears off and you can't fool yourself any longer? It's sensible, isn't it, to stop at this point?"

"If you can."

"If! Of course you can; but you didn't know that when you were young. Tell me, Signor Casanova—" She leaned forward again and lowered her voice confidentially. "How do you feel about those you have fascinated and then deserted? That problem always bothers me. For myself, I find it easy to let go, but I never learned how to impart the wisdom to others."

He was groping for a safe reply when the clock in the hall struck half past three. Aunt Sara rose and held out her hand.

"I must not abuse my privilege. My admirable young niece Jacomine lacks patience."

For a second he held her hand. "Madame, your confidence in me is the most precious honor—"

Aunt Sara laughed. "Signor Casanova, I have no confidence in you at all! Naturally, you're an interesting man, being the greatest rascal I have ever met. To think of your dropping into Lausanne to brighten my dull days! You intend to break Jacomine's heart. I am resolved to prevent you. It is war between us, and no quarter. I match my intelligence against yours. Is that understood?"

He bowed.

"Would you prefer, signore, to depart now, before we join battle?"

"Madame, I shall stay."

"I like your spirit," said she. "We shall be excellent friends." She laughed. "You will supply the trouble, I will furnish the excitement."

She allowed him to kiss her hand.

He was relieved when she went quickly upstairs, he was glad when Jacomine came running down. When she crossed the threshold of the salon, he stepped forward with open arms.

"My life!"

"My own!"

"Precious!"

He was surprised to find Jacomine's conversation today a trifle tame. He missed a certain danger, a certain challenge, a certain engagement of the intellect. Ah, well, she would be an extraordinary woman when she grew up!

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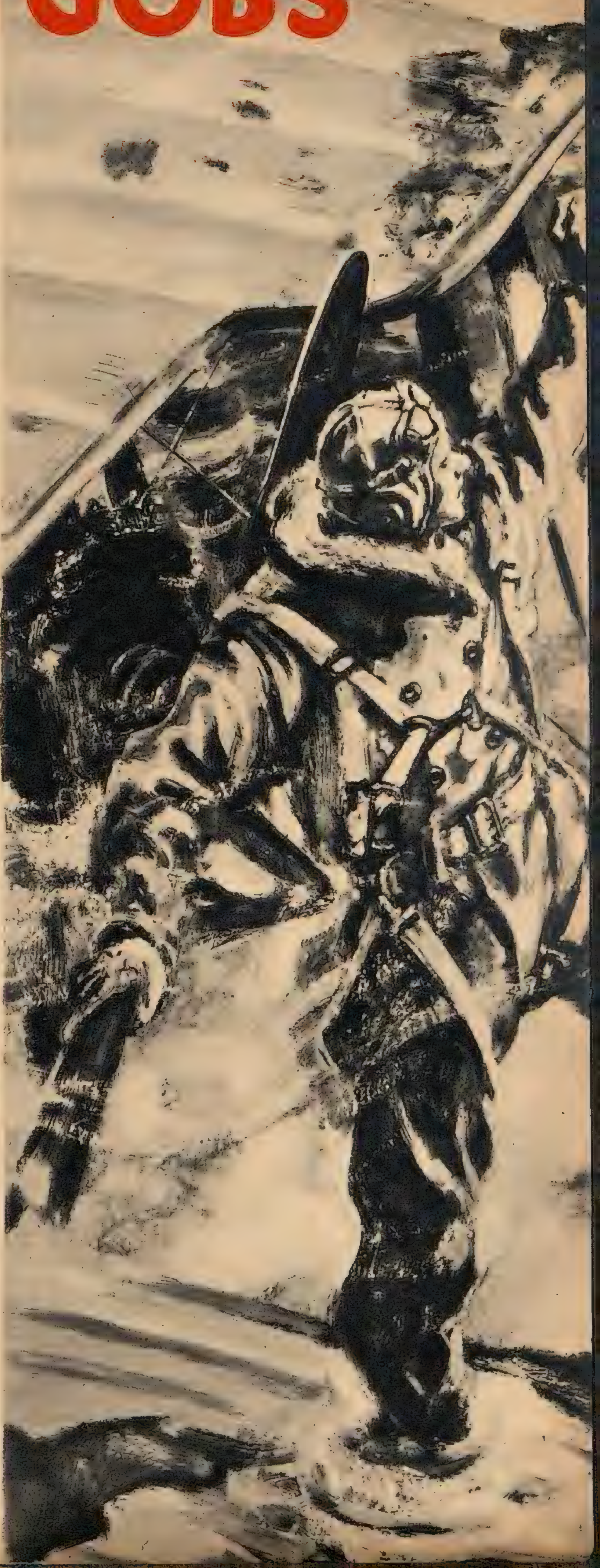
*Which of the two will win in the battle of wits for pretty Jacomine's happiness? Has Casanova met his match in Aunt Sara? Will Toni enter the struggle against such a rival in love-making? The installment in next week's Liberty is packed with surprises.*

# Flying GOBS



Ludlow landed in the sea. Haze leveled off and plumped down into the waves alongside.

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Captain Sprague went to France with United States Naval Aeronautic Detachment No. 1, the first American fighting force to set foot on French soil after the United States declared war. Enlisting at twenty, he had been helped to stretch his age a year by "Red" O'Leary, a Boston taxi driver who also was joining up. Even before they reached the naval training school at Pensacola, he and Red and Hank, a big farm boy from Maine, were inseparables.

There was no flying at the school, and when told that a hundred of them had a chance to leave for duty in a foreign country, every would-be war bird volunteered. Sprague would have got left, but the resourceful Red fixed it up for him to go.

They landed at St. Nazaire on June 7, 1917. The French gave them an uproarious welcome. Soon they were split up, Sprague and his two pals going to Finistère. All these Americans had begun to fear their entire service would be that of a construction gang, when groups of them were given the promised war-bird training.

Dunkerque became a seaplane station for bombing German submarine bases. Sprague was assigned to Squadron 217, Royal Air Force. He cheerfully admits today that he was a scared youngster when, flying with his friend Schoonmaker, he took off at dawn for his first patrol. Over the trenches they found themselves targets of an antiaircraft battery. Abruptly, after an ear-splitting burst, their plane lurched and tossed upward—then plunged.

## PART TWO—THE BOMBS THAT WOULDN'T DROP

IN that moment of agonizing panic, both Schoony and I thought we had been hit. We hadn't. A shell had merely burst directly beneath our plane and, finally, we brought our bus back to an even keel.

But it had been close. And we were thoroughly frightened—no mistake about that! Captain Davis turned out to sea and I breathed more easily.

I hadn't—up to this moment—had much respect for antiaircraft gunners. Now I would scoff no more.

As we flew on, we saw big ships, British monitors, lobbing shells into Ostende. We headed toward them.

From Davis' plane streamed a red Very light. I tensed, recalled his words: "Red flare—enemy in sight."

Vainly I searched the ocean. Had he sighted a submarine? I could see nothing. I saw his bombs drop from his plane. They exploded in the sea. Bombs dropped from the other planes. And still I saw nothing.

Then I made out seven little specks heading for the monitors. Enemy planes. Now I understood.

With understanding came another cold surge of fear. We were in for a fight. And we were outnumbered. Davis and the others had dropped their bombs to lighten their planes. We were going to attack. I yanked at the bomb-release toggles and watched my own bombs drop off into the sea.

Davis was diving now, all of us after him. The seven planes below had seen us, banked about, and were streaking toward Ostende. I clutched at my guns. They were ready. I was not so sure that I was.

We had a smart leader, however. Captain Davis wasn't taking green hands into close quarters at seven-to-four odds. We dived, pulled up, flirted with them.

All seven of them fired at us. I could see their tracers coming. But though I clutched my gun, I didn't fire. I was learning the meaning of buck fever.

We left them running for home and returned safely to our field. Captain Davis fell in step with me.

"Take a shot at them?"

"No, sir. I didn't think we were close enough."

fights at sea, a thunderbolt of luck, and a disaster—The swift, stirring story of our first fighters in France

BY GEORGE E. SPRAGUE

"That's right. Hold your fire until you're close. Your first time over, wasn't it? How'd you like it?"

I lied gallantly. "It was fine."

"Jolly fun, what?"

Jolly fun, my eye! I had been scared, and was disgusted with myself now. Schoonmaker shared my feelings.

Dunkerque was near by. That night I sought out the principal café in the town, and found Hank and Red. We took turns crushing each other's hands.

The two of them had bombed and sunk a submarine, and Hank was wearing a Croix de Guerre. He grinned at me, said, "Hi, kid. Pull up a chair."

"I heard Ganster cracked up," I said.

Red nodded. "Yeah, Johnny Ganster. Remember that houseboat party he threw us in Baltimore before we sailed?"

I did indeed. We reached for our glasses, raised them in a silent toast to Johnny. In the café at Dunkerque it had become a regular ceremony, those who were left drinking to those who had gone.

Red put his glass down. "Eichelberger's gone, too. That's two of the Baltimore gang—Johnny and Ike."

"I heard about Ike back at Clermont," I said.

"Marshburn and old Chapin got it, too," Hank said.

"No!" I exclaimed. "I hadn't heard about them."

"Well, we can't live forever," said Red. "Drink up. It's a suicide job we're on here. They give us lumbering old tubs with shaky wings and just about enough speed to hold themselves up. Cold meat! That's what we are. Cold meat for any Jerry who catches us out."

Some one called him over to another table. It gave me a chance to ask Hank, "Why hasn't Red a Croix de Guerre?"

Hank grinned. "He has. But he'll never wear it. 'I ain't wearin' no medal you have to be kissed to get,' he tells everybody."

Others of our gang, Hank told me, got submarines. Eddie De Cernea and Edison Counts got one. Peewee Carson, Chord, and Tom Holladay found one that fought back—something new. When they went for it, all set to let go their bombs, its crew unlimbered a deck gun and nearly shelled them into the sea.

For other members of the First Aeronautic Detachment, scattered all over Europe that summer, there were medals—and death.

We were all particularly proud of Haze Hamman—Charles Hazeltine Hamman—of the Baltimore gang.

With some others of our flying gobs, he found himself shanghaied to Italy. And there he flew to glory. Two big Macchi bombers escorted by five little Macchi single-seaters went out one bright morning to drop some bombs on Pola. Haze Hamman, Pete Parker, and two others, with Ensign George H. Ludlow in command, were flying the single-seaters. The bombers dumped their load, streaked for home.

Escort duty done, Haze and the other lads in the little Macchi flying boats hung around spoiling for a fight. Two Austrian seaplanes took off from the harbor of Pola. Ludlow downed one; Hamman got the other.

Haze waved gaily to his flight leader. Ludlow pointed down, dived with both guns blazing. Ludlow had spotted five Austrian landplanes beneath them.

A jammed gun forced one tiny Macchi out of the dogfight that followed; a second, forced out by a sputtering motor, headed for home. Ludlow, Hamman, and Parker were left to carry on. Ludlow got one of the enemy ships full in his sights. It reeled and hung for a moment, then plunged into the sea. Then Pete's guns jammed. Unable to clear his guns, Pete pulled up and started for home. Just as he left the scene, he saw Hamman battling with two planes; saw Ludlow's Macchi plunging down. When Pete got back to Porto Corsini, he reported Hamman and Ludlow killed or down in the sea.

But Hamman, too, had seen his leader's ship afire. Wheeling up and over, he dived toward him. Ludlow's motor, disabled, had quit cold. His stick dropped dead and straight. And close upon him followed an Austrian plane, sending a hail of bullets into the burning Macchi.

Hamman sent the Austrian plunging into the sea with a single burst of gunfire. Ludlow threw his ship into a spin, came out at 500 feet, and landed in the sea.

Haze leveled off and plumped down into the huge waves alongside his fallen leader. The fire was out, the little flying boat sinking rapidly. And the remaining Austrians were diving now, their bullets chunking into the sea about the two pitching little craft. Somehow Hamman got Ludlow aboard his plane and stowed him under the engine.

The tiny Macchi was built to carry but one man. It was not designed for rough water. How they were going to get into the air again, Hamman did not know.

Sluggishly he taxied across the pounding waves. The Austrians dived, to pepper more bullets at them. The little Macchi finally rose into the air. The Austrian landplanes chased it, but not far. When Hamman and Ludlow got back to Porto Corsini, they found their names had already been posted: "Killed in action."

They gave Charles Hazeltine Hamman the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Italian War Cross, and the Silver Medal for Valor. They promoted him to ensign.

Admiral Sims said of his work that day:

"I know of no finer individual exploit in the war."

That night at the café in Dunkerque, I bade Hank and Red good-by. Before I went away, I drew Red to one side, told him what had happened that morning on my first patrol, and added, "I'm really wondering if I'm cut out for this, after all. I was scared silly!"

He didn't grin. "Kid," he said softly, "if you hadn't been frightened, there'd be something the matter with you. Every one is frightened. I'm still scared to death every time I go out."

He gave my shoulder a whack.

"Go on back there. You'll be all right."

Good old Red! I went back feeling swell.

We who were with the British were busy those next weeks. We strafed the submarine bases almost daily. The entire German submarine campaign in the English Channel was dependent upon three bases—Ostende, Bruges, Zeebrugge. And across the Channel daily came troopships, supply ships, and hospital ships—the life line of the B. E. F.

ZEEBRUGGE'S canal entrance was protected by a mole, curving from the shore and forming a harbor. A mile and a half long, it was a powerful mass of masonry 200 feet wide. The entire area contained in the Ostende-Bruges-Zeebrugge triangle was studded with antiaircraft batteries. Crack flying circuses of Fokkers and Pfalzes maintained defensive patrol over it.

Attacking those bases was a job. But it was our job and we went to work on it.

I made quite an occasion of my first flight over the mole at Zeebrugge. The British navy had blown out a sizable section of the causeway, cutting the mole off from shore temporarily. The Germans had built a temporary bridge to fill the gap. Their railhead, their telephone lines, and their supplies all went over this bridge.

Bombing was more or less of a hit-or-miss game. Bomb sights were not what they are today. We had to depend upon nervous, hasty guesswork. To drop a bomb upon that narrow bridge at the mole was to pull a feat in a million.

We flew to the mole that day—a five-plane formation, Davis leading. We glided in out of the mist, our throttles cut, and they didn't see us until we were almost over them. Then they started to fill the air with shrapnel.

Davis, as soon as he was over the outboard end of the mole, pulled his bombs. The others followed suit. One of the seaplane hangars burst into flames.

But when I looked over the side to watch my bombs go down, only one was falling. It hit the water. The other was stuck in its rack. I yanked and yanked at the release. It would not go. I was up in the air with enough T. N. T. to blow me to kingdom come. Sooner or later I'd have to come down. And when I did . . .

Cold sweat was on the back of my neck. I *had* to get rid of that bomb. I didn't care where it went. It didn't go anywhere. It stuck. I cursed and gave one mighty tug.

And the bomb went. I looked over the side. I hadn't sighted on anything. I watched it incredulously.

"It can't," I whispered to myself. "It won't."

But it did.

It landed squarely on that bridge the Germans had built to fill the gap in the mole causeway. That 230 pounds of T. N. T. did a very complete job on Jerry's bridge.

High-tailing for home, we ran into a formation of Fokkers who gave us an exciting brush, but I grinned through all of it. I was grinning when we got back and I climbed out of my ship.

For days no one talked of anything but the blowing up of that bridge. My British mentors were quite pleased. Of course the Germans built it right up again in a few days. But I felt pretty important.

WE were beginning to like our work that summer of 1918. It was not far to our objectives. We had good planes. We flew in strong formations. Daily we gained experience and confidence, and the cost was not too great. We were getting over our inferiority complex concerning enemy planes. We had been having brushes with them and not coming off second best.

Andy White got himself one, a flamer.

He was flying with Charles Hodges.

They were so near home that they got careless. Flying at the tail of the formation, they were not keeping in place.

Andy had kept a good watch until he sighted Nieuport, just ahead. Then he sat down and took the controls, to relieve Hodges. He had a big chew of tobacco tucked in the side of his face and was at peace with the world.

Five yellow-nosed Pfalz scouts dived on him so fast that all he saw was a yellow flash as the German leader zipped by, letting loose a burst of bullets.

Andy, startled, did several things all at once. He let go of the stick. He jumped from his seat, grabbed his machine gun, swung it around and clamped on the trigger—almost involuntarily and certainly without aiming.

But that one wild burst was enough. It must all have struck the German's tank, for the plane burst into flames and went down, trailing a corkscrew of black smoke.

The other four Germans followed their leader down, all the fight gone out of them.

And all the gimp was gone out of Andy, too. Back at our field, he got out of his plane slowly. We rushed up to pat his back. He pleaded:

"Let me alone, will you?" His face was the color of grass.

"What's wrong?" we demanded. "You're a hero."

Andy gulped in air, shook his head, shuddered. It was then he explained, "I swallowed my tobacco. . . ."

We all went down to the estaminet to celebrate his victory. That was the night Red and Hank arrived. Did we yell! "We've come to stay," said Red laconically. "We're assigned." The old wangler had done it again. He had got them transferred to our squadron.

"You're in one swell outfit," I told them. But Red wasn't so sure of it at first. He didn't know whether he liked the "limeys" and they didn't know whether they liked him. He was pretty fresh. But they grew to love him, as every one always did. And Hank, too.

The day came when I was to have more trouble with that bomb release on my plane. This time it was to cause the Queen of the Belgians an uncomfortable night.

We were called from a party to raid some motor patrol boats that Intelligence had discovered in the harbor at Blankenberghe. We went out in a nine-plane formation, crossed the lines east of Nieuport, and roared in over Blankenberghe harbor from inland, in a perfect hurricane of Archie fire. Far below us, in the ham-shaped harbor, was the motorboat flotilla.

We'd learned the trick of tying sections of metal tubing to the tail fins of the bombs. In the sections we would file and saw apertures, until they were like flutes. "It makes a ghastly noise," our English friends had told us, "and puts the wind up Fritz." And it did.

As we flew over the flotilla and the docks, away went our bombs. Torpedoes must have been piled on those docks, for tremendous explosions resulted.

And then I found that again only one of my bombs had dropped. The other was stuck in the rack. My release was jammed again.

Again I felt fear and cold sweat. Over and over I yanked at the release toggles.

Out beyond the harbor, along the beach, were big summer hotels that had red crosses painted on their roofs. They were being used as German hospitals.

When my stuck bomb finally went away, we were approaching the beach. Down it went, twisting and turning and shrieking. I looked over the side of my ship to see where it was going.

My bomb was dropping with deadly accuracy for a hospital roof.

IN the few seconds it howled through space, all the horror of the situation ran in a hot stream through my mind. I was willing to fight and kill with the rest of them, but I didn't want to bomb a hospital. No one bombed hospitals.

I could see those poor wounded devils below. There'd be women, too. Helpless, every one. I felt all the things they must have felt as they heard that bomb hurtling down on them, shrieking and howling. . . .

Their agony of waiting was my agony, too. Frantic words came to my lips, prayers that the bomb's course would somehow be deflected.

I told myself it was an accident. But that didn't help any.

Down shot that bomb. Straight as an arrow—and as merciless. Drawn, as though by a magnet, toward the huge red cross on the roof of the German hospital.

My face over the edge of the cockpit, heedless of my plane, I had watched like a man hypnotized during those awful seconds. As the bomb came quite close to the ground, I shuddered involuntarily and turned away.

Sick at heart and stomach, I couldn't watch longer.

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*That "jinx" plane and its doubly "jinx" bomb release! This time the immediate result was appalling, and the consequences might well have been even worse. How so? Captain Sprague will tell you, and will also picture for you the most sensational mishap that the R. A. F. suffered during the entire World War, in next week's, the concluding installment of Flying Gobs.*

1939 JANUARY
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# THEY HAD BILL POWELL MAR

### BY FREDERICK LEWIS

**READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 10 SECONDS**

BILL is back.

That is the best news that has come out of the Lochinvar country in many a long day.

Not just because Bill's return means also The Return of the Thin Man, of Nick and Nora Charles, of Powell and Loy, the greatest seriocomic romance team of all time. Though that is good news, too.

Neither is the rejoicing over Bill's return due wholly to the fact that he is the best loved actor on the screen. Though that is true, too.

The really important reason why there is so much downright happiness is that Bill has come back from what all of his friends and most of his doctors believed to be the grave.

Yes; for months, now, they had Bill Powell marked for death.

You know what Bill is like. As a matter of fact you know exactly what Bill is like, because there is no actor in Hollywood so much the same on and off the screen. You know he is not the husky type. Exercise he goes in for only vicariously.

"Worrying keeps me in condition," he once said. "It is the one form of exercise I never neglect." And the Lord knows, there is truth in that statement.

Well, worry as a conditioner is not all that it might be. It doesn't stand by you when the pinch comes—and the pinch, as all the world knows, has been coming fairly regularly these last few years to William Powell in his private personal life.

First, there was the divorce from his first wife, Eileen Wilson, a step which Bill postponed through nearly ten years of incompatibility because of his boy. Then there was the parting with Carole Lombard, which hurt Bill more than he ever showed. Finally, there was that tragic love affair between those two children of disillusion, Bill and Jean Harlow, culminating in Jean's even more tragic death.

Bill has had plenty to worry about in these major tragedies, but there are also those ever-present minor and largely synthetic worries which he is continually manufacturing for himself. What can you do with a man who has never muffed a scene but who comes off the set after every one of them with his hands wringing-wet for fear he hasn't done it well? What can you do with a man who has never made an unsuccessful picture but who regularly loses from ten to thirteen pounds from worry during the making of every one of them?

**Did a secret sorrow cause his breakdown? Here's new light on a strange illness that has haunted Hollywood**

No wonder he got sick!

It was in the spring of 1937 that Powell's physical troubles began, and the form they took was of a kind to drive a worrier like Bill almost mad. He went temporarily almost blind.

On this occasion, as on several subsequent ones, the word was passed around that the Thin Man would never act again. Editors reached down into the "morgue" for the material from which to write his professional obituary.

The eye affliction, as it turned out, was not so serious as friends and physicians feared. But before he had fully recovered from the horror of that week of almost total darkness, the light in his heart went out. Jean Harlow died. Her death took more from William Powell than the girl with whom he was in love: it deprived him of the staff on which unconsciously he had leaned.

His earlier love affair with Carole Lombard—that's what their ill-fated marriage really was—had found Bill mostly playing the staff role himself. Carole was a simple, naïve girl when she met Bill Powell. Under his influence she developed into the sophisticated woman of the world she is today. She developed in other ways, too: she became less brittle, more lovable, a nicer person. But to the end she was a madcap child. They had a grand time of it for a while. Life was a continuous round of laughs, with Bill playing the male madcap to the hilt.

Jean could laugh, too; but she didn't make it a lifework. Her brittleness came off with her studio make-up. Although so young, she had seen a lot and suffered a lot. She could give, and she had a wonderfully gentle and tender way of doing it. She was just the girl for Bill Powell. Theirs was a true love affair. Theirs would have been a true marriage.

For a month after her death he did no work. But at the end of that month duty called. A picture had been long in preparation for him and Myrna. The show went on. But if the laughs came less often in Double Wedding than they usually did in a Powell picture, the reason was not far to seek.

Gaining his release, at last, from his contractual obligations at the studio, he sailed, a wraith of a man, for his beloved Italy, where years ago he and Ronnie Colman had spent so many happy weeks making Romola. Lolling in the sun at Capri, a few of the deeper lines vanished from his drawn face, a few precious pounds came back to clothe his emaciated body. But the charm of the old reckless days could not be recaptured. In four months Bill was back in Hollywood making a picture.

It wasn't much of a picture—something about a baroness and a butler—and the William Powell of the winter of 1937-38 wasn't much of a comedian. No one was very much pleased with it or with the star. So down went the hands again into the editorial morgue. It was about time, the wise ones whispered, that that professional obituary notice should be readied. After all, Powell had been at the top of the movie pile for nearly fifteen years—that's three movie lifetimes in one—and he couldn't be expected to go on forever.

In the spring of 1938, during the making of the baroness picture, Bill Powell had been a physically sick and suffering man as well as an emotionally spent one. The exact nature of his ailment was not made public, but when he forthwith entered the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital for an abdominal operation, the word went around that it was "stomach" trouble. Attending physicians and surgeons gave the impression that it was nothing more serious than appendicitis. But it *wasn't* appendicitis—and what it might be was never disclosed.

Anyhow, the patient seemed to recover satisfactorily from the operation. But September found him back in the hospital for what was first announced as a "corrective" operation, a sort of follow-up on the one of the previous spring, but was later described frankly by the surgeon who was to perform it as "very serious."

The mystery of the Powell malady grew deeper. It never was—perhaps never will be—solved.

In the circumstances, with honest grief among his friends and prying curiosity among reporters, terrifying rumors usurped the place of fact. There is no need to repeat them here. If they had been true, even so resilient a person as William Powell would not have come out of that hospital the well man he is today. In all probability, he wouldn't have come out alive.

No event in Hollywood's history, not even the death of Jean Harlow, caused more genuine sorrow than the prophesied death of William Powell. Then came the almost incredible miracle of his recovery—the living

As the derelict in My Man Godfrey (in inset), and the real Bill Powell, suave and debonair.

evidence that the grave had been robbed. Passers-by gaped openly, as if at a ghost.

But this time he didn't look like a ghost. The signs of sickness and suffering were still there. The face was drawn and lined. The body was too thin even for the Thin Man. But the eyes were steady, the expression calm. He was no longer a beaten man. He was beaten steel.

Physical strength returned to match the recaptured mental and spiritual poise. Not only the old Bill Powell emerged, but a surer and a serener Bill Powell than we had ever known before.

This time, though, he was not to be caught in the error of returning to the screen before he was fit to do his best work. Steadfastly he refused all imploring to go before the cameras. Instead, he hid, for a time, behind the protecting walls of radio. Not until his success on the air told him that his voice had the old inspiring ring and his shaving mirror told him that his face had the old insouciance did he agree to go back, under a brand-new contract, at the beginning of this year.

Another Thin Man picture is, of course, a natural for Bill's comeback. The first one swept the country, and the second one was quite as successful and almost as good. As Nick and Nora, Powell and Loy are Romeo and Juliet and Fatty and Mabel rolled into one big package of love and humor—only it is Thinny this time and not Fatty!—with a little of Mr. and Mrs. Drew and Burns and Allen thrown in for good comic measure. They play together so naturally that you might think they were a couple of quintuplets.

Bill loves to play with Myrna as his feminine lead. He will take a weaker story or a weaker part for himself if there is a good role for Myrna. That's the kind of guy he is. So why shouldn't he be glad to stick with the Thin Man saga, which has good parts for everybody—including, of course, our Asta?

The role of Nick Charles in the Dashiell Hammett cycle allows Powell to be his dressy, skeptical, sophisticated, and slightly bored and jaded self. It gives him a chance to wear his clothes with an air, which he does, and likes to do. It gives full vent for the Powell type of humor—the gift for the sly phrase, the trick of the raised eyebrow, the suave nuttiness—and the Powell type of sentiment and romance, which is as strong and deep as his wit is light and quick. In short, Nick Charles gives us the Bill Powell that only his friends know, the most complex human being most of them have ever met.

Myrna is better, too, when she is playing with Bill. There is an infectiousness, almost a contagion, about Bill's acting which makes the girl opposite him play with much of his own facility.

Just what this contagious technique of Powell's is baffles description. Naturally, he imparts to his work the sureness of touch which comes from training and experience. But there is a distinction to his acting which stems from something quite outside the theater.

For one thing, Bill has traveled more widely than most major stars in Hollywood. He has lived for months at a time in the great centers of the world's culture, and has absorbed into his personality a cosmopolitan suavity. Moreover, he has supplemented this world wandering with wide reading and deep thought.

Although there is this distinctly Old-World atmosphere about the man, he is, by birth and early training, as 100-per-cent American as Will Rogers was, as Bob Burns is. He was born in Pittsburgh some forty-odd years ago, and migrated along about high-school time to Kansas City.

His great gift of gab gave his father visions of his becoming a famous lawyer. But Bill went to work for the telephone company, where talking came in handy, too. He saved some money and borrowed more from his Aunt Liz. Then he beat it for Broadway.

With his pal, the late Ralph Barton, afterward a distinguished artist, he lived through the usual starvation period; but when he landed a job, he did so well with it that he has been employed almost continually ever since.

During his years in Hollywood, Powell's greatest friends have been Ronald Colman, Warner Baxter, and Richard Barthelmess. The four are inseparable, and no woman or succession of women has been allowed to alter the serenity of their man's friendship.

Warner and Dick have been long married to their present wives, Winifred and Jessica. Bill, as we have seen, has been married to two women, almost married to another. Ronnie, long separated from one woman, has been a practicing bachelor until recently, when he took unto himself a new wife, the beauteous Benita Hume. But it was typical of Hollywood's most lasting friendship that when Colman brought home his bride, there sat down to dinner in her new home one woman and four men—Benita herself, Ronnie, Dick, Warner, and Bill.

There are probably forty million movie fans who would have given a year of their lives to be in the woodwork of the Colman dining room on that notable occasion.

There were toasts, of course. To Ronnie and Benita. To Winifred and Jessica. Perhaps a silent toast to Jean. But none, I am sure, was drunk with more heartfelt emotion than the one to the best loved man among them, the friend who had been marked for death and, by a Hollywood miracle, had been restored to them.

It is a toast in which we all may join: "To Bill!"

THE END

# IT WORKS BOTH

READING TIME
23 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

ALL this might have happened anywhere, but it did begin over by the river, in Williamsburg, or Red Hook, or Greenpoint maybe. It isn't finished yet, and it won't be finished until Gabriel blows his horn, or the last McHoyne goes out, in battle or in jail, or quietly, listening indifferently in the gathering shadows to the prayers for the dying.

The last McHoyne? This one was by no means the first of them, and doubtless he was not the greatest. His name was Timothy J.; the J. stood for Joseph.

Along about 1840 the McHoynes came here from Donegal. It was natural for them to settle down by the water; they were coast people in the old country. All of them liked it here: the harbor smells; the crooked, shabby, decent streets; the river and the fogs.

They were truck drivers, dock laborers, longshoremen; some of them worked in the Fulton Market, or the Wallabout, or in the old Havemeyer sugar refineries. They married young and had a raft of children. The boys went to work at fourteen, and married at twenty, if they waited that long.

None was so poor that he would not help his brother in distress, or even his cousin. It was a pitiable McHoyne who didn't have fifty cousins, and some had nearer a hundred.

They had great pride for those few of their name who achieved success—a great and overwhelming pride, untinged, untainted by any jealousy or envy. " My cousin, Dr. McHoyne." " My sister's child, Monsignor McHoyne." " Battalion Chief Reardon, my wife's nephew." Best of all, of course, was to be able to say, " My daughter, my grandson, my son." Their pride was an innocent and touching thing, their bragging was loud and delightful.

And the greatest of all the McHoynes, in his time, was Timothy J., to his people at least, and to many another. His kinsmen said, " Hagh! That Tim! " and they had love and pride in their hearts. His kinswomen had love and pride for him too, and many a one of them said a prayer for him, prayers which were by no means unneeded.

You see, Tim McHoyne kept a saloon, and in many ways he was indeed as the heathen and the publican.

For, surely, what kind of McHoyne was he, not to be married at thirty-four? And he making all the money in the world, mind you, and good with it into the bargain—good to his own, and to strangers besides. It was seldom you'd see him in church, though he'd always go at Christmas and at Easter, and drop a big yellow bill in the plate.

What was he like, this McHoyne? Well, he was five feet nine, and he weighed a hundred and eighty pounds, ten of which was fat; the rest was not. Short black hair, stiff as a wire, standing up straight from his skull. Sharp nose, high cheekbones, jowls beginning to thicken and to hide the lines of his jaw. Icy-blue clear eyes, the eyes of the black-haired Celt.

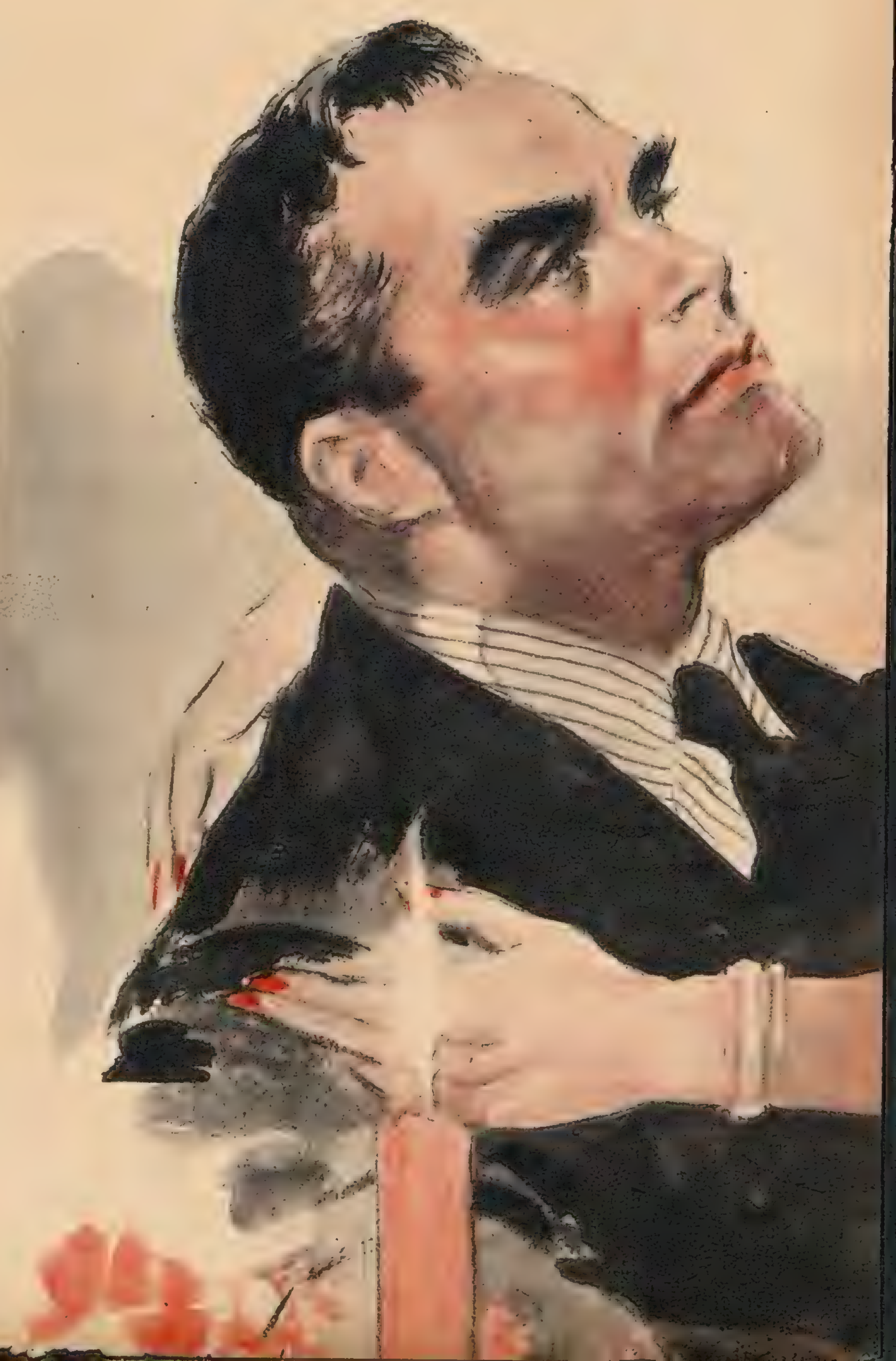
There were three rules in his little beer parlor, and it was mostly beer he sold: Never serve a drunken man, whether it was in here he got it or not. Never give credit. Never serve an unescorted woman. He himself broke all these rules. So did his bartenders, Gallagher, Gannon, and Le Strange. The bartenders gave credit, limited credit of course, out of their own pockets, and trusted to luck or to Providence to get the money back. Every so often, at carefully irregular intervals, McHoyne, after he counted up at closing time, would turn around and grin at them. " It's Christmas morning, boys," he'd say, and give them all a little bonus, maybe three dollars, maybe five. They swore by McHoyne, and at him too. He wouldn't have a man working for him who wouldn't stand up to him, for, sure, what good would such a fellow be with the customers?

He'd have given you no argument about the ethics of his business. His secret soul was bitter, bitter as gall. He thought this whole thing was a huge and dreadful fall, a despicable sell. If he had a philosophy, it would have been that a man ought first to take care of himself. Hard-bitten he was, though he tried to conceal it with a veneer of politeness.

And like other hard-bitten men— Well, listen.

One of his great friends was a Steve Maguire. Maguire was a detective, first-class, attached to the Bergen Street Station. Detective your eye! He got that promotion because, when he was a harness bull, one night he hap-

Catherine made one rush—into McHoyne's arms. " Tim! Tim! I must have been out of my head."



# WAYS

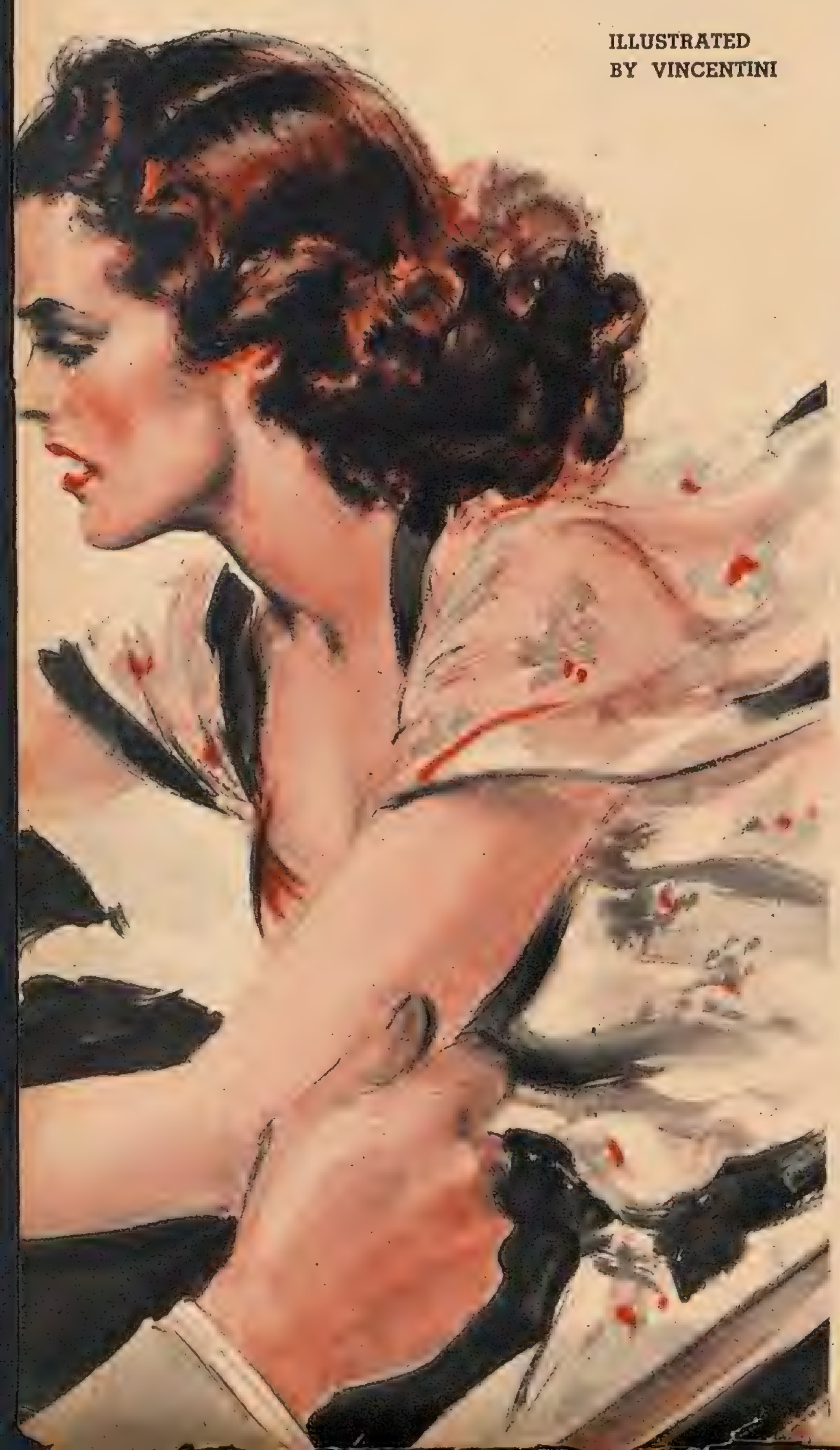
### BY EDWARD L. McKENNA

### The blithe love story of a careful Lothario who was caught in a web of his own weaving

pened to hear a night stick rattling on the pavement. An inquisitive fellow, Maguire, instead of becoming suddenly deaf, ran like a bat out of blazes to the place where he heard that stick going *ram-bam-bam*, which, translated, means, Where are you, cop? Where are you, cop? But, glory be to heaven, the cop happened to be Maguire lumbering along, the billy in one hand and the heat in the other, saying the Act of Contrition and going *bang-bang-bang!* He got only two of them, and a slug in his shoulder, and the joy that comes from knowing that from then on all his people would be saying, "My son, Steve Maguire." "My nephew, Steve Maguire." "My cousin, Steve Maguire, the first-class dick. Singlehanded, he got two yeggs. The poor fellah on the beat, he rapped. Up comes my cousin Steve. He t'rows his club at one of them, and he out with the gat, and got two of them. Hagh!"

McHoyne himself always served Maguire on his night off, which was Monday. They'd stand aside, at an end of the bar. McHoyne never drank a drop in his life; Steve Maguire drank plenty when he wasn't on duty. Their vocabulary, between them, wasn't fifteen hundred words; but they could say a lot with a tone, or a sudden drop or rise in the voice.

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI



Everybody knew McHoyne would have given Maguire his shirt; and as for Maguire, if McHoyne had said, "Well, Steve, I got a date tomorrow at the burning gates of hell," Maguire would merely have hitched up his pants and said, "Yeah? What time?"

Now you see this McHoyne, don't you?

All right, then. Here is Catherine Josephine Maguire, sister of Steven. Twenty-four years old and still unwed, and all her people saying, "Tch! Tch! That Kitty! What's got into her!"

Catherine. Tall, straight, slim Catherine. Beautiful Catherine? No. Nevertheless, not hard on the eyes, what with her heavy hair and her black eyebrows meeting in a line. Blue eyes—brooding blue eyes when she was alone. Which was most of the time. A little too much education, her people said, and nodded sagely to each other.

Catherine was a proud woman, too proud to cajole, to flirt, to use the common ways of her sex. The poor kid had no beaux at all.

Until one Timothy J. McHoyne came along.

He wasted no time. He came, and had dinner at their house. He praised the cooking, and, given two minutes' chance, he invited Catherine to the Emerald Ball.

Now, being asked just like that, or any other way, to go to the Emerald Ball is to know that your dainty shoulder has received the accolade. The Emerald Ball is—well, the Emerald Ball is the Irish Mardi Gras. It comes just before Lent. You have to get a dress for it, a good dress, and woe betide young Desmond if he doesn't show up for you in tie and tails and a cab, and his skin as soft and fine as a baby pig's.

Catherine gasped. "I—I—" she said.

"You'll go, then? That's good. That's fine," said McHoyne. "I'll send you flowers to go with your dress. You'll just let me know what you're going to wear. I'm—I'm not much of a dancer, Miss Maguire; but I'll see you get plenty of partners."

"I'm a terrible dancer," she said.

His laugh boomed out—his company laugh. "Are you, now? Well, isn't that fine! We'll be the two of us together. Hagh! Well, then. Well, then, maybe we'll have dinner, beforehand, over at the Margaret. What do you say?"

"Dinner!" she said. "I'd be too busy getting dressed! I couldn't. You'll call for me about—about nine?"

"I will if I'm alive," he said.

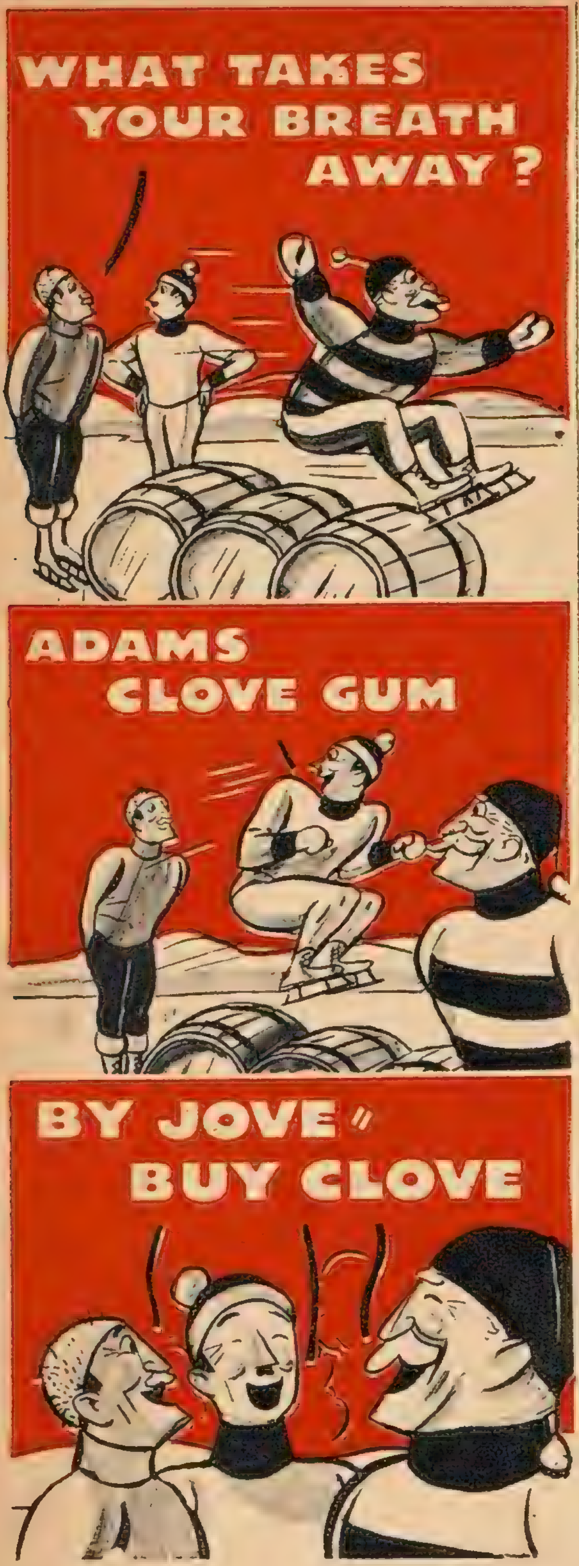
He was right on time. "Catherine is still getting dressed," her father told him. But Catherine came flying down the stairs to take the words out of his mouth; Catherine, slim and radiant in a young girl's beauty. "Mr. McHoyne," she said, and gave him a hand held elegantly high. "Miss Maguire," he said. "Why, they'll all be saying, 'How did McHoyne ever get himself that?' The flowers O. K.? . . . Ah, go on. All I did was to say to Keenan, 'Get me a flock of white flowers.' You're prettier than they are."

She flushed, and he laughed in delight. Those he traveled with didn't often blush.

Her father touched McHoyne on the arm. "Mr. McHoyne," he said, and a gesture was the rest.

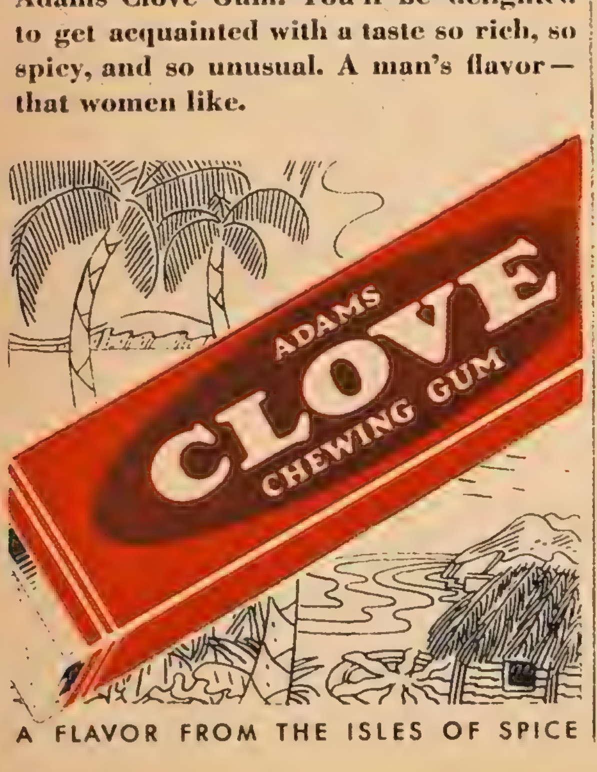
"Indeed I never touch it," said McHoyne. "But I'll have a small glass of ginger ale with you, or Vichy or something. I'm a little dry. You'll excuse us, Catherine, for a minute."

She bowed to them, and they left her. Catherine!



Before a dance—a business engagement—on dozens of occasions—you need Adams Clove Gum! The sure way to keep your breath pleasant—and so convenient to use! Carry a package in your pocket or purse.

Do you like something "different"? Try Adams Clove Gum. You'll be delighted to get acquainted with a taste so rich, so spicy, and so unusual. A man's flavor—that women like.



A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

She wasn't angry. If anybody else had dared, on such short notice—Catherine! "You'll excuse us, Catherine." Her hand went up to her breast and touched his flowers.

"And I think that McCooey—" her father was saying when they reappeared. And there was McHoyne, nodding his head, so grave and deferential.

"Put that in your pocket, McHoyne," her pop said. She knew he'd run down to the corner to buy that quarter cigar. There was McHoyne rubbing an appreciative nose above it. "H'm! H'm!" he said. "I'll smoke that after supper tonight. Catherine, they'll give us something to eat, won't they?"

"I—I think so. How would I know? I've never—"

"They better had. It's hungry work, dancing all night. Well—shall we go? Mr. Maguire—"

"A pleasure to see you, Mr. McHoyne. Come often."

CATHERINE. Catherine the wallflower, out with the fellow who was going to be the district leader, Catherine with twenty dollars' worth of gardenias.

She'd always been afraid, before—afraid to push herself forward. Up came this calm barbarian, so sure of himself, so simple, and his hand on her arm was firm and reverent. "I think we're going to have a good time tonight, Tim," she said.

She'd called him by his name, and it didn't choke her. His answer came back as a ball comes back from a wall:

"Well, I got the best-looking woman in the place, and if I don't have a good time, it's my fault, not yours. Now, lookit here, Catherine. I'm going to be seeing a few people tonight. Pat McCarran is one. You'll be meeting them too. Now, don't you be getting worried about the lot of them. What of them? They're only like ourselves."

"Senator McCarran?" she said.

"Sure. You'll back me up, now? I'm—I'm—you see, I—"

"I'll back you up. I'll back you up," she said.

It was just what she needed to take away her nervousness, or at least to decrease it.

Mr. McHoyne, the liar, could dance like an angel. Wasn't he the South Brooklyn Casanova who had had to swim home from Clason Point because he danced twice with the wrong girl? He loved to dance. He could dance with a poker.

He didn't have a poker with him long. In a minute or two Catherine was following him as the true believer follows a litany. He saw that, and suddenly he tapped her on the shoulder. "Hagh! Hagh! We're getting along fine! You'll teach me yet, you little scamp, you! Said you couldn't dance!"

After a while he said, "Now, baby. Pleasure is pleasure, and business is business, as the fellow says. I've got to meet a few people. I can get you somebody to dance with—"

"No," she said. "Please, no. I'd—I'd rather—"

"O. K.!" he said. "O. K. Ya want to run upstairs for a minute? I'll be waiting for you right here."

She nodded and fled up the stairs, giving him a quick backward look from the landing, and he waved his hand.

He saw well to it that she met a lot of people. It was "Senator, Judge, Your Excellency, I want you to meet Miss Maguire." Every one of them taking her hand so kindly, all of them so courteous and considerate, and making her a gallant speech, their old eyes twinkling. Sure, wasn't she out with Tim McHoyne, who, though he wasn't a big potato as yet by any means, nevertheless could be depended upon every time to swing his district, and maybe his ward?

Glad enough they were to see him out with a nice girl just for a change.

And Catherine danced with a dozen men, five of whom, to mention no more, needed no wink nor hint from McHoyne, nor had any ulterior thought that McHoyne might think it a nice compliment if you asked him if you might dance with his girl. Once—once, mind you; once was good manners, but twice was invasion.

Going home, Catherine was tired, and her old constraint and artificiality threatened her again. "Thank you for a pleasant evening," she said, when he helped her out of the cab.

"Ah, go on!" said Mr. McHoyne, who wasn't taking any such guff as that. "Look. The Anawanda Club's having a reception a week from Tuesday. You'll be meeting a lot of the same people. They like you: I had many a compliment passed on you tonight. You look good, and you act nice, and you're no dummy. What do you say?"

"I'll—I'll— Oh, I'd love to go! A week from Tuesday? I— Good night, Tim. I had such a lovely—I had the best time I ever had in my life. Good night!"

SHY Catherine was up the stone steps of her house like a feather swirling in a breeze. He stared after her till her key clicked in the door. Meditating, he drew a cigar out of his pocket, and lighted it, and turned back to his cab. "All right, driver. Take me over to my place. That's on—"

"Yes, sir, Mr. McHoyne. Indeed and I know where your place is."

"Oh, you do, do you? Well, that ought to be good for a drink. We should be closed up by now. But it's good for a drink anyhow."

His place was closed, all right, but he let himself in, and lit the gas, and gave the cab driver a drink and a good tip, and wished him godspeed.

Once alone, he looked at himself in the mirrors—at his round red face above his high collar and white tie. He shrugged his shoulders and concluded, as many a handsomer and homelier man has done, that he didn't look so bad at all, when once he got into his good clothes. He snapped the cash register back and glanced at the little slip in Gannon's round handwriting, and nodded. A good night they'd had. Why not, the night before Lent? Thin enough it would be for them the next forty days.

McHoyne was proud of that saloon, proud of his bartenders, proud of the good soup and stew that didn't bring him in a nickel of profit, proud of the good decent temperate men he served. Oh, yes, they might take a drop too much, particularly of a Saturday night. Oh, yes, there might be an argument or two. Oh, yes, he was taking the bread out of children's mouths sometimes. He knew all that, just as any well-meaning, semi-intelligent man knows that there are mean things about his business, things he'd like to alter.

Like other puzzled men, McHoyne had tried for years to simplify his personal code, to make it workable and partly logical. "Never take advantage of innocence," was one of his tenets. "Never turn your back on a friend in his need," no doubt was another. The third of his uncouth triads may well have been: "In a quarrel, never take a backward step, not even for breath."

In a quarrel? That's only part of it.

TIM McHOYNE took Catherine to the Anawanda Club, all right. He took her to Arion Hall, to Trommer's, and the Pouch and the Farm-House. He took her to the Jackson Club, and to the Knights of Columbus affairs, to clambakes and chowder parties, and Corona, and College Point, and Coney Island. He saw her losing her awkwardness, her timidity; he heard with delight the change in the very tone and timbre of her voice.

Didn't McHoyne laugh! Didn't he love to hear her laughing and snapping a quick comeback at a state senator or some local Lothario with a quick tongue and shoes that were ten and a half or eleven? Why, the girl even looked better! Of course, a little slim straight-up-and-down stick like her, you wouldn't call her pretty, exactly. Agh! He knew what he liked: five feet three, a hundred thirty-five, and thirty. Thirty or a bit more; that was where women started, for McHoyne. A husband in the background—the far background. No kids, no green kids, not for McHoyne!

A tough campaigner he was, or so he thought. Love me tonight, tomorrow forget me, with a sigh, a smile. I'm McHoyne! I'm the McHoyne that doesn't go to church. Lady, look at me! I could have been welterweight champeen of the world. Not now, of course: I got too big. Will you have another crème de menthe, or maybe a Bank B? . . . Waiter! I'll have a small ginger ale. . . . Whadya say, kid? I'll be over this table in a minute—"

Such was McHoyne's subtle wooing, and his ladies seemed to like it.

That wasn't his way with Catherine Maguire. It takes a rake to be

PSST! BILL! LET'S GO HOME!
ON THE WAY HOME BILL WAS CROSS AS A BEAR, BUT THE NEXT DAY—
I JUST CAN'T STAY OUT LIKE THAT, MOTHER. JUST HAVEN'T THE PEP I USED TO HAVE. I DON'T BLAME BILL FOR BEING CROSS.
THAT WORD "PEP" GIVES ME AN IDEA, BETTY. THEY SAY VITAMINS GIVE US PEP. AND THERE'S A GRAND CEREAL CALLED PEP THAT'S ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT EVERY MORNING FOR BREAKFAST!
SOME TIME LATER—
HELLO, MOM! BILL SENT ME FLOWERS FOR THE PARTY TONIGHT, BUT I THINK THEY SHOULD GO TO YOU FOR THAT SWELL IDEA ABOUT PEP AND VITAMINS. AND, MOM, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THAT KELLOGG'S PEP IS SO CRISP AND DELICIOUS. I'D LOVE IT FOR ITS TASTE ALONE.
IF YOU TOO HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU—THE NEW WAY YOU CAN FEEL—THE NEW ZEST YOU CAN HAVE! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT KELLOGG'S PEP DAILY. PEP, THE 30% BRAN FLAKES KNOWN FOR YEARS AS A MILDLY LAXATIVE CEREAL, NOW HAS OTHER BENEFITS. IT'S BEEN ENRICHED WITH VITAMIN B1 AND VITAMIN D. AND IT'S MORE DELICIOUS THAN EVER!
Kellogg's PEP VITAMIN-ENRICHED 30% BRAN FLAKES
Vitamins give you Pep!
PEP gives you Vitamins!*

* One serving of PEP gives 1/5 of an adult's, and ½ of a child's, daily requirement of vitamin $B_1$, and as much vitamin D as a teaspoon of cod-liver oil. For vitamin C, drink fruit juice; for G and A, eat green vegetables. PEP is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Say it with a Clear Skin

OUR SKIN frequently reflects how we feel. In business and social contacts we like our friends to tell us *how well we look.*

The laity now recognizes—as physicians and scientists have for years—the vital importance of rich, red blood, as the foundation of strength, energy, and a clear healthy skin.

**for that tired let-down feeling**

It is well known how worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll of the precious red cells of the blood.

S.S.S. Tonic brings you new strength and vitality by restoring your blood to a healthy state, and its benefits are cumulative and enduring, in the absence of an organic trouble.

**improves the appetite**

Further, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite . . . foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated, and finally, the food you eat is of more value . . . *a very important step back to health.*

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to help regain and maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . and to give back to your skin that much desired natural glow, reflecting good health and well being.

You should note an improvement at once, but may we suggest a course of several bottles to insure more complete and lasting recovery.

Buy and use with complete confidence, and we believe you, like thousands of others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making *"you feel like yourself again."*

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical.

*S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the appetite and helps change weak blood cells to strong ones.*

reverent of women. He laughed, openly and up his sleeve, at her. But what man ever fools a woman completely? Even in her innocence, Catherine had a shrewd idea about McHoyne. There was a time, for instance, when they were sitting up on the veranda of the Manhattan Beach Hotel listening to Gilmore's Band, and a noisy half-drunken party at a distant table hailed him. "Come on over, Tim! Bring the girl over," they called. He waved his hand in denial. "No! Can't make it," he said, and then, to Catherine: "Come on, you!" For the first time, his voice was harsh to her. "Waiter! My check!" She had seen him, putting his broad back between, to shelter her from prying eyes, and perhaps to keep her own eyes untroubled—which last is hard to do. Always.

"All right, Tim," she had said, and he'd looked at her, and then suddenly away, and his stubby fingers had rubbed back and forth across his mouth, as if he were, for once, uncertain.

THEY went elsewhere, and presently he was chatting quickly and amiably again, as an old uncle chats with a pretty niece. Maybe she cried that night, when she got home. Maybe she asked herself, Why—why am I not like the others, the ones he really likes? That redheaded—that redheaded—thing—o-oh! Looking me over from head to foot. Well, I gave her a good look, anyhow—

A girl can stand only so much, ain't it the truth? What good are parties and dances and dinners and receptions? A man's reach must exceed his grasp, the poet says, but a good woman doesn't give it up that easily. She's got to see whether it does.

Catherine tried making McHoyne jealous. She told him the exact truth: that this one and that one had asked for an appointment with her, an evening, a few hours of her time—a date, as they call it in such circles. Then McHoyne laughed indeed. "Why, certainly, Catherine," he said. "So they're trying to beat my time, huh, kid? Why, sure; go ahead. Meantime, the Hall is having an affair next Wednesday. How about it?"

That night, when he was checking up in his saloon, McHoyne was humming. Gannon, his favorite bartender, was looking at him. "Agh! You feel pretty good tonight, Tim, don't you?"

"I do indeed," said McHoyne, his back to him. "Business is good tonight, I see. I think it might be a Christmas morning. Has Tom gone home?"

What would he be doing, going home, when it might be a Christmas morning? "Tom! Don't be putting on your coat! The boss says he's going to blow."

"'Till I'll touch your dusky ha-air, O-o-oh, Mavourneen.' Forty-six, and ten dimes is— A good night. Here! Boys, we're doing all right. Here's five, Gannon! Here's five, Gallagher! Here's a pound note for you, Le Strange. And a worse lot of bartenders never disfigured a good saloon —Tom! Tom, was that Geraghty in? He was not? Good. Give him no liquor. Beer he can drink. It's my orders."

He didn't want thanks; thanks embarrassed him. He felt good. Why, didn't he have the best saloon in the whole of the district? Didn't he have the three finest men in town working for him? Hadn't he come right up from nothing to the point where he could give five-dollar bills away with a jovial curse and a bad word to hide his esteem and affection?

And hadn't he fixed it up fine for little Catherine? Two or three fellows anxious to call on her—all good decent young fellows—and wasn't that what he was after the whole time? All the kid wanted was a start. Well he remembered what her brother Steve had said to him months ago. "That Catherine—it's unnatural-like. She's no good with the men, that's all."

McHoyne had said nothing. He'd just waited—waited till he met old man Maguire on the street; Maguire, the simple, decent old fellow with his love for politics. The rest had been easy.

Wasn't she the nice good jolly little tyke, too! You could say what you liked, but a girl that was brought up in a good home, and that came of fine people, showed it in everything, everything she did. Of course they weren't quite as much fun as the others. Well! Well, who'd he be calling up now? Margie or Sophie or Anne? Or maybe get a new one entirely? Ah, well, it was too late tonight.

SO, by those hard degrees known to libertines, playboys, rakes, and the wild McHoynes, he had broken off with her; hadn't seen her at all for two months. Then, one day he met her crossing Myrtle Avenue.

"Why, Catherine!" he said, and she put her hand up to her heart.

"Hello," she said, and would have passed him, but he caught her by the arm.

He was a little shocked at her appearance. She was white and worn and almost shabby-looking.

"Surely you're not in too much of a hurry to have a drink with me," said McHoyne. His hand was still on her arm, the hand that with one twist could bend a good man's arm behind him. "Come on, now! Come on, now, Catherine! Look! Look, here's McCunningham's."

"I don't care to," she said.

"I do. I want to talk to you. That's a good girl! Hello, Con! How are you? Miss Maguire, you know Mr. McCunningham? We'll go in the back. Two small ginger ales, Con, please, when you get time.

"Now, Catherine," said McHoyne, when they were alone in the back room, and a table with a red-checked cloth between them, and two small ginger ales, untasted. "How's everything?"

She shrugged. "Everything's all right, I guess."

"And how you making out with young Scanlon?"

"Scanlon? I guess he's all right."

"I thought you both were getting along fine. You went a couple of places with him. I know that."

"Oh, yes. Yes, we're good friends. I go with a couple of other fellows, too. Eddie Burke, and John Malone— You know Malone?"

"Certainly. I know the both of them."

He beamed at her.

"Well! Well, now, that's fine! Why, you're getting to be quite the— quite the belle of the ball."

"I'm—I'm not going out with Malone," she said.

"Why not? He seems like a good boy."

"Why not? Why not? I'll tell you why not. I go out with Scanlon, and I'm sick of the sight of him. Eddie Burke, he—he— They think I'm your girl, that's what. Or that I was your girl. The whole lot of them think that. You—you took me around places, everybody thinks. Everybody thinks I'm wise, speedy—you know what I mean; that I'm like—I'm like all the rest of— I—what am I going to do? Go around wearing a sign that says 'McHoyne never touched me. He never even kissed me'? You didn't want to. You didn't even want to bother."

"Is that the truth!" said McHoyne. And this time he did go over the table, or at least around it, in good earnest, for once. "Now, you! Now, you! You tell them you kissed McHoyne. You little fool, I thought I was too old for you. You tell them, 'McHoyne asked me to marry him, and I turned him down, but I may yet.' Tell them that!"

"Marry you? I wouldn't marry you. You think you're such a big fellow. You think you can throw favors at people as if they were sick cats or dogs. Well, maybe you can, but not to me. I'm through with your favors. And I'm through with being kissed in barrooms, like one of your—like a common woman. Let me go!"

"Go, then!" said McHoyne, gritting his teeth. He could have killed her.

THAT was about half past ten in the morning. Half sick with rage, he made his way back to his own place. His day men kept away from him. They'd seen him in little disturbances before, but they'd never seen him dead white like that and his eyes glittering.

Four o'clock that afternoon he rang the Maguires' basement bell. Her mother came to the door. "Come in, Mr. McHoyne. Come in. Is anything the m—"

"Where's Kitty?" he said.

"She's upstairs, lying down."

"Tell her I'm waiting for her in the front parlor. Tell her that I'm going to be waiting for her, if it's all night."

Her mother went upstairs. Down came Catherine, looking a sight. She made one rush — into McHoyne's arms. "Tim! Tim! I must have been out of my head."

"Hush, now! Hush, now," he said.

At their wedding, Steve Maguire, somewhat under the influence, made a speech: "My friends," he said, and stood there beaming, he and his unaccustomed frock coat, and his shield tactfully hidden on his suspenders. "My friends, I'm responsible for this."

McHOYNE looked a little as a man might when he thinks a snake is going to bite him. His hand was tight on his bride's arm.

Steve went on: "I said to my brother— Look! Look! We don't say 'brother-in-law.' We don't say 'sister-in-law.' No! No; we say 'my brother.' We say 'my sister.'" ("Yeah, Maguire! True for you, Maguire!" This from about seventy-five policemen, bartenders, small politicians, and assembled guests.)

"And there's one thing I'd rather have than for this Tim McHoyne to be my brother." ("What's that, Maguire? What's that, Steve? Boy, but it's the grand speech he's making, even as he is, Gawd bless him.")

"That's to have ten sons of his, ten of them, every one of them the spitting image of his old man, to call me 'Uncle Steve'!"

(Loud applause.)

"And I'd put them all on the police force!"

(Tumultuous applause, particularly from the cops, some of whom, however, were looking a little worried.)

"And I tell you this. (Don't be pulling me, now, Agnes—I'm responsible for this.) I did this. I said to this Tim McHoyne over his own bar, I said, 'A great pity it is,' I said, 'that our Kit wouldn't find herself a fine fellah.'"

(Great silence here—a stunning silence. The groom, one Tim McHoyne, all ready to go into action.)

"What do you think he says to me? He says to me, 'What's her name?' I says, 'Catherine. Catherine, the greatest name in Ireland.' 'Not Catherine?' he says. 'Why, the last time I seen her,' he says, 'she was making her first communion. Ask me around,' he says. 'Am I a stranger in your house?' he says.

"So, sainte! Sainte! Good health, good luck! That you may all do as well as my brother Tim, and that you'll all be as happy as he'll make my sister!"

Whereupon Detective, First-Class, Steve Maguire, kissed the bride for the hundredth time since the ceremony, and slapped the smarting back of the groom.

And everybody has agreed, since then, that it was the smartest thing McHoyne ever did. More prayers may have been said for him since; fewer of them are needed. As for Catherine, she's as big and bouncing as a clipper ship in full sail—yes, and as good to look at, too.

THE END

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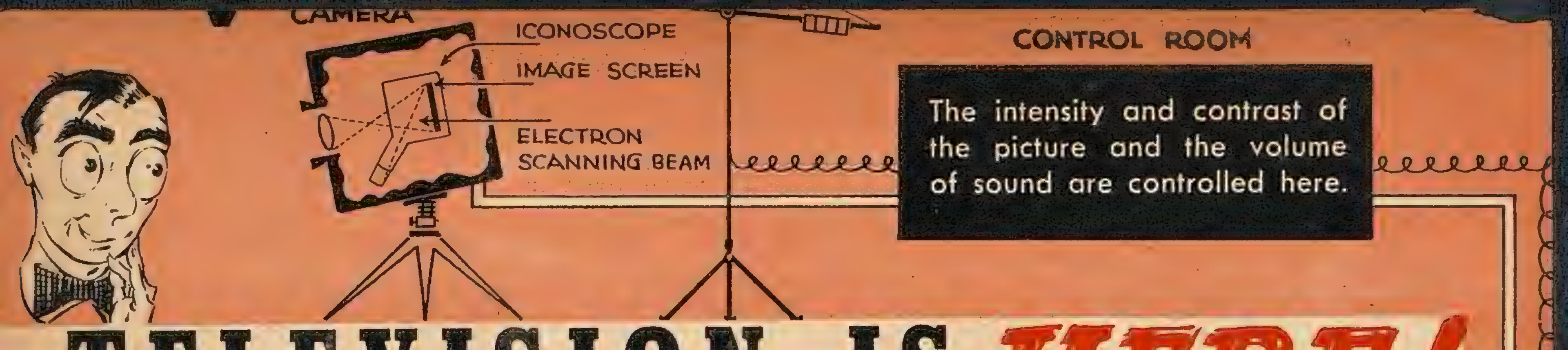


The intensity and contrast of the picture and the volume of sound are controlled here.

# TELEVISION IS *HERE!*

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

TELEVISION is one of the most discussed subjects of the day. People want to see, hear, and talk about this new marvel of entertainment and education. Each day about four hundred guests take the television tour in Radio City, and generally the interest they display is an intelligent one.

Newspapers and magazines during the past two years have been reporting the advances made with the modern television systems. They have told of the regular daily television service available in England, of advances being made in Germany and France, and have described some of the progress achieved in the United States.

Practically every one to whom television is mentioned has his own particular question to ask. Will television affect the movies? Will sound broadcasting be changed? Can television be networked, that is, one program presented over a number of stations at the same time, as sound broadcasting is done today. Can present radio programs, as they are now put on, be seen by television? Can news and athletic events be broadcast at the instant they occur? Is it possible to produce scenes in natural colors by television? And last—but certainly asked most frequently—will we have television soon?

The answer to all of these questions is "Yes, with a lot of qualifications." Taking the last question first, Mr. David Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corporation of America, has announced that regular television programming will commence late in April, 1939, and that, at the same time, television receiving sets will be placed on the market in areas where programs may be received. But that does not mean that television is, or soon will be, a completed service. Technical research and development will continue to march forward.

Among the problems is that of networking television, or interconnecting television transmitters so that they may be programmed from a central source. Television requires a special wire line, called a coaxial cable, similar to the one which has been used for the past two years to relay the television programs produced in the National Broadcasting Company studios in Radio City to the large television transmitter at the top of the Empire State Building. Technical development will make this method of transmission effective for longer distances, but its high costs are an economic problem for the present.

Interconnecting television transmitters call for a special cable system throughout the country, because the telephone wires—which serve to carry sound-broadcasting programs from transmitter to transmitter—cannot carry the wide range of electrical impulses required for television. Sound broadcasting calls for the transmission of up to five thousand cycles a second, while television calls for a traffic of up to three and a half million cycles a second. The coaxial cable used in television is designed to carry this heavy traffic, but, like all specialized equipment, it is highly expensive.

Experiments seeking to make television images larger and brighter are meeting with success. Now they are in black and white, of remarkable clarity, and measure approximately seven and a half by ten inches in size. The equipment necessary for projecting large pictures at this stage of development is too cumbersome for satisfactory use in the home. As for television pictures in color, experiments have been successful, but the apparatus both for sending and receiving is so complex that it appears to be economically impractical for some time to come.

During the past two years the National Broadcasting Company, paralleling the work of the Radio Corporation of America in technical development, has been experimenting with various types of programs in television. Material and entertainers from the theater, the movies, and radio have been used, and some original television programs have been produced. Much has been learned of what does and what does not constitute good television entertainment. And it has become obvious that television will require a production technique entirely its own.

In the field of education we have had programs using the microscope so that minute organisms could be watched by the television audience while they listened to descriptive lectures on the subject. Movie travelogues have proved to be interesting and entertaining television features, as have book reviews, dancing lessons, and scientific demonstrations.

We have experimented with a mobile outdoor pick-up camera to determine what may be done in the way of providing broadcasts of current events and outdoor athletic contests. The success of pick-ups of all types of events is promising.

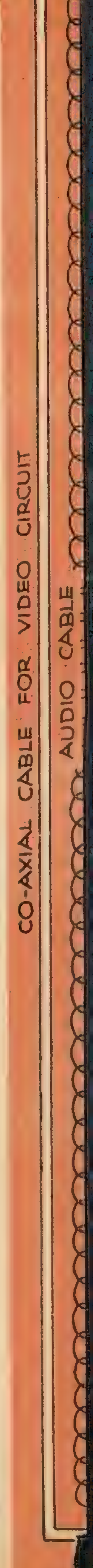
It is safe to say, on the basis of what we have already learned, that in time to come the public will have paraded before it programs of a variety and scope of entertainment and education beyond that which any other entertainment medium has been able to offer.

On the commercial side, television will offer sponsors an entirely new field in which to attract the interest of prospective customers. The public, in viewing these programs and "commercials," will have at its fingertips the most complete consumers' catalogue of goods ever placed on the market. They will be able to see before they buy. They will know just what is available for their shopping dollar. Paris style shows may be brought right into the living room. An automobile manufacturer will have the opportunity actually to demonstrate his new car, to point out its features of superiority over other cars. And the buyer's opinion of the product will be based not on what he has *heard* about it but on personal observation.

The public asks, How will television affect the movies and sound radio? The answer is that television will have its greatest value in offering entertainment of a type and tempo which is not competitive with the theater or the movies.

It has been discovered that the type of good entertainment offered by our regular motion pictures and by sound radio does not necessarily make equally good television entertainment. The television broadcaster cannot hope to pay for the production of a single million-dollar show as do the motion pictures, or to run a show week after week, as a Broadway theater can. In television, there is one broadcast and perhaps one repeat, and the show is "dead." Television must develop its own art.

As for televising sound programs, certain problems may make this impossible, or at least impractical. These programs are not written or produced for television. For example, suppose we have a sound program in which there is a rainstorm. The effect may be created by rolling


CO-AXIAL CABLE FOR VIDEO CIRCUIT
AUDIO CABLE

# A thrilling, authoritative survey of the new magic that awaits us in 1939 . . . The facts, from one who knows them all

## BY LENOX R. LOHR

PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

shot down a washboard, holding an electric fan before the microphone, and by waving a sheet of tin in the air. But this will not work in television. An audience will demand the actual storm.

Will television kill our present sound-radio system?

No. There are many reasons why we can expect sound broadcasting to continue.

Because of the expense of television, and because of the limits of transmission, it is highly probable that, until we make advances that we cannot even estimate at present, television will be available only in major cities and in a fifty-mile area surrounding them. This would exclude approximately 50 per cent of our population.

In the areas where television is available, sound broadcasting certainly will not just go by the board. Present plans call for NBC to present two hours of television programming each week when RCA's general telecasting starts next April, while sound programs are presented for eighteen hours each day.

Also, it is an event to watch television. It requires an active, even a concentrated attention. A passive attention suffices for sound broadcasting. A sound program even may be a background for ordinary occupations. We can listen to our favorite orchestra and play bridge or read. Television will not permit this.

As to when we shall have television as complete as present-day sound broadcasting, we cannot say. Television demands more than the development of satisfactory apparatus. If we require that television give us a front seat at a Presidential inauguration in Washington, that it give us an educational service that will bring the world's great teachers to our firesides, that it raise the curtain on entirely new forms of entertainment—then we must have a television system.

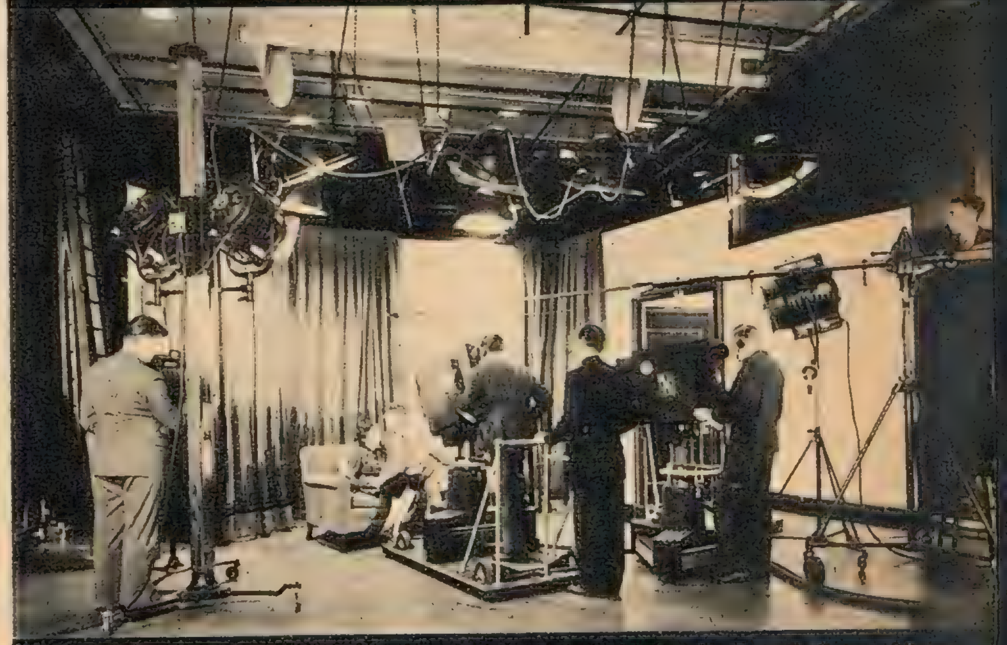
If by a system we mean the expensive facilities that will make the wonders of the new art available to a majority of American homes, we do not have it now.

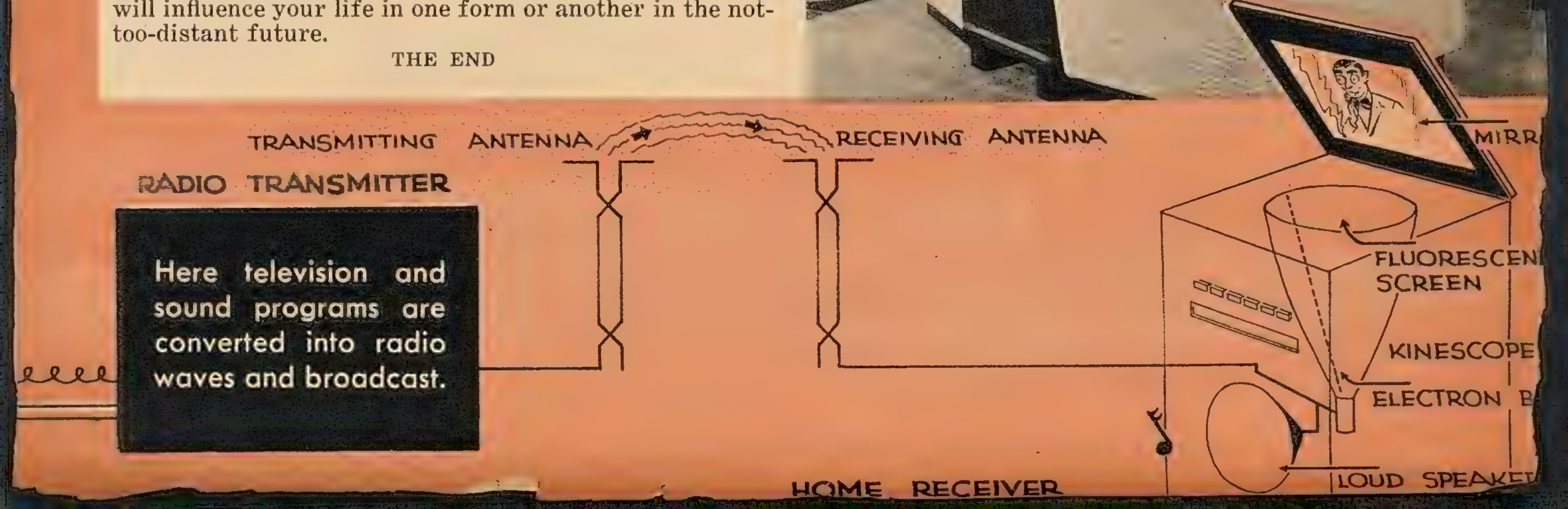
When we ask a question about a complete television service, we must qualify by specifying—to how many people, over how large an area, how many transmitters, broadcasting what type of programs for how many hours a day, and paid for by whose money? Frankly, we do not know all of the answers.

But this is certain: A complete television service in America is inevitable. Regardless of the interest you may have in television at this time, without a doubt it will influence your life in one form or another in the not-too-distant future.

THE END

News commentator Lowell Thomas sits before the iconoscope cameras (television's eyes) in the NBC television studio.

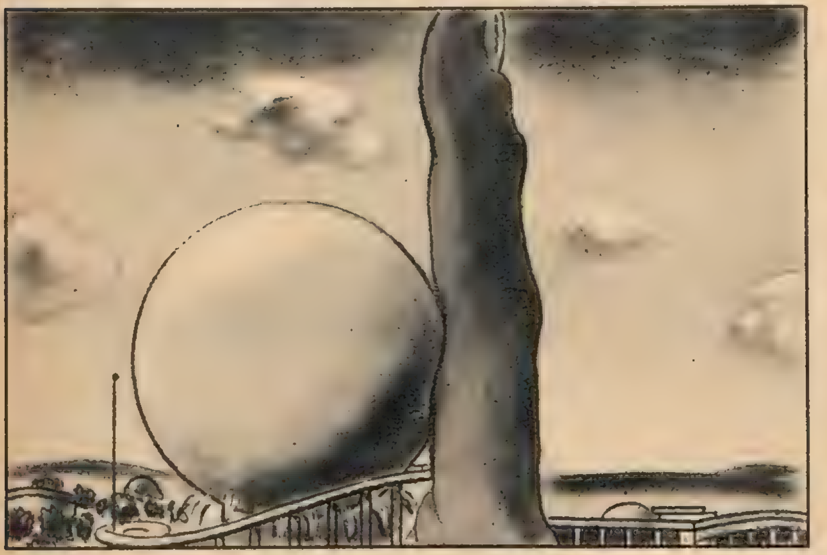

Behind the scenes at a television broadcast. Below: How the National Broadcasting Company's experimental television is received in the homes of a group of engineers.



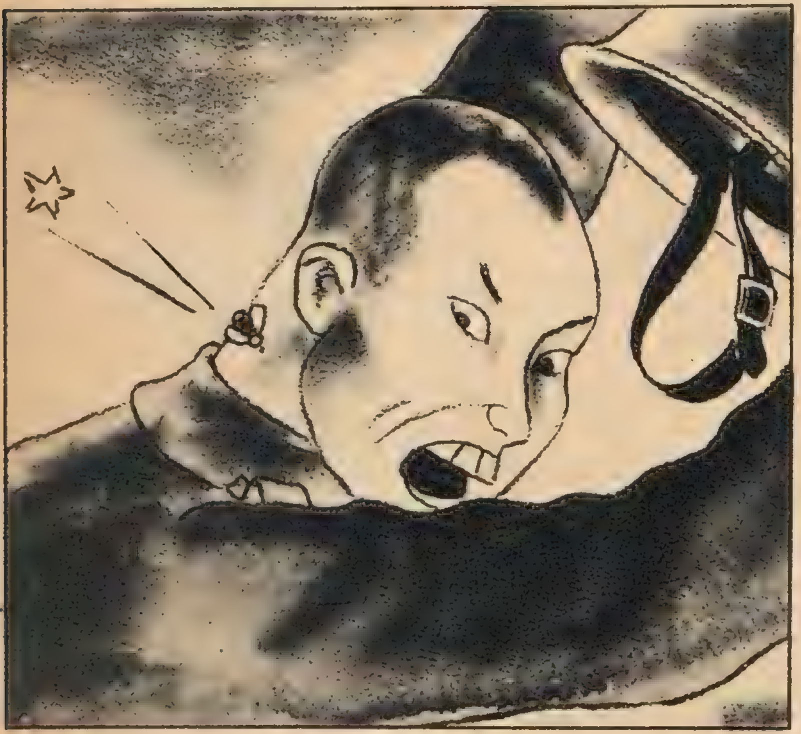
Here television and sound programs are converted into radio waves and broadcast.

# OUR VERY CANDID CAMERA

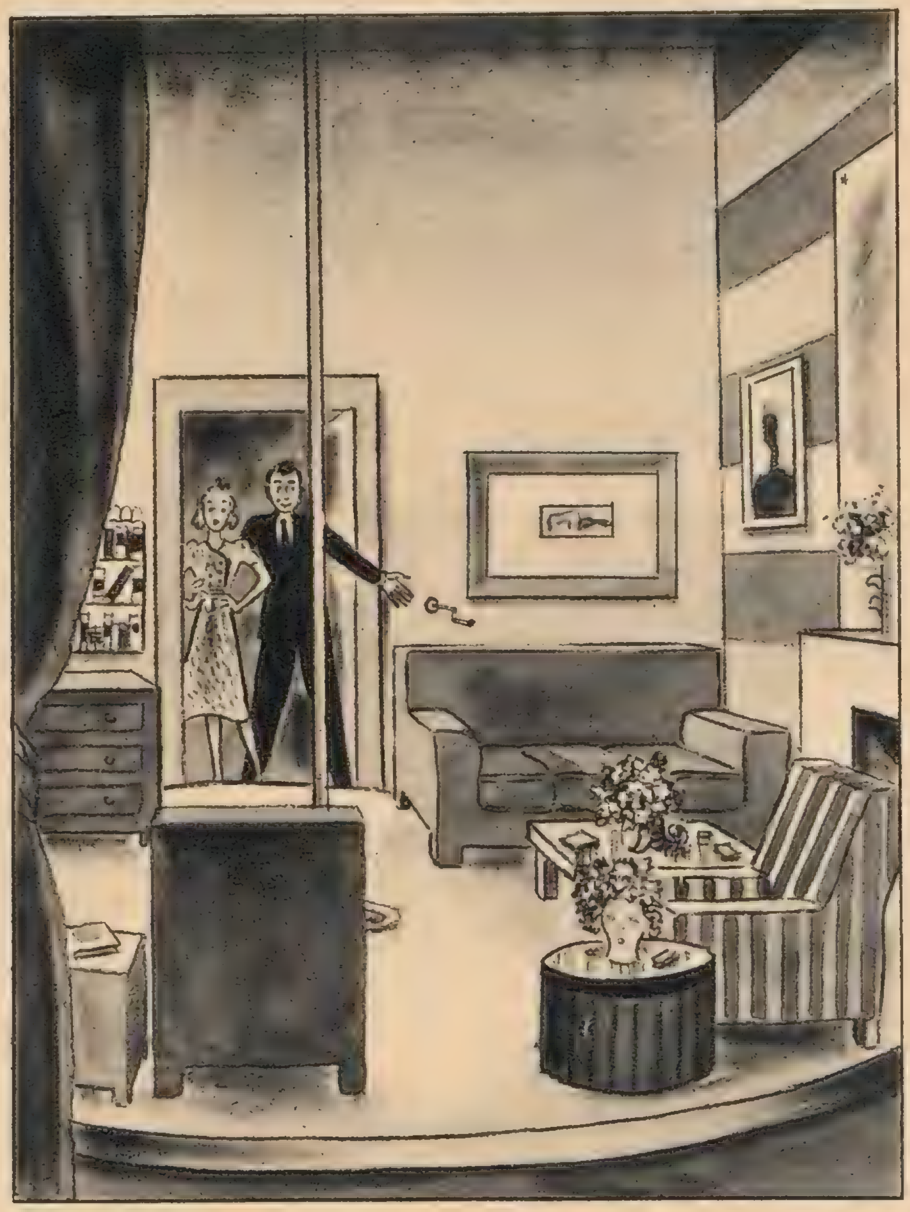
### BY JACK SHUTTLEWORTH and F. E. SMITH



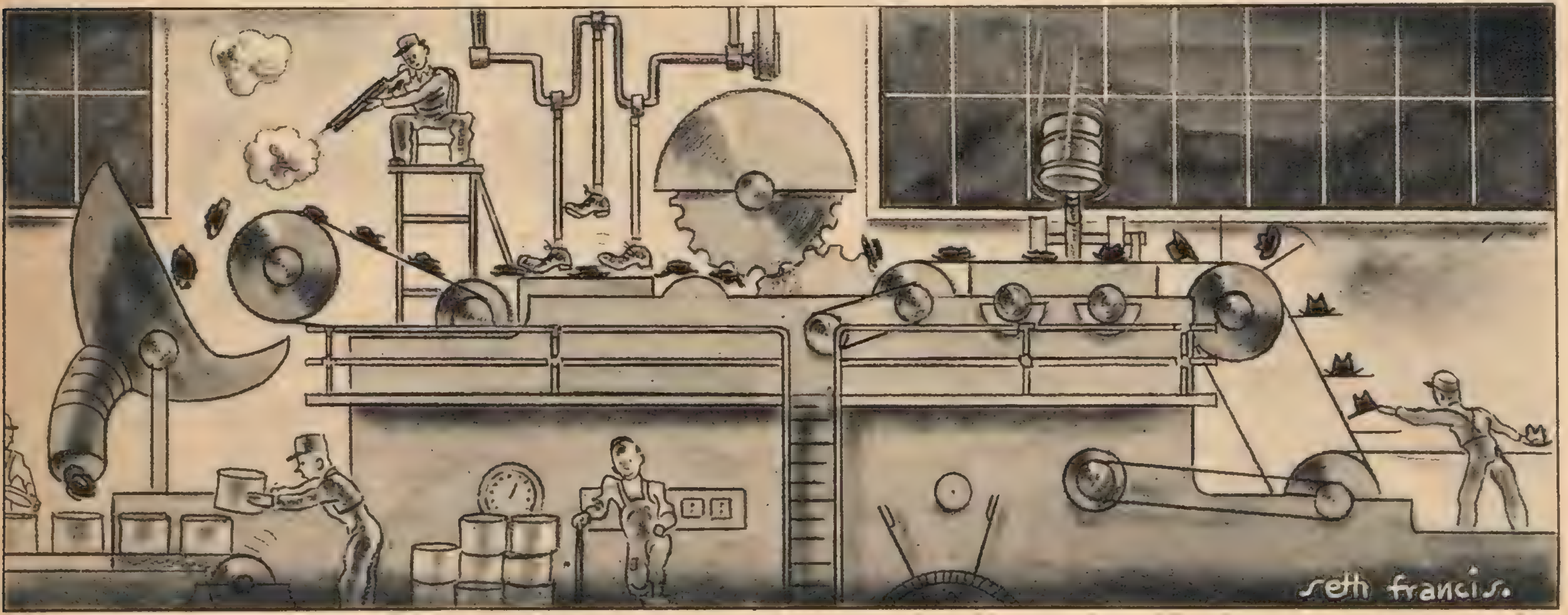
In this interesting view of the Theme Center of the coming World's Fair, the unusual appearance of the 700-foot trylon was achieved, we learn, by means of an ordinary box camera—and what appears to be the index finger of the amateur photographer.



Right on the heels of the news item that the Japanese Army is using bees instead of carrier pigeons, comes this shot of General Itsi Bitsi receiving an unexpected message from an irritated courier.



Nominated for gadget of the week is this long needed furniture revolver for the man whose wife is constantly rearranging things.


seth francis.

First on the list of "things we'd like to know," has long been how Harvard men get their hats in such shape. And now, photographed for the first time, is the unique machine that turns them out by the thousands.

# WARMER TONIGHT

## Out of nightmare to safety and love's shining surrender—Now a modern maid discovers her heart

### BY BRENDA UELAND

**READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 12 SECONDS**

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

STEPHANIE followed Fitzjohn along a gutter, inching along with her back to the clapboards. She kept her eyes pinned on the constellation of Andromeda instead of the treetops below her. This was horrible.

They went up a trough and over a flying balcony. It was like a bad dream—that climbing out and over something. But she kept looking up, not down—at Fitzjohn's hand on his ruffled hair or his perfectly cut gray flannel trousers—and she pretended there was really nothing to it.

On a high ridgepole they rested, breathing hard.

"I have put Blokestone and two others out of business," he said. "I think we will be all right. Don't worry."

"Where was Settembrini? And little Eddie? I didn't hear their voices. I don't think they were there."

"Why?"

"Because I think they would have helped us."

He kissed her hand without speaking. It was because of her touching naïveté about the goodness of humanity.

"Get your breath," he said. "Now we must climb down. Remember: just look at me. Not up or down. We must be off the roof before they get into the room."

He had just spoken when the house was riven by the exploding machine gun, a prolonged echoing chatter. Fitzjohn, in his limp acrobatic way, let himself down from this ledge to that. Then he would reach up for her, patiently giving quiet directions.

With dreamlike success they seemed to do appalling things—balancing in space. And all the time the house was trembling and thundering with the shooting and her heart pounded unbearably with nervous fright. "As long as they are busy shooting, we are all right," he said quietly, with a sudden pleasant smile. It was wonderfully steadying.

The veranda roof was twelve feet from the ground. He swung over the edge and found a stance for both feet.

"Can you do it, darling?"

"Sure."

While she was swinging from the gutter with both hands, he held her waist to break the jump into the snow. "Keep your knees loose," he said. He dropped beside her.

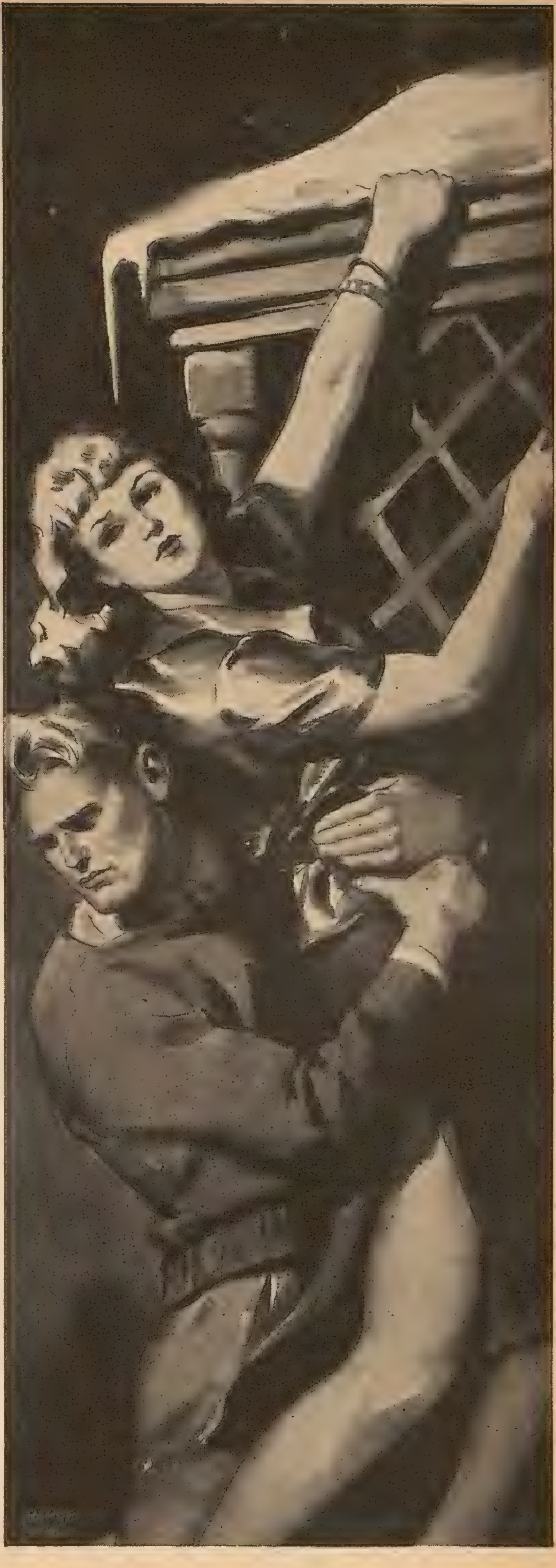
"Run!"

Like children being chased, they went across the lawn, down the bank, along the lake shore, floundering and jumping through the deep snow. Sweat kept pouring out of Stephanie's hair into her eyes. Occasionally they exchanged smiles, between sobs for breath.

When they came to Fitzjohn's car, he stopped her.

"Stay here. Let me look around first." Then he walked in a circle, stepping from tree to tree and looking quietly into the woods everywhere.

Well, she was watching him—wiping her streaming



While she was swinging from the gutter he held her waist to break the jump into the snow. "Keep your knees loose," he said.

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DO AS BARBERS DO ...USE COLGATE LATHER"

BARBERS DON'T USE BRUSHLESS SHAVE CREAMS. 2 OUT OF 3 BARBERS USE COLGATE LATHER ...THE FAST FRIENDLY SHAVE!

Signed Louis Kassell
Head Barber, Park Lane Hotel, New York

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face—when she saw something. A man! Fifteen feet from her. He was on her left, in profile. In the pale light from below, he stood out with a queer translucent brilliance as though he were a ghost. The man held a revolver. He was pointing at Fitzjohn—at Fitzjohn, whose back was turned.

Stephanie raised her own revolver. She could have killed him, but the inside of her wrist was as weak as soup and she could not pull the trigger.

"Settembrini!" she shrieked in a furious voice. "*Don't!*"

Both men turned and stared at her, aghast. Settembrini lowered his arm slightly, and Stephanie could see the cowlick in his black eyebrow painfully twisted in doubt and fright. She walked up to him and pressed down the hand that held the revolver.

"Settembrini!" she shouted. "What's the matter with you? If you want to go to New York, why don't you say so?" She was in a boiling rage. It is the way you feel toward a child who has done something frightfully dangerous. And while he stood there nonplused, Fitzjohn took his gun.

FITZJOHN did not want to take Settembrini with them.

"But we can't leave him here!" Stephanie said, and for the first time tears came into her eyes. "They will kill him! Didn't you hear Arenson say they would kill him?"

Poor Fitzjohn looked at her in despair.

"I have nothing to truss him up with."

"But he can drive. Let him drive."

"How can you trust a yegg like that?" Fitzjohn said.

"I can see it in his face. Look at his face! Any one can see he's all right!"

"Oh, my darling." Fitzjohn sighed. . . . "All right. Come on."

And so he made Settembrini sit in the front seat and drive.

"And I've got you covered," Fitzjohn growled. "You understand that?"

"But don't worry about it," Stephanie said. "It's just a matter of form."

Fitzjohn sat with his right hand holding the revolver. He gave orders to Settembrini about the road, and his left arm was around Stephanie.

"It must be very uncomfortable for you," she protested a couple of times.

"Don't be hypocritical," he said. "You know it is the sentiment you object to." So she resigned herself to it.

"Sleep. Lean against me. Rest, my darling. Stephanie," he murmured.

"Where is Eddie, Settembrini?" Stephanie said presently.

He turned his head ever so slightly.

"Arenson killed him."

"But why? Why?"

He shrugged.

"Don't know. He's a killer, that's all. That's his business." He then added in explanation, after a few moments, turning his face slightly toward them: "Eddie liked you. He didn't want to kill you, see."

Stephanie began to shiver. Fitzjohn pulled the robe around her. "Try to sleep." Finally she did sleep.

When she opened her eyes, there was a golden sunrise. Stephanie sat up quickly, and saw the pale haggard Fitzjohn blissfully smiling at her.

"It is my watch now," she said, taking the revolver out of his hand. "Now you sleep. . . . You can lean against me if you want to." But he just smiled his blissful haggard smile and would not move an inch.

"Poor Settembrini!" Stephanie said. "I suppose you are exhausted, too."

"Not so bad."

"Where do you want to go now?"

"I suppose I am going to the pen."

"But we are not going to tell on you. We don't want you to go to jail."

He made no answer to this.

"I told you you were too good for this sort of thing. You shouldn't hang around with a man like Arenson."

"You said it."

"Who is Jack Blokestone? Is that his real name?"

"Yes. He's the boss. He is Horse Blokestone. He is the head of the whole mob. They got restaurants, gambling joints, labor unions, houses. He's got 'em on a chain-store basis now. He had the dough to invest, in the first place. . . . You know Eddie and me—well, he gets us out on parole through politics, see. Then we've got to work for him, see, or he has us shot. I was in Dannemora for burglary, if you want to know. I had five more years to go."

"Where do you want to go now, Settembrini?"

There was no answer.

"Excuse me," she said, "because it is none of my business."

Presently Settembrini's head turned slightly again.

"My girl lives in Newark."

When they got to Newark, Stephanie made Settembrini leave them. She wanted to give him money, but he would not take it.

"Don't get caught," she said, and he smiled resignedly in a way that cut her to the heart.

"Oh, sure I will—sooner or later."

Stephanie shook hands with him, though Fitzjohn only stood by and scowled at him thoughtfully.

"Write to me," she said. "Star Prairie, Iowa, R. F. D. Number 12. But just Star Prairie will get me. Come and see us. I mean it. You would like my mother. Perhaps we can help. You would love Iowa."

"I suppose," Fitzjohn said as they drove on, "that you will go to jail sometime for harboring criminals."

"I bet that is how it will end," she said good-naturedly.

SHE couldn't remember where she was. She was in a dim pleasant bedroom. Beyond the window there were lighted skyscrapers against an evening sky. Then she became aware of Fitzjohn sitting near by, his ecstatic face quietly watching her.

"Hello," she said, and took his hand. "Thank you for everything. You are a darling. I guess really a hero. I love you for everything."

Her bags, he said, had been brought from the Dolly Madison. A servant was getting dinner.

"And I have telephoned your mother in Star Prairie that everything is all right. And for her to come right on."

"What for?"

"For our marriage."

She sat up and strained open her sleepy entangled eyelids. She did not believe him. But it turned out to be true. She tried to joke him out of it.

"Engaged, free love—anything but marriage."

But he did not think this was funny at all.

"Oh, Johnny. Not marriage. Wait. Wait. Don't press me about that. Not yet." She sat up and jerked appealingly at the edge of his perfectly pressed trousers. His face showed the bitterest anger and disappointment.

"But I can't live without you. I really don't think I can. If you go home . . . I thought we could be married now—" There was a hint of a tremble in his voice. He frowned and said stiffly, implacably: "I am the man for you. Because no one could love you as I do. This is not conceit but just the plain truth."

Again Stephanie gave her old arguments. She would be a drag on him.

She felt like crying. She begged his pardon. She said she knew he was a thousand times too good for her.

"And, oh, you can't say I don't love you. I do love you, Johnny. Believe that."

"In the disgusting Christian sense that you have love in your heart for everybody."

"I am sure I would die for you, go right before a firing squad for you. . . . But this conjugal business. Becoming *we* instead of *me*. 'No, *we* don't care for cabbage. *We* think spinach so much more wholesome.' . . . It is too ishy."

"You would die for me and yet not be willing to touch me!"

Her face got red.

"I could pretend, I could fake!" she cried in genuine misery, and felt so sorry for him that she began to blubber. "But I couldn't have the feeling you want. I can't pump it up, can I? Why are you so unreasonable?" That, of course, made him feel awful—just terrible.

But she couldn't marry him. That was all there was to it.

STEPHANIE stayed in New York. She could not bear to desert him. She lived with friends on Beekman Place, and Fitzjohn had a police guard assigned to her, a poor man whom she led through art galleries and Bach concerts until she felt so sorry for him she took him to a wrestling match.

Fitzjohn had to work frightfully hard; for this is what had happened to the gangsters:

The G-men had surrounded the Osgood house. Arenson was killed in the raid. They captured Jack Blokestone and put him in the Tombs. It was a sensation in the newspapers. Of course Glozeman was immediately arrested. McCook was found dead, frozen stiff, on the Mississippi River flats.

But convicting Blokestone was like catching a whale on a bent pin. For he was a member of a fine, serious, important family, and they began to do all they could to smooth over this horror and blot. They had millions of dollars to do it with.

And that was why the prosecuting attorney needed all of Fitzjohn's help—getting witnesses, keeping things out of the newspapers. He worked terribly hard. And more so because of his anger and disappointment about Stephanie. He began to look sick, almost incandescently pale, and his eyes were gray fire with an angry pin point in them. Even his perfectly cut clothes began to look mussy and lumpy, as if he had made them himself.

At last Stephanie thought her presence just made things harder for him. She decided to go home. He

A WOMAN IN LOVE JUST CAN'T AFFORD TO GET DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
ISN'T MY ENGAGEMENT RING LOVELY, KAY? I WAS SO SURPRISED WHEN JIM GAVE IT TO ME LAST NIGHT!
WELL, I KNEW HE WOULD, BABS! HOW COULD ANY MAN RESIST THAT "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" OF YOURS?
I WISH I COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT MY COMPLEXION! I LOOK POSITIVELY MIDDLE-AGED—MY SKIN'S SO DRY AND LIFELESS
MAYBE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! WHY DON'T YOU TRY PALMOLIVE? IT'S MY BEAUTY SOAP!
OLIVE OIL THE SECRET
YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!
AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE ONLY WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS—ITS LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSES GENTLY YET SO THOROUGHLY. KEEPS PORES SO CLEAN AND HEALTHY. LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
WELL, I'LL START TODAY TO USE PALMOLIVE, TOO!
PALMOLIVE
MADE WITH OLIVE OIL! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

"Tremendous"
said Captain Tippleswitch

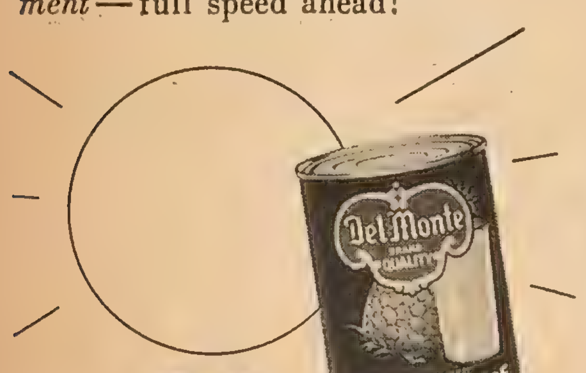
There's nothing narrow about the Captain.

Nothing vacillating, either. What he likes, he *likes*. And says so. And drinks. Tall, polar-cold glasses awash to the gunnels with Del Monte Pineapple Juice.

And no wonder either! Sea dogs and landlubbers (all shapes and sizes) go for Del Monte Pineapple Juice in a big way. (So do maids and matrons, in and out of uniform.)

For it has such a vivid, vigorous flavor. Dashing. Zesty. Just tart enough. All because it's the pure, natural juice of fine big sun-ripened "pines." Packed fresh and fragrant from tropical fields. Packed *quickly*.

Serve Del Monte Pineapple Juice just once — and chances are you'll serve it at every point of the mealtime compass. Breakfast, lunch, before dinner, any time. At one bell or eight bells, Del Monte Pineapple Juice means *enjoyment* — full speed ahead!



It's
Del Monte
Pineapple
Juice

coldly arranged for a police guard to travel with her.

"Of course you will have to come back and be a witness later. At the trial. It may not be for months," he said, speaking in an indifferent monotone.

She felt wretched, guilty.

"I will write every day," she said. "You must be a friend . . ."

"Friend!" he said, ignoring, with blazing eyes, the hand she put out. "I love you!"

Then the train jerked and she got on it. She had one glimpse of his face, the anger utterly gone out of it and nothing there but suffering.

And this was very nearly the end of the story.

BUT one day a strange thing happened. Fitzjohn in New York had to go about guarded. He was always followed by two detectives, and after them by heaven knows how many gunmen, spies, and so on.

Well, this night he worked late. At 2 A. M. he drove home in a cab with his two guards. It was raining pitchforks. The plain-clothes men went with him up to his flat, searched it, and left him for the night. He half undressed and opened all the windows, even the one on the airshaft.

But the rain in the airshaft made a rattling and a roaring, in fact such a melancholy distracting din that he went to shut the window. Just then a man with a soaking hat sprang into the room.

"So now I am going to be killed," Fitzjohn thought, with the surprising calm that one has at such times. But the man said immediately:

"Don't shoot. It's me, see!" And Fitzjohn, looking into his clammily pale face, saw some familiar twisted puzzled eyebrows. It was Settembrini.

"I see it's you. But what about it?"

"I have been following you for two weeks, but I couldn't get near you. Cripes, I been hanging to that ledge for four hours." He worked his cramped hands. "I couldn't get through to you. It isn't only your guards, but it's Arenson's gang. They'll plug me on sight. Look. Search me. There's no gun on me." With raised hands he pivoted. His clothes were loaded with streaming water. "This is the idea, bo," he said. "I want to be a witness for you. I want to turn state's evidence."

Well, when Fitzjohn heard that he was very much excited inwardly. You cannot imagine how important this was, what a help it would be in Blokestone's trial. He at once got Settembrini dry clothes and a drink and food. While he did this he asked Settembrini questions:

"Why do you do this?"

"You think I'm a heel and a squealer," Settembrini said gruffly. "Well, maybe I am. But I'm not a regular one, see. I'm not telling on my friends. Against Blokestone I'll tell anything. Why shouldn't I? I want to get married and go straight. If I can."

Settembrini's puzzled asymme eyebrows lifted in a troubled expression, and in spite of himself Fitzjohn began to like him and to feel touched by him.

"Well, I don't like the squealing part, either," Settembrini went on, half talking to himself, "but I'm going to. You know, it ain't very safe for *me* either, telling what I know." He smiled ironically, and it made his face look suddenly very attractive and intelligent. "I figure out that if I turn state's evidence that may reduce my term in the pen to two years. And then I can get married. It may not be too late for me to have some kind of a decent life. I am only thirty-one."

While he was eating, Fitzjohn watched him and talked to him. "You stay here tonight. Tomorrow I'll get a police guard for you. You will have to be arrested, you know. Anyway, it will be safer for you."

Settembrini told him all he knew. Fitzjohn made pencil notes of some things. Settembrini had another highball. Fitzjohn got himself some beer. After everything seemed settled, both men were silent for a little while and listened to the rain outside.

"How's Miss Flinders?" Settembrini asked.

Fitzjohn stirred uneasily, a little irritably, because he did not want to talk about that.

"I guess she's all right."

"You aren't married yet?"

"No."

"Gee, I thought you'd be married!"

"No. . . . No, we never married."

"She's a wonderful girl."

Fitzjohn felt another pang of irritability and gloom at this.

"Yes; but she's not very sensible," he said.

"I know what you're thinking: because she was so nice to me."

"I just mean she was reckless, gullible."

SETTEMBRINI said nothing for perhaps three seconds.

"Well, I don't know about that," he said then. "But I know if it hadn't been for her I would never be doing this now. Because *she* seemed to like you makes me think you're O. K. . . . I hoped you two would be married. I figured out that she is the only one in the world who'd be willing to take a little trouble to help me. Many people are glad to help you, see, but not many will really take the *trouble*, see."

Fitzjohn began to feel blue, lachrymose almost. He took a drink of his beer, and felt as though he were swallowing some tears.

"You know," Settembrini went on, "I'm surprised she didn't take you. I can't get that. You know what I think? I don't think you treat her right."

"What do you mean?" said Fitzjohn gruffly.

"You don't act right with her. You act too proud and independent.

You know, with a girl like that, you got to make 'em feel sorry for you. Get sick, and she'll come to you in a minute. Oh, I learned that from my girl. That's the only way you can get a really fine unselfish girl to love you. You see, if a guy is booming along and everything's fine and your pockets are full of dough and you're a big strong fellow and foreman of the whole machine shop and giving orders and telling everybody where to get off—well, if you are that way you can get all the floosies you want, or those little loafers who are crazy to play house and put up dimity curtains. But you can't get a girl like mine. She's got platinum guts. She works like a soldier. And she's got a smile like a shining angel. Well, that kind won't fall for a guy unless they can help him, see. Because they figure it this way: 'The guy's got everything, so why hang around his neck? It may be a meal ticket for life, but it don't interest me.' . . . Why, look at Horse Blokestone, the big boss he-man of the world. Did Miss Flinders fall for him? Not on your life! . . . No; if I was you, I'd tell her I was sick. I sure would."

FITZJOHN found himself utterly fascinated, because it was true. It was as though this truth had been locked in his own breast, and the moment Settembrini said it the door opened. For the first time in many weeks, Fitzjohn began to feel happy.

"But, Settembrini, isn't that a dirty trick?" he said. "To get a girl to be fond of you, and perhaps marry you, by working on her sympathies?"

"No," Settembrini said, scowling and looking depressed. "Though it's done by weasels all the time. And I guess I'm one of them. But you're not a weasel. When you once land her she'll love you all right. That doesn't take long. That's a cinch. Then all you have to do is to work hard to be the right guy for her, see."

Well, by that time Fitzjohn had made up his mind. Because this is what he did:

He made Settembrini go to bed. Early in the morning he put in a long-distance telephone call for me. Since there is a telephone by my bed, naturally he got me. What his mood was, how it had changed from the past few weeks, you can tell by his conversation with me. This is what he said:

"Diana, this is Johnny Morningcoat. When will you see her?"

"Joe and I are going to Star Prairie tomorrow for the week-end."

"You know that I am in love with her?"

"I do."

"That I want to marry her?"

"The normal thing."

"You know that she ought to marry me."

"I surely do. She admits now to having distinctly Freudian dreams of one sort and another."

"It would make a good song," he

# A Wife Resents

*"My husband is bald (her letter reads). Yet he is a successful man in business, very popular with our friends, and I love him deeply. I therefore resent very much the use you make of bald heads in your advertising."*

Since thousands of other women may feel kindred resentment, because their husbands are bald, we hasten to apologize and to explain that baldness does not brand a man a social or business failure.

A bald head is, however, conspicuous, and the younger the man, the more he is marked—the more handicap he feels within himself through his own sensitivity. We are awfully sorry, but Kreml won't grow hair.

But since proper care may help prevent excessive loss of hair, we sincerely believe the spirit of Kreml advertising is fair to the great masses of men who still have their hair. That is why we sum it up with the slogan . . .

DON'T LET
THIS HAPPEN
TO YOU*

Kreml removes dandruff, every speck of it. Kreml checks falling hair. It is also a wonderful dressing, not greasy or sticky, yet keeps the hair neat as a pin. Women, too, love Kreml for the alluring sheen it gives the hair, especially after a permanent. Ask for Kreml at drug stores, barber and beauty shops.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. It is made from an 80% olive oil base, cleanses hair and scalp thoroughly and leaves hair easy to manage.

**★Kreml is effective in stopping excessive falling hair—except, of course, in cases where the trouble is caused by the comparatively rare disease alopecia areata, a condition which requires medical treatment.**

**KREML**

Tested and Approved 4748 Good Housekeeping Bureau

**REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR**
**NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE**

*For 24 Years Vicks Advertising has been passed upon by a Board of Physicians*

**ESCAPE**
**Much of the**
**MISERY OF COLDS**

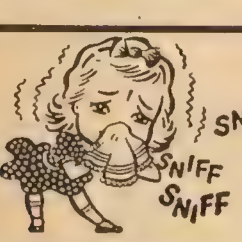
**Use specialized medication for nose and upper throat ...where most colds start**

YOU CAN FEEL ITS TINGLING MEDICATION GO TO WORK

**Helps Prevent Colds Developing**—Don't wait until a miserable cold develops. At the first warning nasal irritation, sneeze or sniffle—put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril immediately. Used in time, Va-tro-nol helps to *prevent* many colds from developing.

**Clears Stuffy Head, Too**—Even when your head is all clogged up from a neglected cold, Va-tro-nol brings comforting relief. It quickly clears away the clogging mucus, reduces swollen membranes, helps to keep the sinuses from being blocked by the cold—lets you *breathe* again.

**VICKS VA-TRO-NOL**
**WORLD'S MOST WIDELY USED MEDICATION OF ITS KIND**



WE don't promise a "wonder cure" for children's colds, BUT — most folks advise a good "clearing out" as the first step in dealing with colds—and FEEN-A-MINT's ideal because youngsters take it *gladly*. No tears or tantrums. FEEN-A-MINT tastes *good*—children get all its famous benefits simply by chewing. No wonder folks say: "It seems just like magic!" Millions rely on FEEN-A-MINT—*try it yourself!*

**FEEN-A-MINT** TASTES LIKE YOUR FAVORITE CHEWING GUM!

**1939 GOVERNMENT JOBS**
**Start $1260 to $2100 a year**

MEN—WOMEN. Common education usually sufficient. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of positions and full particulars telling how to qualify for them. Write at once.

**FRANKLIN INSTITUTE**
**Dept. G219 Rochester, N. Y.**

**INVENTORS**

Don't risk delay in patenting your invention. Send sketch or model for instructions or write for new 48-Page FREE booklet. No charge for preliminary information.

CLARENCE A. O'BRIEN and HYMAN BERMAN
Registered Patent Attorneys
310-F Adams Building Washington, D. C.

said. "My Freudian Dream Girl, I Love You."

"I am convinced," I went right on, simply refusing to laugh, "that her attitude is symptomatic of traumatic disorder, and as for her behavior to you, Johnny, why, my gosh, it simply gives me a pain in the neck!"

"Well, listen, doctor. I have an idea. I want to try it. Will you tell her this tomorrow? When you see her tomorrow, say this. Tell her that I am sick, very sick, that I am in bed. Say it is anything you want—except sinus trouble, perhaps."

"Are you really sick, Johnny?"

"Well, in a way . . . ."

"I don't wonder. But it's probably just functional—that is, neurotic, you know."

"Tell her I am sick anyway, doctor, like a good little girl."

And so I did.

Do you know what Stephanie did? She made us drive at once a hundred miles to the Des Moines airport. She took a plane to New York. She rushed to Fitzjohn's house. She fell into his arms.

After a while, of course, he had to tell her that he was not sick at all. Far from it.

"And I hope that after we are married I won't have to turn into a chronic invalid to keep you."

"This is not pity!" Stephanie cried passionately. "It is true I never could stand men's tears. But this isn't pity! Why, the most sniveling crybaby of a man could not get me away from *you*. Excuse me. I don't feel like joking. I mean it. It is true love, all right—a queer, queer feeling. I guess we are going to be married, all right. Well, I love you, that's all. Thank you for your interest in me. I think—I *hope* you'll like me. . . . I found an old mitten you left in Star Prairie. I have soaked it with tears. Now doesn't that prove something?" And so on and so on.

THEY were married in Star Prairie. They are now in Moscow. A letter came from Stephanie:

"You can't imagine how wonderful America is, especially Iowa. Europeans say only Americans sit with their feet higher than their heads. Here everybody's feet are on the ground ready to run for the gas masks. Gosh, that Johnny! You know, I think he is like nobody so much as Socrates, perhaps Beethoven too. But of course more fire—better looking, better dressed. Yes, I seem to like him fairly well."

Well, that is the story of those two darling, fascinating, remarkable people!

As for myself, I got a B plus in Psychology II. Sometimes Joe, my husband, thinks I should give it up, though I don't see why. Because it explains so much to me about his crazy masculine ideas.

But this is really all.

THE END

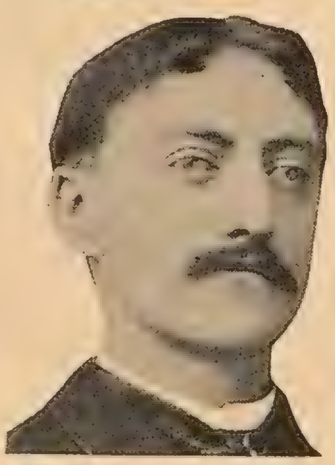
## ☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

### by OLIVER SWIFT

**★ ★ ★ ½ WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME? by Jerome Weidman. Simon & Schuster.**

Swell writing about a vile character—a low-down, cheating cloak-and-suiter who gets you madder page by page.

## 20 QUESTIONS



1—He was the matinee idol of mother—or perhaps it was grandmother in your case. Ethel called him Uncle John. The early photo at right is of whom?

2—Do wild geese fly faster than ducks?

3—Who or what is the Father of Waters?

4—Which musician and English professor wrote The Private Life of Helen of Troy?

5—Elbert Hubbard had his headquarters in which New York town?

6—Which museum, once a palace, houses the world's largest collection of paintings?

7—What is the leading harvesting instrument of backward agriculture?

8—Which bird is a crocodile's "toothbrush"?

9—What book in the Bible does not contain the name of God?

10—In which country is to be found the resort Ostende?

11—"To win his spurs" meant what in olden days?

12—St. George is the patron saint of which country?

13—How much is first-class letter postage from Los Angeles to Hollywood? Los Angeles to Beverly Hills?

14—Did Richard, Hans, or Siegfried Wagner compose Parsifal?

15—Which mainland city in the U. S. is farthest south?

16—Why is it generally fatal to the bee to sting a man?

17—The best ginger comes from which island?

18—Caoutchouc, possibly discovered by Columbus, is better known as what?

19—How did sirens differ from mermaids physically?

20—Who wrote The Outcasts of Poker Flat?

*(Answers will be found on page 54)*

# WHAT THE DIES COMMITTEE *Overlooked*

## Red revolution! Will it come to the U. S. A.? . . Here's how it is planned

## BY DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

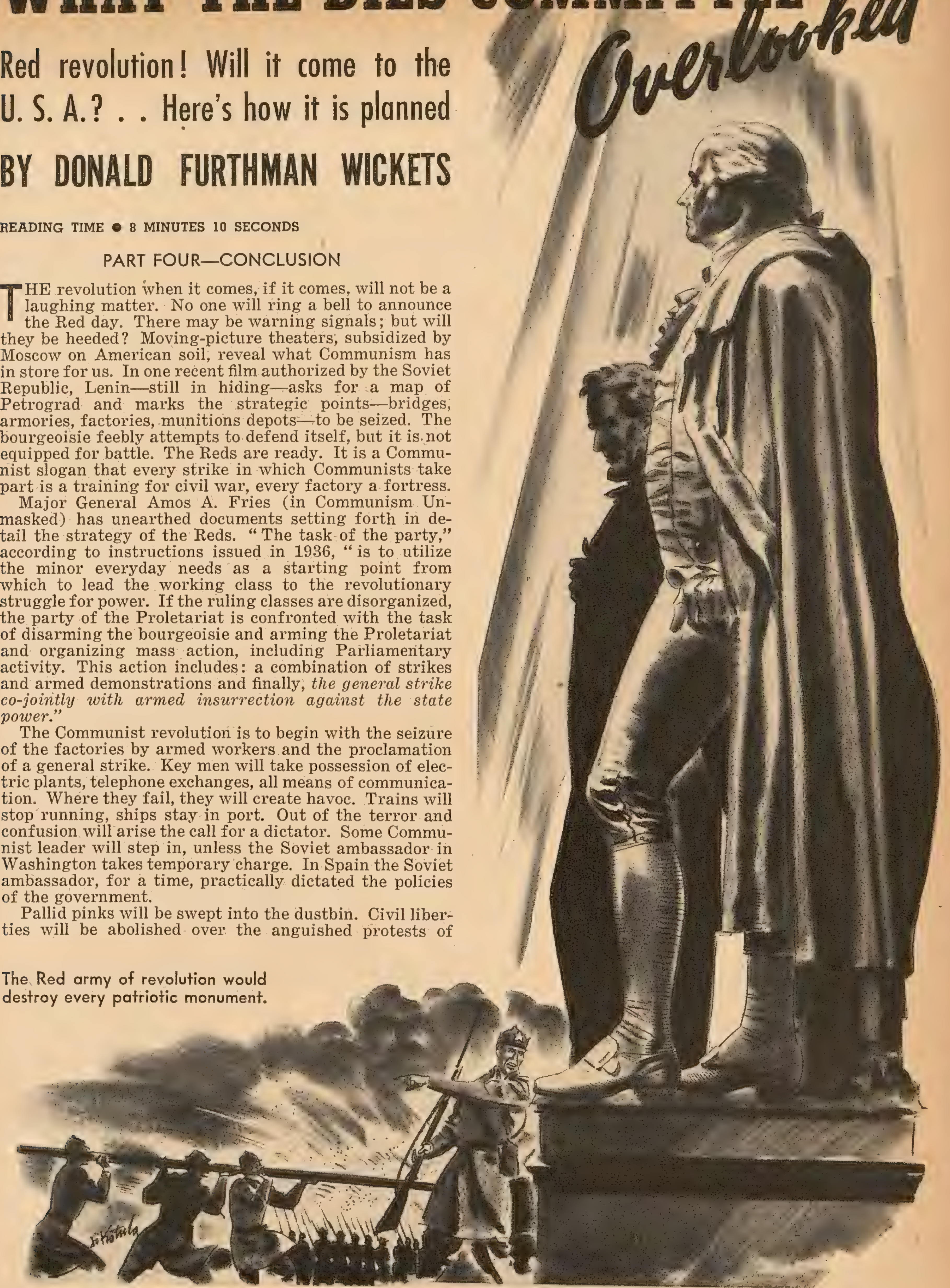
### PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

THE revolution when it comes, if it comes, will not be a laughing matter. No one will ring a bell to announce the Red day. There may be warning signals; but will they be heeded? Moving-picture theaters, subsidized by Moscow on American soil, reveal what Communism has in store for us. In one recent film authorized by the Soviet Republic, Lenin—still in hiding—asks for a map of Petrograd and marks the strategic points—bridges, armories, factories, munitions depots—to be seized. The bourgeoisie feebly attempts to defend itself, but it is not equipped for battle. The Reds are ready. It is a Communist slogan that every strike in which Communists take part is a training for civil war, every factory a fortress.

Major General Amos A. Fries (in Communism Unmasked) has unearthed documents setting forth in detail the strategy of the Reds. "The task of the party," according to instructions issued in 1936, "is to utilize the minor everyday needs as a starting point from which to lead the working class to the revolutionary struggle for power. If the ruling classes are disorganized, the party of the Proletariat is confronted with the task of disarming the bourgeoisie and arming the Proletariat and organizing mass action, including Parliamentary activity. This action includes: a combination of strikes and armed demonstrations and finally, *the general strike co-jointly with armed insurrection against the state power.*"

The Communist revolution is to begin with the seizure of the factories by armed workers and the proclamation of a general strike. Key men will take possession of electric plants, telephone exchanges, all means of communication. Where they fail, they will create havoc. Trains will stop running, ships stay in port. Out of the terror and confusion will arise the call for a dictator. Some Communist leader will step in, unless the Soviet ambassador in Washington takes temporary charge. In Spain the Soviet ambassador, for a time, practically dictated the policies of the government.

Pallid pinks will be swept into the dustbin. Civil liberties will be abolished over the anguished protests of



The Red army of revolution would destroy every patriotic monument.

LUCKY TIGER
DANDRUFF
MILLIONS USE IT!

KEEP YOUR HAIR FREE OF
DANDRUFF

Dandruff is often the cause of baldness. Your social and business life demands that you end this menace.

*Get a bottle of Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic at druggists or 10¢ stores; applications at your barber's.*

Made to remove loose dandruff—
To check excessive falling hair—
To allay that annoying scalp itching—
To relieve scalp irritations, and
To groom and beautify the hair.

**Memo** A NEW LUCKY TIGER WITH OIL

A New Lucky Tiger WITH OIL is now being made for excessive dry hair and scalp. A 35¢ bottle will be sent upon receipt of 12¢ in stamps to pay for packing and postage.

LUCKY TIGER MFG. CO., Dept. 65, Kansas City, Mo.

Back Pain and Kidney Strain

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, overwork and colds often put a strain on the Kidneys and functional kidney disorders may be the true cause of Excess Acidity, Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, and Puffy Eyelids. Help your kidneys purify your blood with Cystex. Usually the very first dose starts helping your kidneys clean out excess acids and this soon may make you feel like new again. Under the money-back guarantee Cystex must satisfy completely or cost nothing. Get Cystex (siss-tex) today. It costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

Roger Baldwin and Arthur Garfield Hays. The editors of the New Times, Communist shop paper, will take over the New York Times. The Daily Worker will take possession of the Hearst headquarters. All opposition will be ruthlessly squelched.

Land will be confiscated. Farmers who protest will be shot as "kulaks." Swarming out of slums and factories, the new rulers will take whatever pleases their fancy. The National Guards, the Army and Navy will be urged to go over to the "people." Some will succumb; others may continue to fight.

But the American people will assert themselves, some one may urge; there will be a lamppost for every traitor. Let us hope so. But let us face the facts. The Communist Party may have only 60,000 to 75,000 dues-paying members, but every one is trained to be a noncommissioned officer in the army of revolution. There are 600,000 fellow travelers who "trail along" with the party, and 6,000,000 "sympathizers." The Communist Party seeks proselytes among our 12,000,000 unemployed and among our 12,000,000 Negroes.

The Communist Party, as the United States Chamber of Commerce points out in its pamphlet on subversive activities, has a carefully planned organization, military in structure and discipline, and backed by the resources of vast Russia, with a population exceeding ours by more than 25 per cent. The Third International, or the Soviet government—the terms are practically interchangeable — lends financial support to Communist publications in the United States by buying advertising space in one form or another.

Somewhere on the Eastern seaboard, a lawyer for left-wing organizations maintains a large clipping bureau in his sumptuous office. Every day his clerks scan the newspapers. The name of every patriot, every opponent of Communism, is carefully listed. This is to be the Communist death list. In the meantime it serves to guide the attacks of Communist agitators in every part of the country.

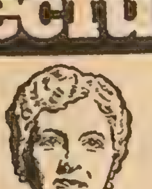
To some all this may seem fantastic. They will point out that the Communist Party acknowledges parliamentary government by placing its candidates on the ballot; they believe that Communism has changed its mind and that it will proceed by evolution rather than revolution. William Z. Foster, chairman of the Communist Party, and its standard-bearer in three Presidential elections, sweeps away this camouflage. "The conquest of power by the Proletariat," he has admitted in reply to a question by Hamilton Fish, "does not mean peaceful capturing of ready-made bourgeois state machinery by means of a parliamentary majority. . . . The violence of the bourgeoisie can only be suppressed by the stern violence of the Proletariat." Foster was quoting from the program of the Communist International.

"When," he avowed on another occasion, "a Communist heads a government in the United States, . . . that government will not be a capitalistic government but a Soviet government, and behind that government will stand the Red army to enforce the dictatorship of the Proletariat." The Red army, according to precedent, will destroy every historic landmark and every patriotic monument. Already Plymouth Rock has been repeatedly desecrated by radicals.

NOT satisfied with destruction of our traditions, Communism—according to the program formulated by the Communist International in October, 1930, a program never repudiated by the Communist Party of the United States—will proceed to destroy the Union. The plan was multigraphed by the Workers School in January, 1937, for distribution among Negroes. The Communist Party, according to these resolutions, offers the American Negro not merely complete equality in every respect within the United States, but the right to secede. As if Abraham Lincoln had lived in vain.

Revolution coming, the first step will be the confiscation of the landed property of the white landowners and capitalists. "No breaking of the chains of slavery," the Communist International advises the Communist Party in the United States, "is possible without confiscating all the landed property of the white master." But this is not sufficient. Our colored fellow citizens will have the right of "self-determination." They may, if they choose, create a number of Negro states in the so-called Black Belt.

At present, the Communist pronunciamento proceeds, this Negro zone is artificially split up into states to facilitate national oppression. "If the right of self-determination of the Negroes is to be put into force, it is necessary, wherever possible, to bring together into one governmental unit all districts of the South where the majority of the settled population consists of Negroes. Within the limits of this state there will of course remain a fairly significant white minority, which must submit to the rights of self-determination of the



Lecturer talks about LUDEN'S Alkaline Factor

Edna Riggs,
*Lecturer, Los Angeles*

"Luden's are the only cough drops I know that contain an alkaline factor. They also help soothe the throat and clear the head when you have a cold."

LUDEN'S *MENTHOL COUGH DROPS* 5¢

Negro majority. This means complete and unlimited right of the Negro majority to exercise governmental authority in the entire territory of the Black Belt, as well as to decide upon the relations between their territory and other nations, particularly the United States." If the Negro population "prefers to remain federated to the United States," it is also "free" to do that.

The Communist broadside admits that the situation may not "yet" warrant a Negro uprising, and it counsels the party in the meantime "to organize mass actions, demonstrations, strikes, tax boycotts," etc., among the colored folks. It is obvious that this advice has been followed. We all know that a Negro problem exists; we know that the Negro has grievances that should be righted. But any one who intensifies the conflict between the two races is an enemy of both. The success of Communist agitation appears in the fact that, according to XYZ, nearly 10 per cent of the dues-paying members of the Communist Party are recruited in Harlem. James W. Ford, the party's candidate for Vice-President in 1936, and for United States senator from New York last fall, is a Negro.

At a conference of the People's Congress for Democracy in 1937, every attempt was made to create friction between Negroes and whites. When a hotel refused to rescind an order barring colored guests, it was picketed by 500 delegates. When Negro delegates were refused service in a restaurant, the white delegates left and—how delightfully characteristic!—did not pay their bill. A WPA employee, a white woman in her early thirties, was dispatched by the Communist Party to a Southern state to make the Negroes—particularly the male element—understand the meaning of "equality" as laid down in Moscow.

THE deliberate attempts to set class against class, and race against race, confront the United States with the gravest problem since the Civil War. The Communists hope that they will be appreciably nearer their revolutionary goal by 1940; they believe that they will be irresistible by 1944. I do not share this belief, in spite of the formidable growth of subversive sentiment. America will find a method to end the Communist menace as soon as it recognizes its gravity. The patriotism of our citizens, white and colored, employed and unemployed, native-born and naturalized, will never permit the Red flag to supplant the Star-Spangled Banner.

But if the government fails to act drastically, there is the danger that vigilantes will take the matter into their own hands, even at the risk of being decried as Fascists. Fascism is an antidote against Communism. We want neither the Communist poison nor a Fascist antidote. Democracy—alert, militant, and self-disciplined—can hold its own against both.

THE END

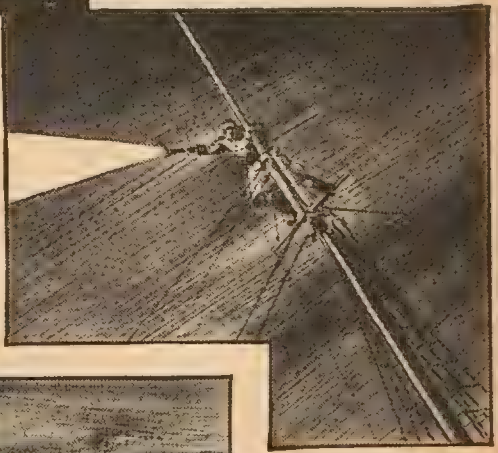
IF I FAILED . . . WE WERE ALL DEAD MEN

LASHED TO SHROUDS OF SINKING, BURNING SCHOONER, SAILORS SEE HOPE OF RESCUE FADE

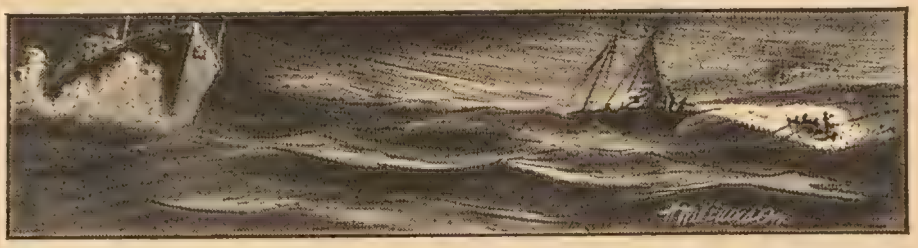
① "The dream of my life, for which I had saved since I first went to sea at twelve, had come true!" writes Capt. Hans Milton of 610 West 111th St., New York City. "I was making my first voyage as master and owner of my own vessel, the two-masted topsail schooner 'Pioneer,' when the hurricane of last September caught us 400 miles off Nantucket.

② "We were pumping to keep afloat when we passed into the windless vortex of the storm where the waves were leaping and jumping crazily and where they crashed in our companion ways and filled the ship beyond hope of saving her. The five of us and the cat scrambled aloft for our lives. Our deck-load of lumber kept us afloat and without fresh water and with almost no food we lived, lashed to the rigging, for three endless days and nights.

③ "Once a steamer hove in sight—but failing to see our distress signals, went her way. At 3 a.m. on the fourth morning steamer lights showed momentarily over the wild sea. We rigged a huge ball of sails and blankets, soaked it with gasoline, touched it off and hoisted it aloft.



④ "But the steamer did not change her course. She thought we were fishing. The wind blew burning fragments back on the ship setting her afire in various places. I could see the stern light of the steamer going away from us. *If I couldn't stop her, we were all dead men!* I climbed to the fore-top and in desperation pulled my flashlight from my back pocket and in Morse code signalled 'Sinking . . . S O S . . . Help!'



⑤ "Slowly, I saw the ship turn! In her last hour afloat, all of us and the cat were saved from the sinking, burning 'Pioneer' by those fine seamen of the United States Liner 'American Banker' and by the power of two tiny 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries that stood by us in the blackest hour of our lives.

*(Signed)* Captain Hans Milton"

FOR BEST RESULTS PUT IN SERVICE BEFORE
MAR. 1939
Nº 950
EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
NATIONAL CARBON CO.

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... *Look for the* DATE-LINE

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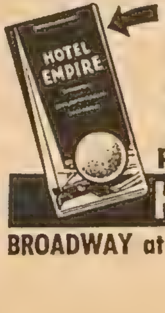

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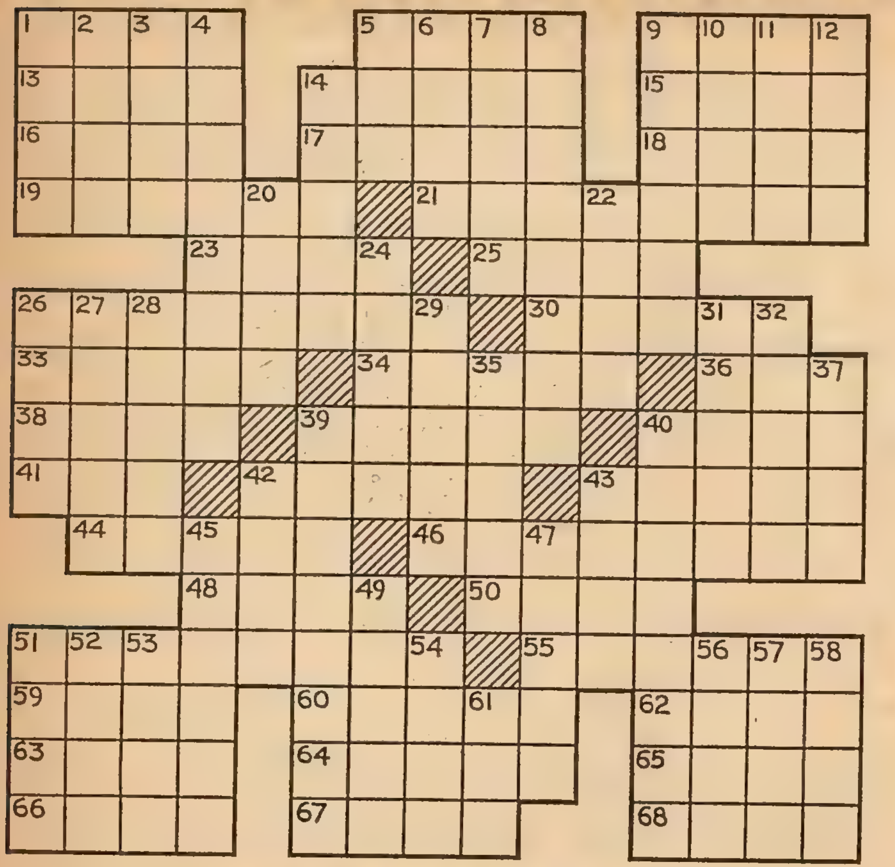
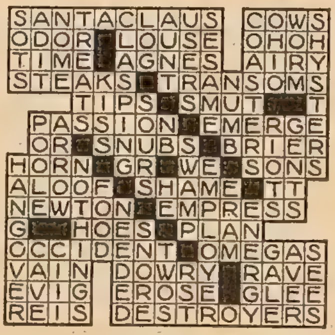
Soothes-Loosens Coughs *(due to colds)*
PISO'S
*High Quality Cough Medicine*

# CROSSWORD CONTEST TIME IS HERE!



## CONTEST PUZZLE No. 1



Last week's answer

### HORIZONTAL

1 Beautiful
5 Mimics
9 Cure
13 During some past time
14 A woman's name
15 An axis
16 Hinds or does
17 Memento
18 To take a tempting offer (colloq.)
19 An herb that is related to chicory
21 Flemish geographer of the sixteenth century
23 Perceives
25 A hill in Jerusalem (var.)
26 A fleet of vessels
30 Cloth gaiters
33 A bird of the crow kind
34 Angry
36 An objective pronoun
38 A river in Germany
39 Shears for cutting sheet metal
40 Withered
41 Meridian (abbr.)
42 Ancient Scandinavian legends
43 To pen up (dial. Eng.)
44 Thong
46 Laughed loudly
48 A book of the Old Testament
50 Earth
51 Reptiles
55 Small islands
59 Cut short
60 Pertaining to the iris of the eye
62 Biblical name
63 Prefix: before
64 Stories
65 Town in Turkey in Asia (var.)
66 Want
67 Series of events of epochal dignity
68 Kind of short jacket worn by boys

### VERTICAL

1 Golf term
2 At another time
3 Frosted
4 One who opposes
5 A beverage
6 Part of the hand
7 An Indian tribe (pl.)
8 Church officers in charge of utensils
9 City in Cuba (var.)
10 Departure
11 Tenor violin
12 A sly look
14 Receptacle for fish
20 Lode
22 To contend
24 A loop of rope or chain
26 Preposition
27 Places a burden on
28 Manifest
29 Pertaining to the doctrines of Arius
31 Belonging to them
32 To be of use to
35 Particular point in an orbit
37 Bamboolike grass
39 Hydrous magnesium aluminum silicate
40 Resembling a star
42 Not different in kind
43 Kind of snowshoe (pl.)
45 Struck with a quick smart blow
47 Mints
49 Narrow piece of flexible material
51 Examine
52 Bird of prey
53 The noise of surf on the shore
54 Repository for fodder
56 Redact
57 Tropical plant having an edible rootstock
58 Member of a group of Mongoloid tribes
61 Roman money

## *WIN YOUR SHARE OF*

## $2,000

## *IN CASH PRIZES!*

### START YOUR ENTRY NOW!

IT'S crossword contest time again. Liberty's crossworders are about to reap the rewards of the skill developed in solving the puzzles each week since the last cash prizes were offered. If you competed and won in the last crossword contest, your chance will be just as good to capture a share of the money this time. If you did not win in the last contest, it is quite likely that you have developed the additional skill in the interim that will make your effort a winning one at this time. If you have never competed, by all means file your claim for one of these cash prizes. Every one has an equal chance and every prize is well worth the winning.

You can capture as much as $500 cash. That's the First Prize. Second and Third Prizes are $200 and $100 respectively. In addition there are twenty $10 awards and 200 awards of $5 each. Two hundred and twenty-three chances to get into the money! Are you going to neglect this opportunity to get paid for having fun?

Please study the brief rules carefully. Note that no individual solutions will be accepted. Save all solutions until your set of ten is complete at the end of the game. Also study the other pages of each issue as the contest progresses so that you will be prepared to note your choice among the contents of the ten contest issues.

Last week's solution is given on this page. No further solutions will be given until the contest closes. Contest Puzzle No. 2 will appear next week. Watch for it!

### THE CASH PRIZES

| | |
|---|---|
| FIRST PRIZE | $500 |
| SECOND PRIZE | 200 |
| THIRD PRIZE | 100 |
| TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10 | 200 |
| 200 PRIZES, Each $5 | 1,000 |

### THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a contest crossword puzzle.

2. When you have solved all ten puzzles, enter them as a unit, accompanied by a statement of not more than fifty words on the subject, "The Story, Article, or Feature I Have Enjoyed Most in Liberty During This Contest, and Why."

3. The most nearly correct set of ten solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The next best will receive the $200 Second Prize, and the next best, the $100 Third Prize. In the order of their excellence the next twenty will be awarded $10 each, and the next 200 will receive $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. At the close of the contest mail all entries to CROSSWORDS EDITOR, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

5. All entries must be received on or before Thursday, March 30, 1939, the closing date of this contest.

6. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.

Announcing

# LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT BONUS AWARDS

For the best Short Short Stories published in its pages from January 1 to December 31, 1938, the editors of Liberty have awarded:

## $1,000

## To ELLIS JONES for CITY HOSPITAL

in the issue of December 17

## $500

## To WILLIAM C. LENGEL for A LETTER I PROMISED I WOULD WRITE

in the issue of October 15

## $100

Each to JANE MAGILL for HOMECOMING, issue of September 3; STEVE FISHER for ANNUAL VISIT, issue of February 26; GRACE WINSTON BYRNES for THE WORKS, issue of February 5; JAMES R. WEBB for NO PICTURES, issue of October 29; ROBERTA LESLIE for COURAGE, issue of August 27.

Each of these stories was accepted, paid for, and published in the regular way. The awards now announced are BONUSES—additional payments, voluntarily made as an expression of gratitude and appreciation. To each of the authors Liberty offers its congratulations.

Have Doctor Come

IF QUICK-ACTING BAYER ASPIRIN FAILS TO RELIEVE DISCOMFORT OF

COLDS RAW THROAT

FOLLOW SIMPLE DIRECTIONS IN THESE PICTURES

**1.** First take two Bayer Aspirin Tablets in a glass of water, to relieve that aching soreness that usually comes with your cold.

**2.** Then dissolve 3 Bayer Tablets in ⅓ glass of water and gargle—to relieve scratchy feeling in throat.

**3.** If temperature does not go down—if throat pains and aches are not quickly relieved — call your family doctor.

*Thousands Know This Easy Way to Quick Relief*

TAKE A MINUTE to look at the pictures above. They may save you hours of discomfort next time you have a cold or the raw, scratchy sore throat that comes with so many colds.

For these pictures explain the simple way—with genuine Bayer Aspirin — to get quick relief from your discomfort. A way countless thousands will tell you is amazingly fast and effective.

Try it. Then — because ANY cold can lead to serious consequences — pneumonia or influenza, for instance—SEE YOUR DOCTOR. He will tell you whether your cold is serious, and what treatment to follow.

*Bayer Aspirin's Two-Way Relief*

In all probability, he will tell you to continue with the Bayer Aspirin because it acts to relieve the painful discomforts of a cold with remarkable speed. And because it acts to reduce fever. This simple treatment has largely supplanted the use of strong medicines in the treatment of cold symptoms. Perhaps the simplest and most effective way yet discovered.

*Insist on the Genuine*

What you must remember is to ask for "BAYER ASPIRIN" by its full name — not for "aspirin" alone. You get real BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in this way.

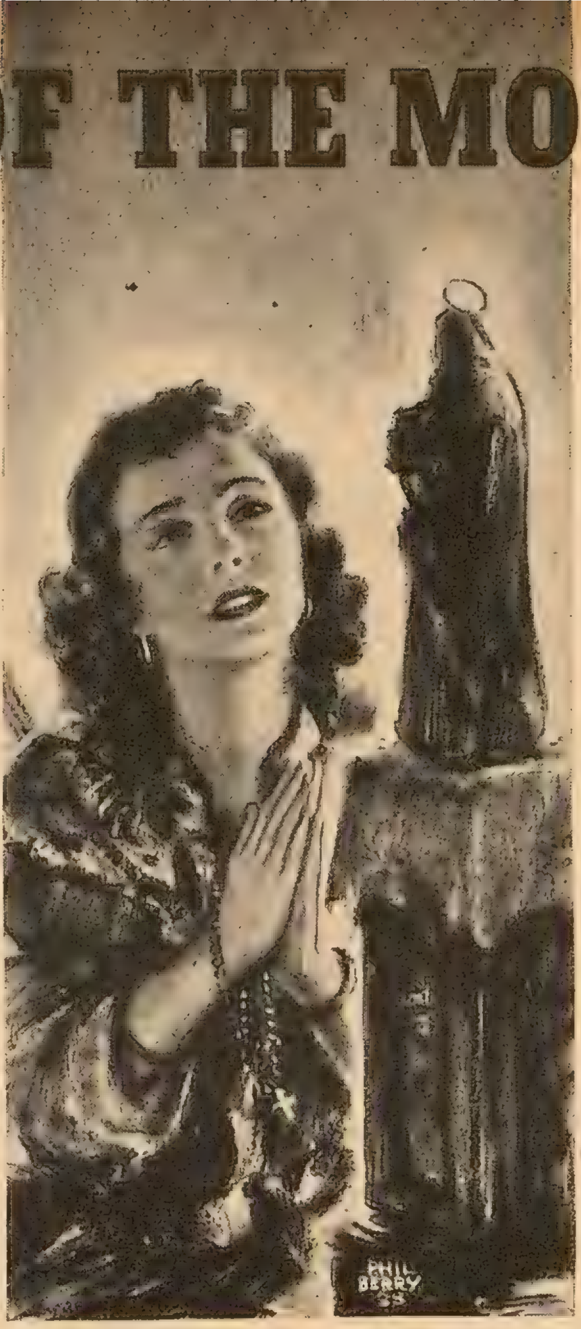
PAINS—Fast-acting Bayer Tablets are used by millions on doctor's advice for prompt relief of Headache—pain from Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia.

12 Bayer Tablets of Aspirin
5 grs. each
Genuine
BAYER
Good Housekeeping Bureau

15¢ FOR 12 TABLETS

2 FULL DOZEN 25¢

# VOICE OF THE MOUNTAIN



Liberty's Short Short

## BY GEORGE PECK

**READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS**

ANNA KORDA heard with apprehension and resentment the mutterings of the neighbors as they warned of the evil eye and cast accusing glances at Aristide Reglich, the tall young guide who stood aloof and silent in the background, but whose yearning gray eyes reached to her in a hungry embrace over the heads of the *abitanti* gathered in the yard of the Korda farm.

These muttered accusations, Anna knew, would surely drive Aristide away from his native Santa Cristina, exiled for his loyalty and devotion to her in her hours of terror.

THE terror had come again last night. Winter's icy breath touched her as she opened the heavy door and listened, but the shiver that convulsed her came from the chill within Anna's sensitive soul as the dreaded sound echoed over the snow-carpeted mountainside.

Her *marito*, Pietro Korda—Toro they called him, because of his tremendous roar of a voice and the bovine proportions of body — was singing his drunken way home again.

This shouting voice, accompanied by the flailing of heavy fists, had sometimes sent the slender Anna Korda fleeing in the dead of night to the near-by home of the parents who had betrothed her to Toro Korda. This had been a good match for a poor girl: Toro's farm was of the good bottom land; he had sleek cattle aplenty; his wine casks were full; his *cantina* well stocked with dried meats, sausage, and cheese; and his manure pile was the largest in the *val*.

Quickly after the marriage, however, had Toro broken Anna's spirit. He might have broken her heart, too, had that not happened already when Toro took her home to his farm under the hurt eyes of her childhood lover, Aristide.

When Toro had lurched home after the fiesta of San Sylvestro and had sent Anna fleeing into the night, it was Aristide who, from his *casetta* up the mountainside, had come to her aid.

Where once had been the softest, grayest eyes in all Bolzano were two hard points of steel.

"Some day I shall kill him, little one," he had said as he led her to the temporary shelter of her father's *casa*.

Aristide was not the one to waste words, and Anna's fear had grown with the gossip that when Toro was in his cups Aristide followed him like a shadow.

TORO'S staccato roar came louder now. He must be rounding the dreaded Devil's Elbow, drunk indeed to take the hazardous *strada* under the hanging drifts instead of the safer winter track above the snowfields.

Peering through the open door, Anna caught her breath. A tall shadow lurked at the gate through which Toro must come. It was Aristide. The moonlight reflected on the blade of the woodman's hatchet in his belt.

Then in a moment Toro's ribald song became a bloodcurdling scream, drowned out suddenly under a low rumbling moan from the mountain. There was only one sound like that, and Anna trembled.

"*Amore di Dio, il valanga!*" she cried, pouring out her prayers for the protection of all in the *val* from the dreaded avalanche. It seemed hours later and she was still on her knees when friends arrived and led her to the warmth indoors.

"The avalanche, it is finished, *grazia Dio*," her father was saying.

"Yes, it is finished, and the foolhardy Toro Korda, too," said a neighbor. "Once too often has he taken the *strada* below the snowfields."

Another said, "From the track above, Giulio, the saddler, heard him in full voice; then came the avalanche and swept Toro into the ravine. It was the evil eye, no doubt."

The grizzled Giulio crossed himself. "Yes, the evil eye," he agreed, glancing furtively at Aristide.

AND so it was that the dead Toro's relatives and drinking friends muttered of the evil eye and glared at Aristide as they gathered at the Korda farm when the guides next morning brought the bruised and broken thing which had been Pietro Korda out of the ravine.

But the venerable Padre Ernesto silenced them.

"Consider," he said, "the fate of the guides last winter in the Passo Pardoi,* swept to their death by an avalanche born of the vibration of their own voices as they sang their yodels.

"On the smooth, rocky shelf of the Devil's Elbow there is no pebble or loose earth to disturb the snow. The *piccola valanga* which carried Pietro Korda to his death could have been started only by his own tremendous voice, magnified by its echo in the gorge.

"This, then, was no evil eye; rather was it the evil voice, raised in ribald song, to which the voice of the mountain replied as a *volonta di Dio*. We must have a Mass said for the repose of Pietro Korda's soul."

Aristide's hand was a caress on Anna's shoulder.

"Yes, we must have a Mass said for the repose of his soul—and for the good of ours," he said softly; and, looking up, Anna saw that his eyes were no longer hard points of steel but were soft and kindly once more.

THE END

### ON THE AIR!

Liberty stories are on the air. You can hear two dramatizations each week over the following stations: WOR, New York; WJZ, New York; WENR, Chicago; WBBM, Chicago; WKRC, Cincinnati; WCCO, Minneapolis; KMOX, St. Louis; WEEI, Boston; WBT, Charlotte; KNX, Los Angeles. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

### TUNE IN!

▲

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

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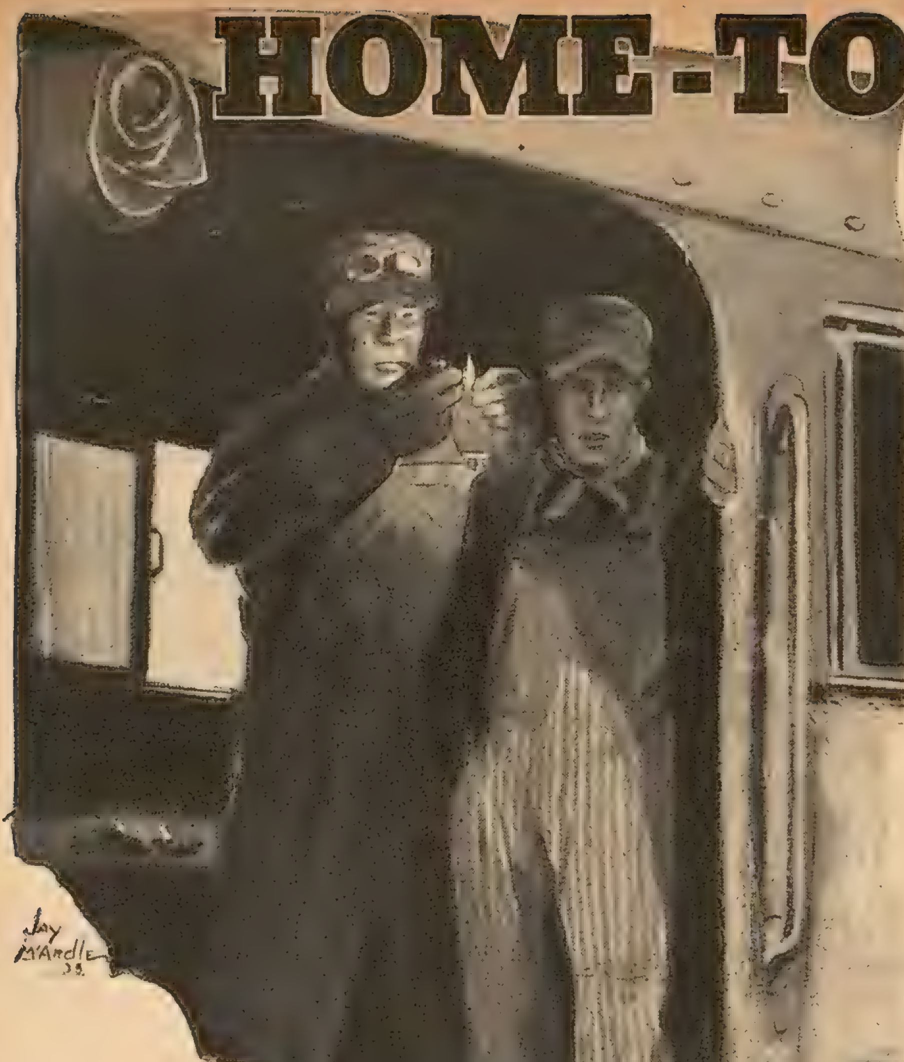
*[Editor's Note: At Passo Pardoi six guides actually were killed about a year ago by an avalanche caused by their yodels.]

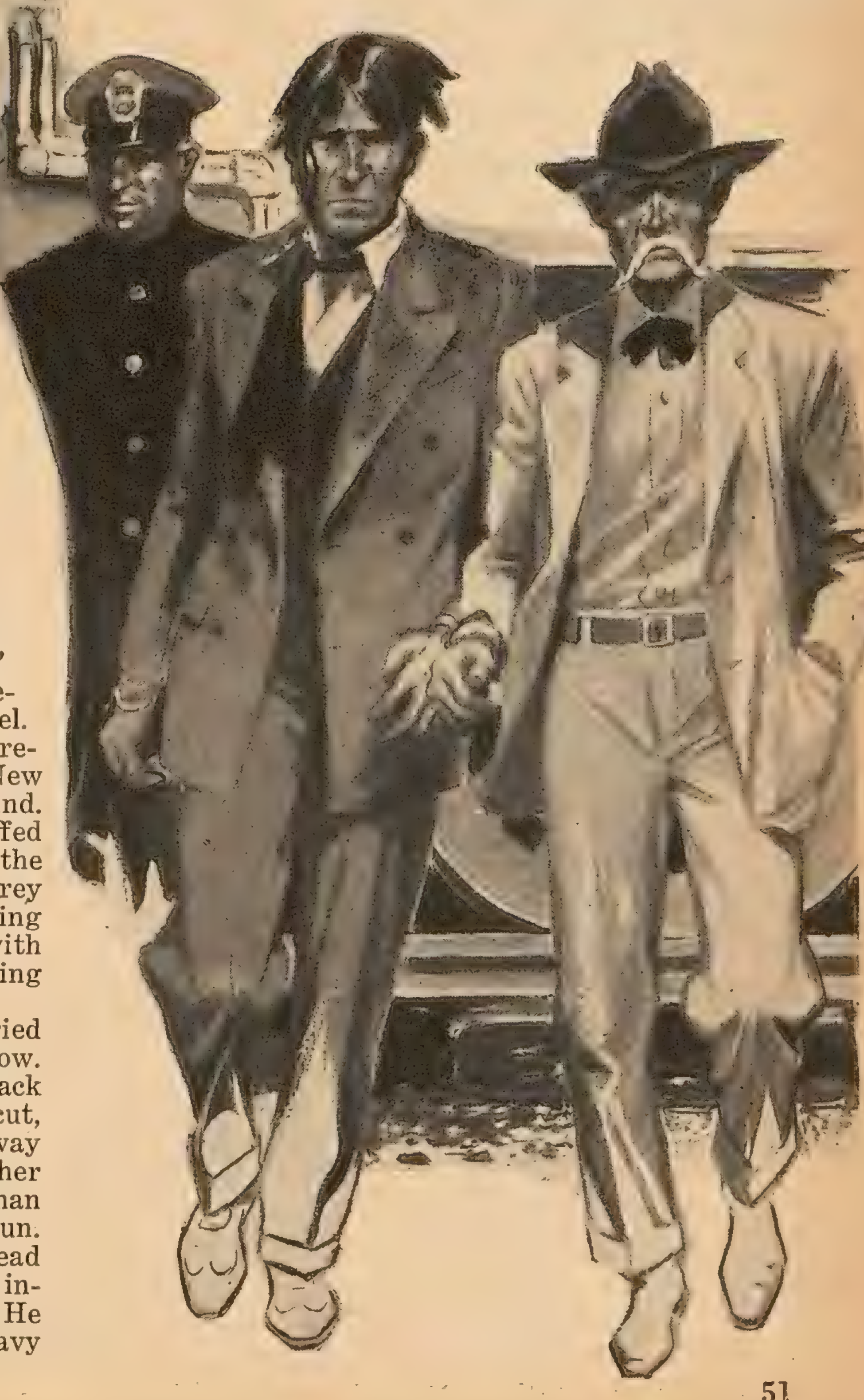
# HOME-TOWN SUCKER MAKES GOOD

The extraordinary true story of one little man's relentless revenge. Does he merit Liberty's award for valor?

## BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY McARDLE





He and Pete grabbed Furey as the con man dropped off the switching engine.

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

### PART TWO—CONCLUSION

THE newcomers with the riot guns joined their comrades who were covering Norfleet. He buried his .38's muzzle a little deeper in the back of Furey's neck.

The gunmen formed a seven-man ring around the pair. But still no shot was fired. It was a stalemate.

Furey began begging his would-be rescuers to go away. He knew Norfleet would kill him if anything happened to Norfleet's son—even if it meant his own death.

But the seven stood their ground until driven to cover by the approach of another car. This was Pete, but without the $20,000. "They just stalled around," he said. Furey raged—and Norfleet has always believed that his offer of the money had been on the level.

The seven thugs drove away. Norfleet decided to return to Jacksonville and catch an evening train for New Orleans. Halfway to town, he heard a motor close behind. As he looked back and saw the seven, the handcuffed Furey wrenched at the wheel. The car swerved off the highway but stayed right side up. Pete knocked Furey cold. When the con man came to, he was in a drawing room on the New Orleans train, still handcuffed, with both Norfleets. "Help!" he yelled. "They're abusing me—starving me!"

Women came demanding his release. As Norfleet tried mildly to explain to them, he dived through the window.

Norfleet pulled the emergency alarm, then ran back along the tracks with Pete. But Furey, though badly cut, had jumped a switching engine and was well on his way back to Jacksonville. Norfleet commandeered another switcher. He and Pete grabbed Furey as the con man dropped off—and again the journey westward was begun.

He had figured that Furey's friends would wire ahead to their New Orleans pals, and he had wired for an invalid's wheel chair to meet him there at the train. He roped Furey into the chair, swathed him in heavy

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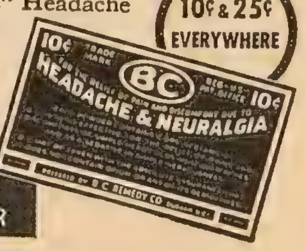

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**Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go**

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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blankets, and told the porter to start down the platform. He and Pete, with guns drawn, brought up the rear.

Sure enough, in the darkness ahead were two figures, guns in hands. Norfleet saw them first. "Make a move and I'll shoot," he warned.

That night the Norfleets lodged their prisoner at police headquarters. When they returned in the morning, he was gone. He had managed to communicate with Humane Society members, who had engineered his removal to a hospital—much easier to escape from. But Norfleet took him out of it under drawn guns, and the next day delivered him to Sheriff Sterling Clark at Fort Worth. In due course he got twenty years.

THERE was now left only Spencer, the young smoothie. Norfleet picked up Mrs. Spencer's trail in Wichita, Kansas, and followed her through several states. In Buffalo he chanced to see H——, the "celery-farm owner." He trailed him and two companions to Montreal, where they made a hotel reservation for a "Mr. Spencewood." This was Spencer; but just as he was due to arrive, H—— recognized Norfleet, and a race for the railway station ensued. Struggling through a dense crowd, Norfleet got there as Spencer got off the train.

Spencer recognized him and plunged into the crowd. But the little rancher wriggled around and under and got a grip on the Spencerian coattails. Then some one slugged him, and Spencer broke away. He wasn't too groggy to give chase. Spencer crashed the turnstile of a movie house. He followed. Spencer yelled: "It's a hold-up!" Policemen arrested Norfleet for possessing firearms without a license, and let Spencer go.

On the trail again: Cleveland, Chicago, Sioux City, Kansas City. In Omaha's rogues' gallery Norfleet found a picture of Spencer under other names. Then back to Texas, where he learned that his quarry had just left for Denver. There he found a grand round-up of con men going on. Warned by Prosecutor Van Cise not to show his now well known face on the streets, he dyed his white hair and moustachios brown, had the latter clipped, and sallied forth.

Immediately he spotted one Bill ——, a con man and lobbygow, disguised as a blind man. Next he recognized Happy Fred ——, another star bunco artist. He reported these two to Van Cise. Subsequently he identified Leo ——, who actually began to build him up for the stock-exchange swindle!

Once more, however, he had missed his own quarry. He tailed Spencer to Kansas, thence through Utah and Nevada and Montana to Canada, and then back to Salt Lake City, where Spencer outfoxed him, pleading guilty to a narcotics charge and accepting sentence to Leavenworth. But Norfleet obtained his temporary release; and when he walked out of the federal penitentiary, the little man served the Texas warrant on him, took him back, and saw to it that he got eight years in a Texas jail.

To the capture and conviction of Ward, Gerber, Hamlin, Furey, and Spencer, Norfleet had devoted four years and over $30,000 of his own money—bringing his "cash investment" in them up to $75,000. "They took every cent I had," he said later on, "and they took away my belief in others. I think the second theft was the greater."

"And to think," groaned Furey in his Huntsville cell, "that the biggest sucker I ever trimmed put me here!"

There were still loose ends. Two of these were Deputy Sheriffs Lips and Anderson of Los Angeles. Norfleet had never been satisfied about that Glendale matter. At the time, he had had grounds for his suspicion but had been too busy to confirm it. On the memorable trip with Furey to New Orleans, he had used strategy.

"Furey," he said, "those California deputies gave us both a fine double-crossing, didn't they?"

The prisoner jumped. "They *squealed?* Why, I gave 'em twenty grand to let me go!"

Norfleet had filed this admission for future reference. He now went to California, and District Attorney Woolwine ordered the officers arrested.

As their trial neared, Woolwine asked his help in preparing the case. Working singlehanded, he turned up witnesses to the escape. The principal evidence of the bribery was still his own story of his conversation with Furey, who had since died in prison. One night, out for an entirely respectable social evening in a respectable suburb, he found himself cast for the role of victim in what would have been, at mildest, a "badger game" calculated to lessen his testimony's weight—or, at worst, murder. Being quick on the draw, he escaped.

Anderson and Lips got fourteen years in San Quentin.

UP to this point it may be said that Norfleet's acts had been motivated largely by personal feelings. Yet he had said to a Department of Justice agent: "It's going to cost me quite a bit, of course, to run these men down. But I'm thinking of what they'll steal from others if I don't."

Whatever his motive was to begin with, he did succeed in ridding the country of a despicable band of criminals. And even in those early years he was never too busy to interrupt his own man hunt and help out in the common cause, as he did in Denver.

His subsequent career has removed all doubt about the really patriotic motives which actuate him. The five crooks who rooked him and two deputies who double-crossed him are the only ones on his long honor roll of ninety-three captures and convictions in which he had the slightest personal interest. Eighty-six times in fifteen years he has left Plainview and hit the trail to help rid the nation not only of bunco steerers but of bandits and desperate murderers.

THE END

# 1899 . . HIGHFLYERS . . 1939

## Fast ladies of two kinds and times demonstrate on the screen our progress in manners and morals from legs to wings

## BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

### ★ ★ ★ ZAZA

THE PLAYERS: Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Bert Lahr, Helen Westley, Constance Collier, Genevieve Tobin, Walter Catlett, Rex O'Malley, Rex Evans. Screen play by Zoë Akins from the drama by Pierre Berton and Charles Simon. Directed by George Cukor. Produced by Paramount.

IF Hollywood reports are to be believed, Zaza has been a sore trial to Deacon Will Hays. There's no way to get around the guttery little music-hall entertainer's indiscretions. Zaza, you know, is the half you watch of the team of Cascart and Zaza. This bad little girl of the halls sets out to steal the handsome Dufresne from another. There is a lyric interlude of love in a cottage (which may be cut by the time you see the film), and then the man goes off to Paris. Zaza learns that Dufresne has a wife. She follows in a burst of anger, invades the house—and is confronted by the little che-e-ild of her lover and his legal spouse. Can she break up this home when the child looks at her so? No! So Zaza goes on to become the toast of Paris. Of course Dufresne comes back. What will Zaza do?

Claudette Colbert, the star with the loveliest legs in Hollywood, is Zaza. And rightly, for she is called upon—or was, until the Hays staff saw the final print—to do the cancan. Anyway, the music-hall chorus still does flashes of this dance shocker of thirty years ago. Probably it's pretty tame today. But Paramount went to great pains in doing the cancan authentically, even importing real costumes—worn, soiled, and a trifle shabby—from the Folies-Bergère.

Alla Nazimova coached Colbert as Zaza. She once played the gamin on the stage; so, too, did Réjane and Mrs. Leslie Carter; Geraldine Farrar sang her at the Met; Gloria Swanson did her in the silent films. Speaking of coaching, Fannie Brice helped Colbert with her songs.

Herbert Marshall is the indiscreet Dufresne. Bert Lahr does his first serious comic, the other half of Cascart and Zaza. Paramount imported two real trained fleas from a Forty-second Street flea circus to lend a bite to the backstage life. Lahr wears Diamond Jim Brady's sapphire suite of diamonds. Some 6,000 ostrich plumes and 1,300 pairs of opera-length hose went into the chorines' costumes.

YOU are the critic! Each week ten dollars will be paid for the best review in 100 words of one of the films previewed by Beverly Hills. Put your own star rating on your review. From these ratings a reader-rating will be averaged. Later you will be able to compare Beverly Hills' prediction, Beverly Hills' final rating, and the reader-rating of each important picture. Send your review of one of this week's films to Beverly Hills, Liberty Magazine, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., not later than midnight, January 18. The winner will be announced in the issue of February 25.

Claudette (Zaza) Colbert.

The Inside Dope: All the world loves a little gutter charmer who loses her heart and has to suffer for it. This all depends upon how much it has been deshocked.

### ★ ★ ★ TAIL SPIN

THE PLAYERS: Alice Faye, Constance Bennett, Nancy Kelly, Joan Davis, Charles Farrell, Jane Wyman, Kane Richmond, Wally Vernon, Warren Hymer, Joan Valerie, Edward Norris, Robert Lowery. Story by Frank Wead. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Produced by Twentieth-Century-Fox.

THEY were bound to get around to it: the drama behind the feminine flyers. Here you have the little vanities, the petty jealousies, the bravery, the true-blue sweetness of the girls who apply their lipstick at 10,000 feet, between trick dives. And one loves her flying husband so frantically that when he is killed she takes her plane up into the clouds—and then plunges the machine groundward. That's love!

There's the women's transcontinental air race from Los Angeles to Cleveland. There's the Powder Puff Derby with its stunting thrills. Some of the girls are just youngsters who have won their spurs the hard way via barnstorming. One is a spoiled rich baby—headline: SOCIETY BUD BECOMES ACE PILOT—who has all sorts of trick equipment and special planes. One of the big scenes is the spectacular get-together of airmen and birdwomen, pilots and their buddies, before the Cleveland races.

This film has been a long time in the works. The studio first bought Women with Wings, a story by a stunt pilot, Genevieve Haugen. Then it discarded the yarn and started all over, commissioning an original from Commander Frank Wead, who did Test Pilot and Ceiling Zero. It filmed scenes at Cleveland, others over the Metropolitan Airport in the San Fernando Valley. A camera crew spent exactly $3,819.20 hunting cumulus clouds (they have photographic personality) for flying backgrounds. Ten of the fastest planes in the country were rented at more than $1,000 a day. Crack aviators and lady flyers worked hard at thrills for you.

Pretty and promising Nancy Kelly plays the flyer who can't face the loss of her young husband. Connie Bennett is the society darling who rides the clouds and the headlines. Other flyers—poor gals trying to get along with loose gears and battered vanity cases—are Alice Faye, Joan Valerie,

DOCTOR'S FORMULA
GREAT SUCCESS FOR UGLY SURFACE
PIMPLES

PRAISED FROM COAST TO COAST!

Don't be humiliated by unsightly, blotchy surface pimples and blemishes because here's REAL help: powerfully soothing *liquid* Zemo (a Doctor's formula) quickly relieves itching soreness and starts right in to help nature promote QUICK healing. Here's why—Zemo contains 10 of the most highly effective medicinal ingredients long recognized by leading skin specialists for their great merit. Stainless, invisible. One trial convinces! 35¢, 60¢, $1. Real severe cases may need $1.25 EXTRA strength. Any drugstore.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

COUGHS!
Get After That Cough Today with PERTUSSIN

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

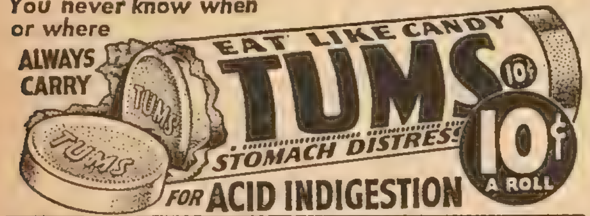
Your cough may be a warning signal! Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN
The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

Relieve Heartburn Fast This Amazing Way

YES—TUMS a remarkable discovery brings amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas, and burning caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. *TUMS are guaranteed to contain no soda.* Are not laxative. Contain no harmful drugs. Over 2 billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Try TUMS today. Only 10c for 12 TUMS at all druggists. Most economical relief. Chew like candy mints. Get a handy 10c roll today.

You never know when or where ALWAYS CARRY



Tums are anti-acid—not laxative. When you need a laxative get—
Nature's Remedy
NR-TABLETS-NR
This all vegetable laxative brings such gentle, dependable relief for conditions due to constipation.

and Jane Wyman. Edward Norris, who does Nancy's ill-fated hubby, is a real pilot, owns his own plane and has flown it for four years.

The Inside Dope: Our bet is that Nancy Kelly steals the picture. This girl is going far. She has her feet on the ground, but not in this film. And she has tough competition here, what with svelte Connie Bennett and hard-hitting Alice Faye battling every scene.

An air novelty costing $1,500,000.

### ★ ★ ½ SON OF FRANKENSTEIN

THE PLAYERS: Boris Karloff, Basil Rathbone, Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, Josephine Hutchinson, Donnie Dunegan, Edgar Norton, Emma Dunn. Story by Willis Cooper. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. Produced by Universal.

MRS. SHELLEY, who wrote Frankenstein back in 1816, had nothing to do with this latest sequel to the shocker of seven years ago. This was constructed to meet Mr. and Mrs. Public's recently displayed demand for goose pimples.

Boris Karloff is back in his sixty-four-pound make-up of the monster created by Frankenstein. Again the indestructible what-is-it stalks the ancient Hungarian castle of the Frankensteins. It seems that Wolf, the son of Frankenstein, returns to the bleak and somber castle twenty-five years later with his wife and little boy, little thinking that Mr. Monster still survives. In as tough a storm as Hollywood can create, he learns differently. It seems that the monster, who still has his master's formula, wants a mate created pronto. He's lonesome, bored with stalking dark stairways and strangling mere caretakers.

The weekly $10 prize for reviews covered in the December 3 issue of Liberty has been awarded to Mrs. E. B. Myers, 14 Allen Street, Hornell, New York, for her review of Walt Disney's Shorts.

It's all streamlined for horror, 1939 model. Universal make-up czar Jack Pierce, the chap who used to make things hard for Lon Chaney, who designed Dracula and the original Frankenstein, again weighted down Karloff's eyelids with putty, put on the ghoulish make-up, applied the padded clothes, and helped the actor into his twenty-five-pound shoes, made that way to get that macabre lumbering gait. It all took four hours daily. You'll find the monster a trifle grayer, his visage lined. Time even gets to a what-is-it these troubled days when you no longer can count on two victims in every hut.

The Universal sound crew spent two weeks last spring at Big Bear Lake recording the right sort of thunderstorm. It's little details such as this that make million-dollar movies. Basil Rathbone plays Frankenstein's harassed son. Bela Lugosi is in for good chill measure. And Donnie Dunegan—the youngest of Mother Carey's chickens—is Frankenstein's little grandson who arouses the worst in Mr. Monster.

The Inside Dope: Manufactured chills, but Frankenstein and the monster he dashed off in an idle moment are still somepin'. Just the thing for your family theater.

### FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

The pictures are classified according to the reviewer's prediction. The figures in parentheses after a picture title show the final classification by Liberty's reviewer and the consensus of our readers' ratings.

★★★★—That Certain Age (4, 4), Suez (3, 3½), You Can't Take It with You (4, 4), Men with Wings (3½, 3½), Marie Antoinette.

★★★½—Walt Disney's Shorts (3½, 3½), Sweethearts, If I Were King (3½, 3½), The Great Waltz (3½, 3½), The Sisters (4, 3½), Spawn of the North (3½,—), The Lady Vanishes (3½,—), Four Daughters.

★★★—Kentucky, Stand Up and Fight, Pygmalion (3,—), The Great Man Votes, Gunga Din, Christmas Carol, Trade Winds, Dawn Patrol, Out West with the Hardys (3,—), Submarine Patrol (3, 3), Dramatic School (3, 3), Just Around the Corner (3, 3), Angels with Dirty Faces (3½, 3½), The Shining Hour (3, 3), Sixty Glorious Years (3, 3), The Cowboy and the Lady (3, 3), Gangster's Boy (3, 2½), Brother Rat (3, 3), The Arkansas Traveler (3, 3), Mr. Wong Detective (3, 2½), There Goes My Heart (3, 3), Service de Luxe (3, 3), Room Service (3, 3), Garden of the Moon (3, 3), Carefree, Boy Meets Girl, The Road to Reno, Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums, The Texans, Army Girl, Professor Beware, The Shopworn Angel, Woman Against Woman.

## Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 44

1—John Drew.
2—No; geese fly forty-two to fifty-five miles an hour, and ducks travel forty-four to fifty-nine miles an hour.
3—The Mississippi River.
4—John Erskine.
5—East Aurora, residential suburb of Buffalo.
6—The Louvre, Paris.
7—The scythe.
8—The crocodile bird, a plover, which feeds on the particles of food clinging to the reptile's teeth and on the leeches on its gums. The crocodile cooperates by holding its great jaws open wide.
9—The Book of Esther.
10—Belgium.
11—To become a knight.
12—England.
13—Two cents an ounce; three cents.
14—Richard.
15—Miami, Florida.
16—Because the bee's barbed lancets, responsible for the stinging, are so hard to withdraw that the bee generally rips away part of her vitals striving to escape.
17—Jamaica.
18—Rubber.
19—A siren was supposed to be half woman and half bird; a mermaid, half woman and half fish.
20—Bret Harte

# To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

I KNOW a lady from Mississippi who has brought more than six thousand Chinese babies into the world. Six thousand and seventeen, to be exact.

Half a century ago Anne Walter Fearn horrified her fine old Southern family by studying medicine and becoming a doctor. She has practiced as a woman physician in China during the past forty-five years. Home now because of the Japanese invasion, she is one American who can say with truth that she knows the Chinese people *inside* and out.

She's been telling me some of China's household superstitions and neighborhood customs. I believe we learn best about foreign folk through odd facts of this kind.

"In Chinese villages," said Dr. Anne Fearn, "expectant mothers arrange weddings for their unborn children. At birth the girl's parents pay about thirty cents to the boy's parents. Money is saved, since the same transaction grows costlier year by year. . . . The Chinese patient wants a live chicken tied to the foot of his hospital bed, believing the human soul will jump, at death, into the chicken's body, and not be lost from life. . . . According to Chinese demonology, the spirits of evil do their wickedest work among boys. Little boys' ears therefore are pierced for earrings, so that evil spirits may mistake them for little girls and let them alone. Instead of our salt-spilling superstition, the jinx, in China, is attributed to spilling oil."

Dr. Anne Fearn was referring only to countrified Chinese ways. The up-to-date youngsters of China, she said, put their faith in cut-rate stores and radios.

☆ Notes from a recent lecture trip to San Francisco and Los Angeles: . . . Chicago redcaps are called *ushers* now, but they're just as obliging and friendly as always. . . . Somewhere in rural Illinois a morning landscape flashes me back to memories of Devonshire as I glimpse a girl in a blue dress perched on a three-legged stool milking a red-and-white cow. . . . Colorado's mountain skyline looks like giant Aztec temples. Enlarged photos of it would make grand mural decorations for a modernistic room. . . . Train steward tells me that Garbo and Shearer while traveling drink many pitchers of hot unsweetened lemonade. . . . Dining cars on the Chief and Super-Chief serve a native California cheese called *Sierra,* new to me and delicious. . . . The famous Adrian, creator of Hollywood's ultra-de-luxe movie gowns, has designed and autographed a monkey house at Shadow Ranch, home of screen authors Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements. . . . I am the only chopstick technician at Lenora Gershwin's Chinese supper party, so she gathers the rest around me for chopstick lessons—a proud triumph!

☆ In Pennsylvania a wife and husband, wedded thirty-eight years ago, then divorced twenty-three years ago, have now remarried. I admire their courage. Few of us find the strength of heart to admit our emotional blunders and to win back the loves that we have squandered or neglected.

☆ Winter's the time for food that warms and sustains. Try these *hamburger biscuit rolls;* they hit the January spot. . . . To 1 pound ground steak add 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire, salt to taste, 2 tablespoons finely ground nuts, and 2 drops Tabasco. Form meat in 8 sausage-shaped rolls; dust well with flour; fry golden brown. Now prepare a fairly rich biscuit dough, mixing 2 tablespoons minced pimento with the dry ingredients before adding the liquid. Roll out quite thin and cut in 8 squares. Fold each meat roll in a square of dough, moisten edges with milk; seal firmly and lay on buttered pan. Bake 15 minutes in quick oven. Serve with a hot tomato-and-chopped-green-pepper sauce.

"My name and address! Fresh guy, huh?"

☆ "My girl is two and a half years old," writes a Canadian mother. "I teach her to cover her mouth with her hand when she yawns, and to say 'Excuse me' when she steps in front of people. Some of our friends and relatives laugh, saying she is too young to behave so politely. I disagree. Good manners, I say, should be learned at the earliest possible age, so they'll be second nature later on." . . . A wise letter. A wise mother.

☆ Maribel Vinson, champion ice skater, has written a practical book for beginners. Primer of Figure Skating is the title of it. (Published by Whittlesey House.) Contains photos and diagrams.

☆ Scientists say we dream more dreams on winter nights than during nights of milder season. They think perhaps our winter dreaming may be caused by heavy bedclothes and lack of exercise. . . . Whatever the causes, people of genius seem to have profited from winter dreaming. Two great classical musicians, Mozart and Tartini, claimed their best operatic work was inspired by winter dreams. Victor Herbert declared, I am told, that a winter dream was responsible for his famous song, Kiss Me Again.

# VOX POP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## Provision Against Mistrials in California

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—As a lifelong member of the legal profession (since 1890), nothing has come to my attention which impresses me as of greater possible benefits to the law and its enforcement than the series of articles in Liberty, written by the Hon. Percival E. Jackson, the first of which appeared in November 26 Liberty, dealing with Judges, Technicalities, and Justice.

If these articles accomplish nothing else, they should impress upon their readers the fact that the " effete East " is far behind the vigorous West, and particularly California, in its laws governing court technicalities.

The first of these articles, entitled Mistrial, deals principally with the case of the People vs. James J. Hines, prosecuted by Thomas E. Dewey, in which Supreme Court Justice Ferdinand Pecora felt impelled (and none who has followed his splendid record can believe that he felt otherwise than honestly and legally impelled) to grant a mistrial.

Mr. Jackson further illustrates his articles with some rather extraordinary reversals by the New York courts of cases upon the most attenuated technical grounds.

Under these circumstances—any or all of them—no such rulings could have been obtained in California.

As far back as 1911 the Constitution of California was amended by adding to Article VI thereof, which deals with the Judicial Department of the state, a section known as 4½. This section now reads as follows, having been amended to so read in 1914:

> *No judgment shall be set aside,* or new trial granted, in any case, on the ground of misdirection of the jury, or of the improper admission or rejection of evidence, or *for any error as to any matter of pleading,* or for any error as to any matter of procedure, unless, *after an examination of the entire cause, including the evidence, the court shall be of the opinion that the error complained of has resulted in a miscarriage of justice.*

Naturally, as a result of the enactment of this particular provision, a host of cases construing and applying it have arisen. The general effect of this has been to carry out its purpose of eliminating immaterial errors from consideration where the full record discloses that such errors were immaterial. One of its rather unfortunate features, however, has been to afford the courts a rather lazy way of determining technical objections—that is, by broadly sweeping them all aside by an application of the provisions of the particular section in question. However, its general effect has been most beneficent in putting a stop to reversals on attenuated technicalities.

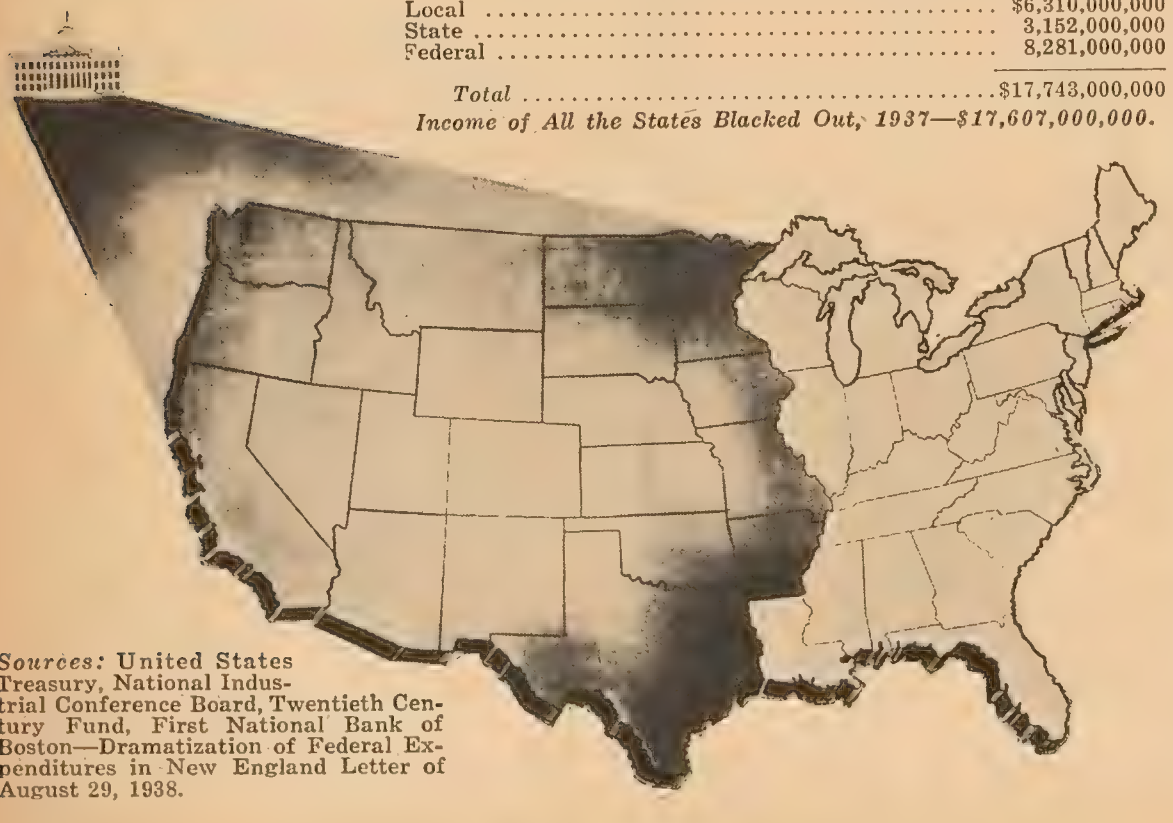
If the people of New York, and of other Eastern states where technicality transcends justice, would adopt something similar to our California Constitutional provision, the necessity for such articles as those contributed to Liberty by Mr. Jackson would be obviated.—*W. H. Anderson, Former Assistant Attorney General of the State of California and former President of the Los Angeles Bar Association.*

## The Lengthening Shadow of Government

*Cost of Government in the United States, 1937*

| | |
|---|---|
| Local | $6,310,000,000 |
| State | 3,152,000,000 |
| Federal | 8,281,000,000 |
| *Total* | $17,743,000,000 |

*Income of All the States Blacked Out, 1937—$17,607,000,000.*



*Sources:* United States Treasury, National Industrial Conference Board, Twentieth Century Fund, First National Bank of Boston—Dramatization of Federal Expenditures in New England Letter of August 29, 1938.

## WHO IS CAROLYN WELLS? (!)

HOUSTON, TEX.—May I ask who is Carolyn Wells? In your November 26 Vox Pop she expresses her delight at Sidney Lenz's bridge stories. Had she stopped there I would not put in my say; but when she says, " Everybody loves his yarns," Miss Wells errs.

Now let's assume that Liberty's circulation is five million. Twenty per cent of that number may understand bridge; the remaining eighty per cent knows nothing whatsoever about the game.

Let Miss Wells conduct a bridge census of her own. Have her stop the first hundred persons she meets on the street and ask them if they play bridge. If five per cent say yes, I'll apologize.

Moral: I also enjoy Lenz's stories, but neither Miss Wells nor I should speak for others.—*George H. Talbott.*

[For Mr. Talbott's information, Carolyn Wells is one of the best beloved detective novelists in America; author of many other fine books and amusing verse; a great person in her own right, a great lady!—VOX POP EDITOR.]

## HE BLAMES LIBERTY AND COLONEL HOUSE

NASHVILLE, ARK.— The article by Collins about the little man behind the New Deal (November 12 Liberty) was quite appropriate. The influence of E. M. House is being felt around the world with greater effect than any one in history, with the exception of Christ. Such articles as his on the haves and the have-nots should never get into print.

To aggressors, the logic of House's dissertation or prophecy takes on the advice that they not only could take whatever they wanted but should do so. We are seeing some of the astounding effects already. What is to come of it will make us all groggy. Much of the blame will be due Liberty and E. M. H. —*Critus Branham.*

## ADVERTISING IS DIVIDED INTO FIVE CLASSES

GRAND RAPIDS, MINN.—George Sokolsky's The American Way of Life (November 5 Liberty) is a commendable effort to counteract the type of attack which includes all advertising. As usual, this latest defense leans too far in the other direction. To link Communism, even by inference, with the majority of those who teach the wise use of one's money is an error.

Advertising is basically sound and its existence is easily justified. Advertising is also divided into five classes, each with an extensive field to draw from: good; silly; fake-scientific; scare type; and poor.

The intelligence of many a twelve-year-old is daily insulted by the host of "improved" advertisements presented to him.—*G. E. Damon.*

## "THROW OUT THE FOREIGN TRAITORS"

RIVER FOREST, ILL.—Mr. Macfadden's editorials in Liberty are a magnificent contribution to Americanism and should prove powerful in the fight to save our institutions. That of November 26—Throw Out the Foreign Traitors—must have struck some deadly blows.

But why was the word "foreign" included in this title?

The misguided foreigner who attacks American institutions is an enemy, not a traitor. What does he know of the age-old fight for liberty won by the founders of our country? He never enlisted in the causes for which Americans have suffered and died. One cannot be treacherous to a country that never was his, even though that country feed and clothe him.

No; the traitors are those of our own people—Americans brought up in our schools; Americans enjoying the benefits of our political institutions; Americans who, because errors have been made which admittedly have hurt us all horribly, are ready to sell out our heritage for a Communistic mess. They are the traitors who, if they could, would surrender the mighty fortress of American liberties which alone can save us.

The Dewey policy which you quote is right: "Go after the men at the top!" There the real traitors will be found, supported by foreign ingrates, it is true, but Americans, every cursed one of them. — *Frederick Doyle.*

## SOME MORE BEST SHORT SHORTS

ALAMOGORDO, N. M.—The Short Short Stories named below, in my judgment, are the best, in the order named, from a standpoint of interest and originality of any published in Liberty during the year:

A Child Is Born—October 22.

Detour—July 9.

The Permanent—May 7.

Courage—August 27.

The Third Witness—November 12.

A Letter I Promised I Would Write—October 15.

Spring Overture—March 12.

No doubt there are others equal to or better than some of these from a technical viewpoint, but these would be my choice for prize winners.—*Thomas Daniel.*

## EMERSON ON PRAYER

MOBILE, ALA.—Won't you please tell us *why* the articles on prayer? After all, this is 1939, you know, and we Americans are supposed to be comparatively enlightened! Neglecting one's responsibility, and then crying to God in a pinch, is no good. Can't anybody stand on his own feet any more, nor pay his own way? Is our country to be a nation of hitchhikers and reliefers and pray-ers?

Let me suggest to all the dear readers that they secure a copy of Emerson's Self-Reliance, and study it carefully. Emerson is acknowledged America's greatest thinker, and he wrote the essay just ninety-seven years ago. It may help some dear reader whose prayer was *not* answered if I quote just a line or two:

"Prayer that craves a particular commodity, anything less than all good, is vicious. . . . But prayer as a means to effect a private end is meanness and theft."

I'm just a liberal with common sense, and particularly—*A Worker.*

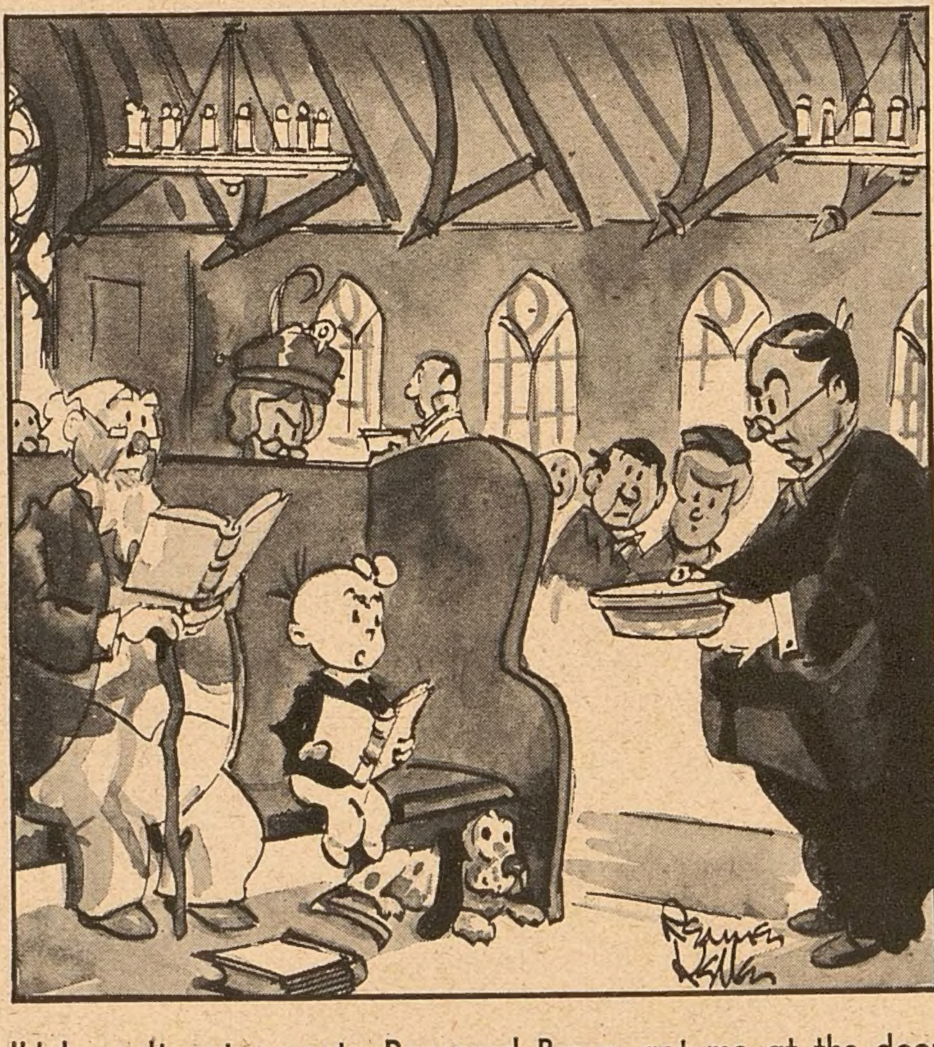
## MAY CONVINCE THEM THAT WE'RE NOT RANK POISON

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—Glad to see Liberty advertised in the November 9 Christian Science Monitor.

I had shown a few articles that I thought good to Christian Scientists, but some of them seem to think Liberty not the kind of magazine they would care to read, no matter what it contained.

This may convince them that Liberty is not *rank poison.* "Them" refers to some members of the Christian Science Church.—*D. J. Klyce.*

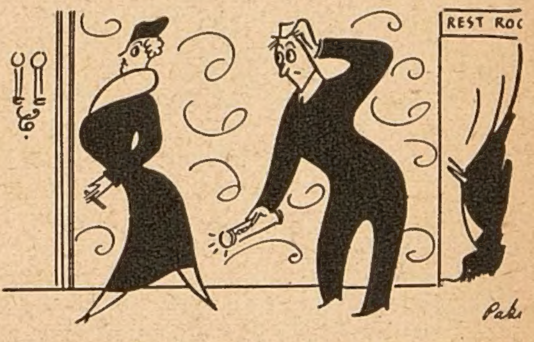
## "HARDTACK"



"I haven't got a cent—Reverend Brown got me at the door for three tickets to the bazaar."

## SHE ASKED HIM IF HE HAD A MATCH

OMAHA, NEB.—At the close of an evening's performance, while waiting in a semi-lighted corridor for my wife to come out of the ladies' rest room, I was accosted by a young blonde lady seemingly trying to find an article lost on the theater floor, who inquired if I had a match. For an instant I was a bit nonplused, but I answered her: "No, but I have a flashlight!"



The lady in question, holding a cigarette carelessly in one hand, gave me a withering glance and hurried away.

"Smart aleck!" she seemed to say.

But I did not discover her unlit fag until too late to save my face.—*W. C. B.*

## LINDBERGH AND ANOTHER HAUPTMANN (HEADMAN)?

GREENVILLE, S. C.—It is hardly conceivable that Colonel Charles Lindbergh, once beloved American flying hero, could so far forget and ignore the terrible tragedy in his own life as to even think of establishing a temporary residence and become adviser to the *Hauptmann* (headman) in what appears to decent Americans to be a barbarous and uncivilized land and which was the home of the brute ravager of his cherished household. —*J. Edgar Lewis.*

## JAPANESE COLLEGE STUDENT WANTED MONEY BACK!

TOKYO, JAPAN — A graduate wrote to the president of the Imperial University demanding return of 18,000 yen ($5,146), his seven-year tuition fees, because he had been unsuccessful in life. Isn't that something too nice? I do not believe even an American could equal it.

The president most properly replied that was not the university's fault. — *Taro Nochi.*

# Europe Ten Years From Now—Mr. Wells Draws a Map!

FOR MANY YEARS Mr. H. G. Wells has been known not only as one of our great novelists, as the author of The Outline of History, and as an advanced and liberal thinker in the field of politics and social reform, but also as a man gifted with eyes that can see into the future. Wells the prophet has often astonished the world with the accuracy of his predictions. In Liberty next week he risks this reputation for being able to foretell the future on a single article of extraordinary audacity. When we first proposed the idea to him, we doubted if he would be willing to take the chance, but with amiable promptness he agreed to write an article to be called EUROPE TEN YEARS FROM NOW—A MAP OF THE FUTURE. That article and that map will appear in Liberty next week. It is Mr. Wells' guess, or his prediction, that this map will likely be the model which boys and girls will be studying in the public schools ten years from now. This article is of fascinating interest. We recommend it unreservedly. . . . It takes rank with that other great feature which we offer next week —always a news event in the literary world—a new novel by FAITH BALDWIN. . . . People say that Miss Baldwin's electric popularity with women readers is due to the fact that she continues to understand her sex with unrelenting clarity. We believe that is so. There are many who believe that women do not like to hear the truth about themselves, yet it is precisely the truth about themselves that Faith Baldwin tells them in the form of popular novels. These stories are saturated with shrewd observations of life and with a wisdom far more penetrating than that derived from mere experience. In her own way, Faith Baldwin is also a seer. Writing in strictly popular terms, telling a good story that any woman can enjoy, she manages invariably, especially in her new novel, REHEARSAL FOR LOVE, to give depth and the authentic feel of life to her characters and their problems. But there is something more to be said about this capable woman. Faith Baldwin does not write only for her own sex. Few women in America write to such a large masculine audience. Men who are puzzled by women understand them better after reading Faith Baldwin's novels. We can testify, with the most urbane smile we can muster, that we have learned about women from her books, and that we obtained a postgraduate course in her new serial. So we invite all our men readers especially to read REHEARSAL FOR LOVE, which starts in Liberty next week. Sirs, you will be glad you took this tip from us. . . . Equally interesting, although on an entirely different note, is an article by Mehitable Poole, called HAVING A BABY AT FORTY. Women who think that motherhood is behind them at this crucial age should listen to Mrs. Poole. They should listen especially to what Mrs. Poole's grown daughter and son had to say when they learned the news about their gray-haired mother. Here is what is still called "a human document." It is full of hope and common sense and a good gusty heartiness. We recommend the flavor. . . . Then there are two exciting short stories: ONE-WALLOP WILLIE, by Leslie McFarlane; and HUSBANDS HANG TOGETHER, by Katharine Roberts. Lowell Thomas has a lively and timely sports article, TO THE SKY ON SKIS; HOLLYWOOD'S NEXT MOVE, by Clara Beranger; WAR, by John S. Crichton Stuart—these and many other features will be offered for your delectation. We hope they give you pleasure. . . . JOHN C. COBB, JR., of Winnetka, Illinois, sends us a startling page from the Chicago Tribune—a gallery of robbers, burglars, and murderers, all parolees who were sent back to prison by Chicago police after they had been caught in new crimes. We, who believe in parole, concede that this exhibit is a serious indictment. The indictment, however, is not against the institution of parole, but against its administration. Parole graft and parole stupidity are rapidly making parole itself a stench in the nostrils of our citizens. Yet this should not be so. Parole, wisely and honestly administered, is a great implement in the work of human reclamation. One of the most important reforms needed in the United States is a more or less complete house cleaning in parole. But this, again, is only a temporary stopgap. No real reform is accomplished merely by house cleaning. Parole graft and stupidity are both a part of a great defect in our government—a lack of civic virtue. The trouble, not only with parole but with government near and far, lies in the undeniable tragedy that American character has pernicious anemia. . . . The time must come when we shall introduce character education into our public-school system. We must do an incredible thing—we must teach our children to love one another. Any such proposal is an invitation to raucous laughter; yet only by this revolutionary principle will we ever raise a breed of men strong enough and wise enough to run this country honestly and well. . . . TO ALL LIBERALS with common sense, and a sense of humor, we recommend Tales of a Wayward Inn, by Frank Case, for many years host at the Algonquin Hotel in New York City.

* * *

**THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.**

**FULTON OURSLER.**

## Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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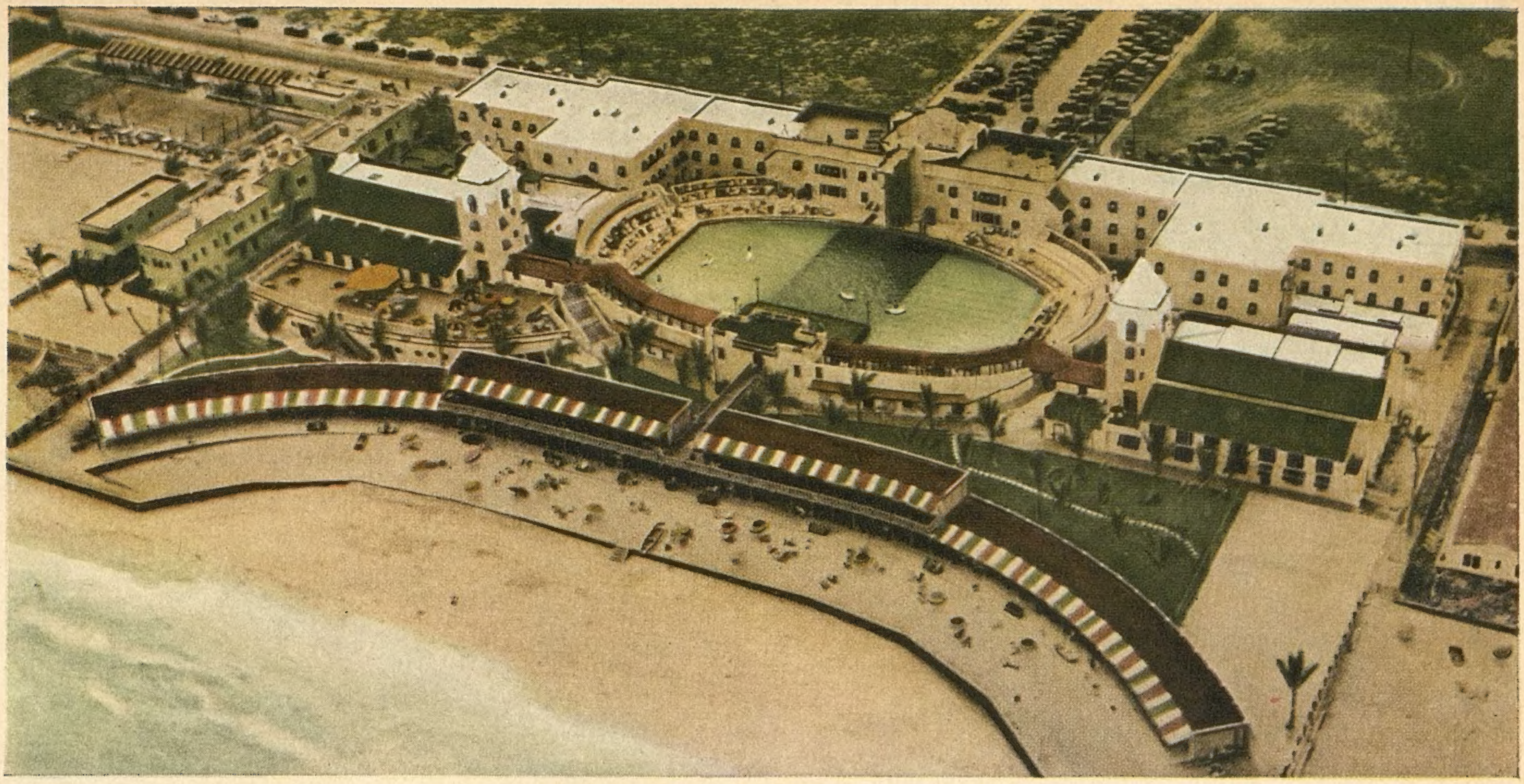
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

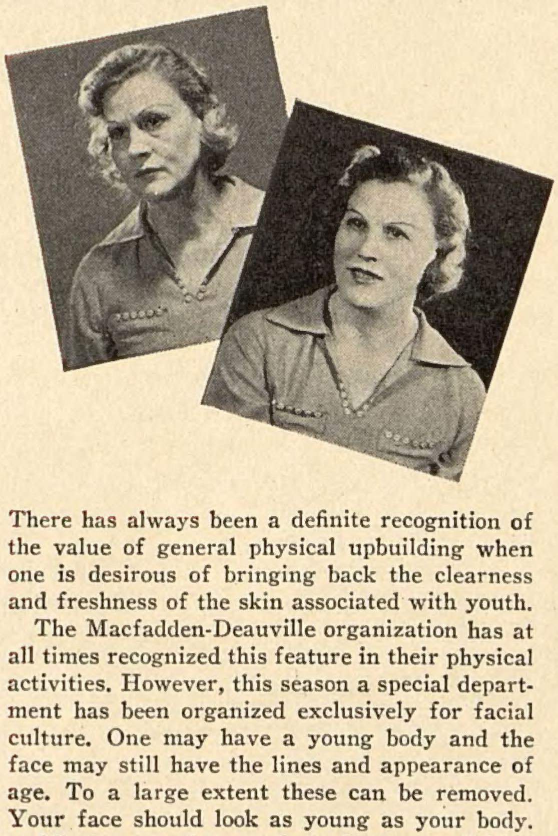
COVER BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT



*Macfadden-Deauville, Miami Beach, Florida*

# MAKE YOUR WINTER VACATION PAY RICH DIVIDENDS IN HEALTH

## *Facial Culture*



There has always been a definite recognition of the value of general physical upbuilding when one is desirous of bringing back the clearness and freshness of the skin associated with youth.

The Macfadden-Deauville organization has at all times recognized this feature in their physical activities. However, this season a special department has been organized exclusively for facial culture. One may have a young body and the face may still have the lines and appearance of age. To a large extent these can be removed. Your face should look as young as your body.

All the up-to-date methods for accomplishing this object have been carefully examined. Some of these rejuvenating processes will be used, although electric measures, together with the use of a face mask is sometimes recommended.

The most remarkable results secured from this procedure, together with the other measures should be very pleasing to our patrons. . . . If you are especially interested in this department an inquiry will bring you further information.

Florida climate and human ingenuity have combined to make Macfadden-Deauville a veritable paradise not only for the pleasure seeker but also for the seeker after renewed health.

To vacationist and health seeker alike Macfadden-Deauville offers the ultimate in luxury and opportunity for enjoyment—richly appointed quarters, unsurpassed cuisine, 500 foot private beach, the largest outdoor circular swimming pool in the world, nearly 100 of the finest cabanas in Florida, golf, tennis, fishing, sailing, riding practically at the door—everything to make your vacation happy and utterly enjoyable.

In addition to presenting every facility for making your visit an ideal experience from the vacationist's viewpoint, Macfadden-Deauville makes available the most complete Physiotherapy departments in this country. Here you can enjoy sun-bathing, hydrotherapy, electric, steam and cabinet baths, massage, corrective dieting, calisthenics and many other features of Physiotherapy on a scale unexcelled.

**OPENS DEC. 15TH**

This is not a sanitarium but a luxurious hotel amid glamorous surroundings where health building has been developed to an extraordinary degree. At Macfadden-Deauville getting well is a happy and pleasant experience under skilled supervision and with the help of the finest, most modern equipment that money and science can provide. Write for rates and details of our system as adapted to your individual needs.

*Macfadden-Deauville*

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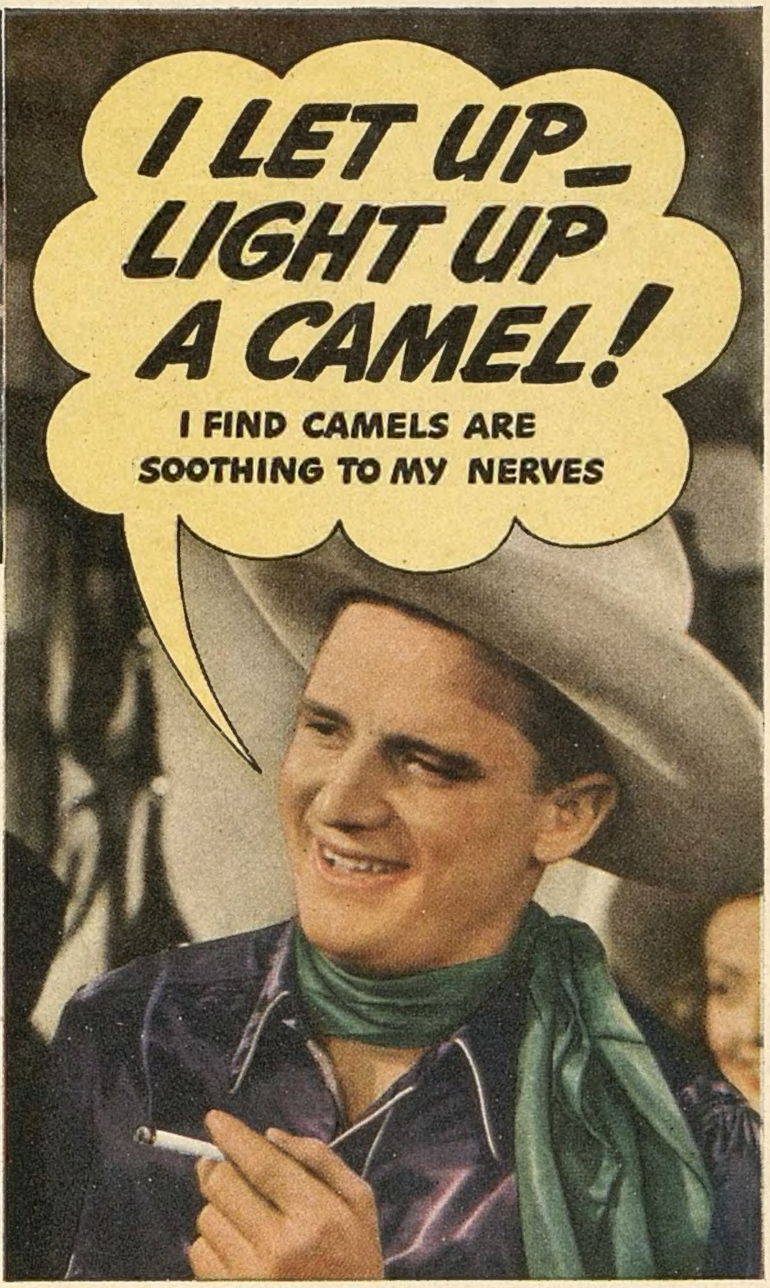
# "You bet Stunt Riding is a strain on the Nerves!"

## says Carl Dossey, CHAMPIONSHIP COWBOY AND RODEO STAR

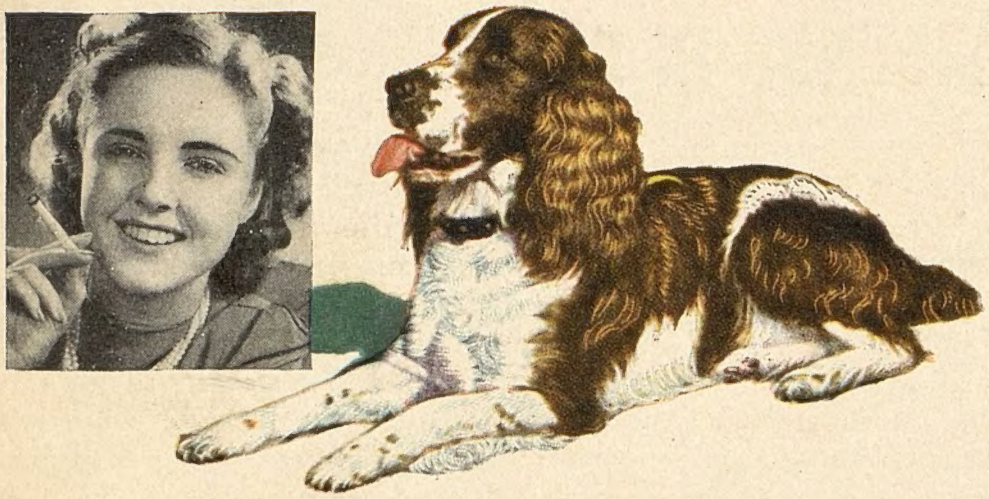
HIS NERVES MUST BE UNDER TERRIFIC TENSION
GREAT RIDING CARL, BUT IT MUST BE PLENTY TOUGH ON THE NERVES
SURE IS, BUT I BEAT NERVE TENSION BY EASING OFF WHEN I CAN—

**"RIDE 'EM, COWBOY!"**...and Arizona's Carl Dossey *does*—with the brilliant rodeo horsemanship that's won him two bareback championships in California, and a high-point cowboy title at the big Cedar City (Utah) show. No room in *this* spectacular performance for tense, jittery nerves! Later, over a Camel, Carl explains his pleasant, easy way of sidestepping nerve strain.


I LET UP— LIGHT UP A CAMEL! I FIND CAMELS ARE SOOTHING TO MY NERVES

**NO DOUBT** about the nerve strain in Carl Dossey's strenuous life. It's easy to see. But often we don't realize just how tense nerves can get in every-day occupations—perhaps in your own—and certainly in Miss Ferril's job (*see below*). She avoids nerve strain as so many smokers do today...by letting up—lighting up a Camel!

## MUCH CAN BE LEARNED ABOUT NERVES BY OBSERVING THE DOG



THE English Springer Spaniel (*above*) is speedy, agile—an especially good gun dog. He has a highly developed nervous system similar to our own...complex, sensitive, high-keyed. But, unlike so many humans, this dog doesn't ABUSE his nerves. Nor does any dog. When a dog feels tired, he stops and rests INSTINCTIVELY! We humans often let our will-power whip us on, deaf to the warning that nerves are getting frayed. Yet how much more pleasant and profitable life can be when nerves are rested now and then. Try it...pause frequently...LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL! You'll welcome the pleasant comfort of Camel's mildness—rich, ripe flavor. Smokers find Camel's COSTLIER tobaccos are soothing to the nerves.

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

**"ACCURACY IS VITAL** in my job," says Elsie Ferril, who works a complicated adding machine. "My work requires intense concentration. I can't afford keyed-up, jittery nerves. So, when I feel nerve tension coming on, I let up—light up a Camel. I find this a simple, pleasant way to soothe my nerves."

### DID YOU KNOW:

—that Camel's milder, costlier tobaccos are chosen from an annual U. S. crop of around 1,350,000,000 lbs.? That Camel's costlier tobaccos represent the greatest treasure of choice tobaccos ever assembled in a single place? Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.

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**Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are SOOTHING TO THE NERVES**